

# *Southbound to Angel Island*



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**SOUTHBOUND TO ANGEL ISLAND**

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c/o

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Dedicated to the glory of God in heaven above, for only he  
stands as the supreme creative visionary, the spawn from which  
floweth all outstanding works of men., the eternal maker of  
all that is made.....

The Author

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## **Introduction**

In the beginning, there was a day when men existed for the supreme glory in manhood and the superlative honor found in outstanding accomplishment. In those days, he stood strong, with his right foot on the secure firmament of righteous upbringing and his left foot anchored firmly in the realm of practical strategic forethought. In his right hand he held the precious holy book that served as the divine guidance to his life in every phase; in his left hand, he held the tools of his trade and business. With these elements rooted solidly and the forthright freedom to possess them, he went out in the earth to win his fortunes, favor, and glory in the world of men...

His ancestors had labored diligently in blood, sweat and endless deprivation against an overwhelming world conquering enemy, but were dedicated to the conquest that was so forthcoming via their honorable appeal to the Holy Ghost in heaven above. The Father and his vast army of angels heard the

collective appeal for assistance on mortal earth, and with the passage of time, could never forbear them from his glorious salvation.

In honor of that outstanding salvation, those ancestors secured the record in a stated rule of law that was inviolable, with the design to stand as law for an indefinite period of time. Upon completion of that sanctified designation, during the time of the great victory jubilee celebration, the supreme founder who had committed the laws to permanent sacrament, gave one cardinal warning among many other of lesser degree...that with the holy laws now in solid place...the only fear to be had by men, was the fear of defeat from within....

The great new Empire had now been established, with the purpose and intent of reigning for all eternity...,and that brilliant empire stood as such for nearly two centuries. With the passage of that time, in the minds of men, the seven corrupting sins still prevailed. The sacred warnings were ignored, as they had been so during the reign of all great empires from the glorious past, on



down into this very day, and the guaranteed forthcoming corruption gained a hold that destroyed with it's attempt at placing the necks of men underneath the booted heels of despotic tyrants, who knew not of the holy sacrament nor cared not for it.

What followed was a modern day deterioration in a place where men never fathomed that such could ever happen., indeed, a most terrifying metamorphosis to behold. With this deterioration is the story of one man's escape in response to this prevailing corruption and forced servitude, even though the massive persecuting entity had now focused it's fallacious attention directly on him...

## Chapter 1

### **I am adrift**

The howling winds sear the yearning flesh of my face and sting my widened eyes as I strain to view her majestic form through the thick veil of hammering rain and fine sea mist. I see her not, only the colossal mountains of indigo water that rise and fall as they slash across my narrow deck. My sails have been drawn inward upon the main mast and the base bar and properly strapped.

My engine is now of no use, the might of the waves is way too over bearing, so I have shut it off properly. My only means of propulsion is the brute force of the wind and the perpetual roll of the waves.

The cabin hatch has been bolted tightly shut, my provisions are very secure, being properly stacked and tucked away into their boxes, done so in a moment of forethought, just in case of such emergency situations. It is only I who is left to toss and roll upon

my shallow deck, and somehow find the means of securing that of my own person.

Along either side of my cabin door are positioned two heavy canvas straps that support a body harness, like those worn by construction workers who labor away in the heights. As I stagger upon the deck, I race forward with all of my might toward the cabin door, where I with great labor and intent, manage to strap myself carefully inside, even though I manage well under great duress. I tighten the brass buckle at my bosom, so that I am bound in solidly, only to view the scenery before me. In a pinch, with a single tug upon the strap end on the right hand side of the buckle against my belly, I could become free in an instant, in case there exists a need to address some sudden emergency.

I can barely hold my eyes open while my face is constantly hammered by surging waves and raging wind, mixed with the stinging pelt of the torrential rain.. No matter what the obstacle thrust before me by the reigning Madonna of the distant islands and sea, I shall never forget the true intent of my journey. I

continue to fight the stinging rain and the rise and fall of the water mountains, searching in vain for her majestic form in the distance, even upon these forlorn seas. Her sacred name reverberates throughout the contours of my tortured mind so loudly it is as if some unseen spiritual voice is repeating that wonderful sound, which prompts a yearning desire so intense, that my poor wretched body is willing to resist all pain and torment just to stand upon her sacred shores...

*“Isla de las flores y el amour...! Isla de las flores y el amour!”*

Oh.. the glorious sound of her enchanting name rings so preciously vibrant throughout the contours of my lusting mind. I hear the phantom voice, though mixed with the howl of the wind.., at first very faintly, then gradually increasing in tempo as her precious beckoning name sounds itself again, and again, and even again., so many times repeating that I can never recall the exact number.

I weep to myself as I stand facing the wind and the mountains of water, the perpetual yearning just to feel her precious form

beneath my worn bared feet is now of an intensity so great that my poor tortured heart can scarcely bear it. It is a land of flowing milk and honey, only seen by just a few privileged mortals.., those who seek her presence for proper reason and virtue, who are allowed by the hallowed guardian angels on high, only by precious right of fortunate blood and honor, to set booted feet upon her glittering golden shores.

I cannot continue to remain in one spot, though great danger persists in my desire to move about. If only I could reach her precious shores by doing so, I shall fling my wretched form now into the raging seas before me and swim, only to battle the might of the waves with all of my heart, body, mind, and soul..., the very source of my only desire, the motivation for my desire to continue forward in mortal life, and to disregard the comforting dark seclusion of the eternal sepulcher!

I refrain from my desire to leap in my yearning to reach those most majestic shores, and I only continue to stand while bound in the security of my harness. I continue to strain my eyes and gaze

forward through the pelting mist. The wind howls as raging sea water slaps my tender face with an intensity that sears and burns.

The salt of the water stings my eyes, forcing them to close involuntarily, then by my own force of mind born from ignoring the intensity of the pain, I forcefully open them both. I continue to see nothing before me, but mountains of water that rise and fall with an endless ebb. As the waves surge, my deck is filled with seawater as my boat lowers with the drop in the wave; upon reaching the bottom of the drop, the deck appears to sink level with the raging water surface.

Am I going to live, or might I die now upon these forlorn seas, only to have both flesh and body rendered into the mouths of those hideous, lusting tiger sharks lurking about beneath, even though none could be presently seen?

Though the raging waters and weather appear to be some sort of atrocious curse cast upon me by the angered guardian angel of the high seas, do please behold and understand, that in all actuality what appears to be a curse.. is a blessing in precious

disguise! They can never discover me..., though they shall try with an endless effort and intensity.

The violent weather conceals me from their menacing radar, sonar, and their roaming eye in the sky, as well as from any possible pursuers. The weather in combination with the low, indeed almost surface level float of my rather small cabin boat, allows me to effectively evade all possible detection.

I have made my appeal to the supreme God Of Hosts, and his guardian Madonna of the high seas is now protecting me from discovery by those villainous ones engaged in untenable pursuit of me. Is he not the defender of the innocent, even to those of you whom say that he is not? Is he not one's solace, the refuge to the innocent righteous in the scorning face of vicious false accusation, when there exists none anywhere else? When all of the earth is against me, it is *not he* of whom always comes to my assistance, and this occasion is of no difference in that conviction. Nay..., I shall say, on the contrary, it is total proof in the absolute!

The hand of almighty God shall lead me into true paradise on earth, even in the very face of these raging seas. No matter how violent the seas shall storm, or how much force the seas use to hamper my persistent forward progression, in the end I shall prevail through the firm assistance of his intrepid hand, and thus, by no other means.

Though my faith remains strong and my will firm, my body continues to battle with the raging forces of the sea. I am weakened even to the point of exhaustion. I release myself with much forceful effort by pulling the straps end at the right hand side of the brass buckle that lay flatly upon my belly. I turn the brass knob on the cabin door, and stagger by the force of the wind into the musty creaking cabin interior. Quickly I close the door behind me and place a two by four wooden latch across the wooden expanse of the door itself, in order that it might be firmly braced from the inside against any sudden inward burst of forceful seas.



Though with every surging drop of the raging, swelling seas, the very interior of the cabin moans as if it will soon crumble into more fragments than mortal numbers can fathom...; still I manage to make it onto the cabin bunk where I soon collapse, even though my clothes are fully soaked and my wretched body violently shivers with a sick bone chilling damp cold.

..... My heavy laden eyes open, I know not how long it was that I lay there completely consumed in a raw quivering freeze. Surly I lay there for hours, maybe even for days. I have seemingly lost all track of space and time.

I feel as though I am in another dimension of existence, maybe I am living a dream! Maybe my poor body has now perished and I am only a living soul, soon destined to ramble about the universe inside this secret hidden dimension.

All of these questions I can answer not, I can only perceive what I first assume based upon my perception of the events surrounding me , and relate those feelings back to any of whom may desire the answer.

Not only is the boat now seemingly enshrouded within a glorious radiating sapphire aura, the prevailing feeling is that of an absolute tranquil calmness. In the distance I perceive the singing voices of childlike angels, now calling my name, beckoning me to follow their enchanting distant sound.

There is no wind nor seemingly any movement of the wind or the boat. I feel as though I have somehow set anchor. Maybe it is that I have ran aground on some massive sandbar or submerged coral reef, and I am stuck way out here in the middle of nowhere. In my mind, however, I am well aware that to just completely halt is an impossibility while one is way out at sea. In the far distance, still my ears perceive the melodious singing of the child siren nymph riding upon the seemingly stilled air...

I gaze downward upon my hands as strange emerald and sapphire sparks very eerily, but slowly, radiate forth from my opened palms. Where am I? The feeling that prevails is one of my being absorbed into some unseen, but very powerful phantom presence.

I arise from my bunk, leaping upon my feet, feeling as though I am consumed by a surging raw, new energy. Once I hungered, but strangely enough, now I do not. Once I was thirsty, but now strangely enough, I am not.

I race the nine steps to the door brace, lifting it and removing it from its upturned supports, then gingerly turning the brass knob of the door. I open the door of the small boat cabin, exposing a crystal clear view of a now completely stilled sea, for just as far as the eyes could see, even toward the distant rounded horizon. I looked about on either side, only to find more of the same empty view.

What was my poor wanting eyes to make of this? How can my mind comprehend what my eyes presently behold? The now stilled waters seemed of a brilliant crystal clarity, far more so than that of the usual view. In the far distance I perceive the singing of the child siren voices, but my eyes behold nothing, save a strange void of endless crystal clear water. Not even the sea gulls now fly above and without, nor do any fish jump. Where am I?

I quickly glance at the compos, but the needle spins about erratically. I have seemingly lost my bearing! The GPS only rolls in it's display. Oh fear of all fears, I am lost at sea! No planes above nor any animations below..., only it is me in the middle of a vast deep, clear sapphire sea, now so motionless it is as that of clear azure glass. I pause to ponder upon these matters for a few moments.

All of this is good, I reasoned with myself. If it is that I am lost, then obviously it appears that all of my potential pursuers are so lost as well. I shall now kneel down in thanks to the Lord above for allowing me to pass through this terrible tempest unscathed, and ask for his continued guidance along this journey toward my salvation.

I slowly walked down toward the boats eastern side, kneeling while raising my face toward the heavens to give thanks and praise to the glory of God on high. I thanked him both for allowing me safe passage, and for concealing me from the persecuting eyes of my enemies.

As I spoke the words of my prayer in earnest seriousness, a gentle warm glow moved over my body, first in my hands and arms, then across my face and into my yearning breast, and soon on into my legs, and moving gradually into my very feet. Oh..., how wonderful it is that I have found a lasting peace, and feeling of exalting joy, even now, while in flight from this sinister unjust persecution.

My mind begins to ramble upon completing my prayer. I soon think of my family, and in my mind's eye I behold each individual as the sacred vision appears before me. I hate that I was forced to take flight by such dreadful, wretched circumstances, but truly there existed no other options.

My dear son knows the secret code. It is always the third country to the left of the one that I make mention of, if I should ever make mention of one at all. If there exists no third country to the left, then it shall be the third one to the right. If there is no country to the right, then it shall be the third country below the one mentioned that I am in. If there are no countries beneath the

one mentioned, then three above it. The same goes for cities and towns. If the country exists all by it self, landlocked for example, then I shall spell the name backwards and add three extra letters while giving the nation as a code number, with each number being the number of the letter in the old Semitic alphabet.

If he is to pay me visitation, then he is to wear a brilliant yellow tropical shirt, with a light blue golfing cap and sunglasses. I will have someone pick him up at the local airport, and then transport him to my place of residence. This effort shall effectively throw any pursuing enemies way off track, indeed should there ever exist any in the first place. I honestly do not think that there ever will be, not where my intentions are that I am going.

My mother, father and brother shall bear knowledge of me via my son. I do not know when it will be that I should ever see them again. At least they will know that I am fairing well, this in spite of my unfortunate situation. The others in my family I prefer to remain hidden from, just to allow their knowledge of me and my

specific whereabouts to lay outside the realm of their indications. They would never intentionally betray my position, but my reason and logic indicates that the more individuals have knowledge of my flight, then the more my position is in potential compromise, and consequently my person in potentially grave jeopardy.

My son is instructed to answer questions only in polite generality, never in direct specifics nor rude responsiveness, since to do so rudely would only arouse suspicion to the wise inquisitive. Let it be known here, that it is the few among the wise that I have the most potential to fear from. All caution here is not any taken too little, even though many critics may label my thoroughness a form of acute paranoia. My intention here, be informed, is to *succeed* in spite of all negative odds; so indeed, no precaution is too much to take!

Slowly I ease back into the cabin interior. I walk over toward the small gas kitchen on the bow end of the boat. Just above the sink are the kitchen cabinets, where a variety of food is stored away for future consumption. Most of the food exists in the form

of canned goods, but there are dry grits, some fifty pounds of it, sealed away in five pound plastic ice cream buckets. Then there is rice, beans, flour, noodles, homemade pemmican, dried eggs, and an assortment of various long life condiments. I have some nine hundred multivitamin to support the food supplies. I should fare well with that. There is also a good store of libations on board. What effective sailor doesn't enjoy his occasional dose of strong rum, eh?

Gently now I remove a can of sardines, carefully pulling back the metal tab with a sear and a snap, to spoon out the sardines with the flat side of my pocket knife. Yes, there is danger in cutting my mouth open with the sharp edge, but eating from the flat side of my pocket knife, or any knife for that matter, was a special skill that I had developed many years ago, in what now seemed like another lifetime.

As I vigorously consumed the canned fish, I reached to grasp the neatly wrapped mass of tinfoil that sat atop the small counter



adjacent to the sink. Unwrapping it exposed a loaf of homemade bread, from which I ripped a biscuit to eat with the sardines.

As I slowly consumed the bread and the fish, I could only ask myself dark inquisitive questions in the silence of mental voice. How did I find myself here in this situation, a fugitive on the run from a viciously aggressive pursuer? Why was it me? Why could it not have been someone else who was born to bear the weight of this forlorn experience in negative hostility? I did not deserve this dreadful fate.

No, most certainly I deserve much more out of life! I lived in America, for crying out loud! Situations like mine are not supposed to occur there, so why then, did it have to? Was it so arranged by holy providence, only to show those whom dare to question the real true facts of the realm in which they now only exist, only to hint of a far more dreadful reality to come? Can they all not see from whence they have fallen, and the astonishing details of that which was lost?

Their blind eyes shock me with an intensity greater than that which even I can comprehend. Truly educated people should indeed have much more detailed explicit foresight! Why then, oh Great One, was it I of whom was to be the sacrificial lamb made to betray the heart of their realm in which they dwell so blindly, and in such astounding ignorance? Where are their minds, in their boot heels? Why can they not then see and deduce their surrounding for themselves? Why must it be me who it is to show them, but only with my own dreadful suffering and persecution?

They still will not believe what it is that their eyes behold, even though it sits right there before them on panther like feet, just waiting to pounce upon any one of them whom it is that is most unsuspecting. They are as lambs being led to a slaughter by a baneful, repressive, selfish Sheppard, who cares not about the suffering of his flock, but only for his own gain, and nothing else. I shall forever pity them for their own shortsightedness, and their base denial of an obvious truth. Yeah.., surly and without doubt, many of them shall suffer as have I, if not far more so!

I can almost perceive their vain, pugnacious replies riding in on the distant wind as they ignorantly and so callously proclaim the notion, “Yeah...? Well he probably done it. He always says that he did not do something when he gets caught at it. I do not feel any sorrow for him, no not any at all, I tell you. You know., like I have always heard it to be said, and it is so true; if somebody has a problem with the system or other people, then *he* is the one with the problem!

“So right here I am telling all of you, it is *certainly him* who has the problem. He committed this base offense, that much I am so sure of, and I honestly from the bottom of my very heart, hope that they nail him to the wall for it! And furthermore, if they fail to nail him and he ever comes back around into this part of the country, I will kill him myself, if I can catch him! There are some things that people just don't do, and that includes him, I must inform you.

“ Do all of you hear me when I speak? When they catch him, and they most certainly will, he is going to go to prison for a very

long time; and if he lives through his experience there, and indeed, I doubt that he will, he will have *definitely* suffered for the duration.”

I can just see their faces as they all alight with their sparkling sadistic laughter...

“...and he most *definitely* will not come out the same person. Hell, I can hear him right now, a fartin' thunder claps and a shittin' pure lightening bolts.! Yeah, hell yeah, don't you say? What a all you boys here have to say about this matter now?”

My ears can nearly perceive their hoarse drunken laughter as they all revel in the joy of my unfortunate condemning situation. The shrill laughing sounds born from those cankered mouths of their crude wenches, and the pouring of clear, intoxicating liquids into their jaded tankards amid their wicked bonfire gathering, gradually fades with the gentle movement of the wind.

My head snaps as my mind comes back into the reality surrounding me. All around me I perceive the limitless crystal clear blue sea. Absolute nothingness lies before me, behind me

and all around me. I strain my eyes onto the distant horizon, still in search of her hallowed majestic form in the intimidating distance, but I see none, only the vast emptiness of the still waters and nothing else. The emptiness of the skies and the clear blue surface of the water projects a haunting aura that causes my mind to fill with both ecstatic joy, and deepening dread at the same time.

It is as if a great presence lies before me in the far distance, but my mortal senses cannot perceive of it's existence; but the perceived fact of it's existence is known only by that spiritual sixth sense that most of us are born in possession of. I can truly feel it! She is there...; oh, my God in holy heaven above, the promised land of my salvation is truly there, indeed it lies ahead in the waiting! That precious *Tierra de fortunis* that I have lain in abiding vigilance for, silently dreaming about, and deeply yearning to just place my booted feet upon her sanctified shores!

I know not the means of my arrival there, since I am seemingly at present, only adrift at sea, but I have earnestly requested

guidance by the precious hand of providence and the Holy Ghost, and I am ever so confident that I will make it soon upon those most cherished of blessed shores.

Why then, must I feel fear and dread the unforeseen? I bear no need for fear of the unknown. In my situation, to go back into the known would surly be a fate far worse than death itself. The good Lord goes with me in my flight. *I have food enough for the venture, I am safe*, I think to myself in the silence of mental voice.

The wind suddenly bursts with activity, and with it's sudden sharp breeze I hear the same words echo backward from the eerie distance into my stunned, timid ears.

*“....You have food enough for the venture, are ye not safe? You have food enough for the venture, are ye not safe? You have food enough for the venture, are ye not safe, then where lieth your faith?”*

## Chapter 2

### **The Beginning**

My saga actually begins way back on a dockside in Chesapeake Virginia. My father was a sailor by trade. For long months on end he was gone on his off shore journeys, but the labor was intense. There was shore leave, but most of it involved lots of drink and a wild party atmosphere, and my Father was just not given to any of it. It was for this reason that he sought out more of the intellectual atmosphere while biding his time in those exotic locations.

I vividly recall him bringing home a teak wood footstool from Thailand once. It made such a great impression on me because in my mind's eye, I can still see the head of the water buffalo that was so carefully carved out on either side of the stool, and the heads on either side with the horns are what supported the intricately decorated hand-carved top, or sitting part of the stool.

There were many other articles from lands afar acquired through time well spent in foreign seaside towns and cities. I can recall a splendid selection of genuine pewter antique chinaware that was purchased on the cheap in one of those exotic Asian locations, though I cannot exactly recall which one. I remember this because I can still see the intricate paintings of bamboo and trees on the sides of the little cups and the tea pitcher, when I pause to think about it.

There was also a large punch bowl with the same types of paintings, but the pictures were of a well dressed Englishman rowing a boat in the company of a petite oriental woman dressed in a tight kimono.

These items, though many there were, were seldom ever made use of during the course of my childhood. Most of the time they were always sitting merrily on a wooden shelf in a time honored china cabinet under tight lock and key. If company came by, and they were very well thought of, then the china just *might* be



placed upon the table before them, but that was the only time, and was very seldom.

I can remember one certain Christmas, however, that there was an exception to the rule on the chinaware. When Grandmother served the dinner, she actually made use of that prized ware. None of us could believe it. Us children, though politely and directly, asked her what was so special about the occasion, other than the fact that it was Christmas time, and that all of the family was over.; and I will never forget her words:

“Well children, sometimes a person just does things because it feels right..Yes, sometimes it just feels really good to free a caged up soul, and that is a right thing to do.., just free up ones soul to enjoy the luxuries found in living. None of us will be here forever, now children, and I am telling all of you that life is way too short to just work and worry all the time!”

She took a deep breath as she spoke the last sentence.

For quite a time we lived down in the Chesapeake dockside area. It was a truly happy time. When Father came home off the

water, he usually worked loading the ships just like a regular shore based job. This might go on for five, six, or even seven months. It always seemed to me, that about the time we all became used to him being there, before we knew it, he was up and gone again.

We always missed his absence from home, but we knew that he had to make a living for us, and that being gone or working long hours was part of the requirements for making a really handsome living. Father indeed made a really handsome living in those days.., not only because of what he was doing, but because of the seafarer's union that he belonged to.

I must say that belonging to a *real union* means the difference of fifty cents on every dollar earned! Then there are the health benefits. The health benefits are total and complete, a hundred percent payout; and none of this garbage that I hear talk of about nowadays, such as *we only pay eighty percent, and you have to pay twenty percent, plus a co-payment.*

I can remember well those days of going to the doctor and all of our care, plus the medicine being taken care of. I mean, this was the American way back in those days! Having access to the very best that life had to offer just came with the pride in being an American.

The union took really good care of us all because it was a genuine *true* union that my father worked for, and not some puppet organization of the corporation, with the sole design and intent only to offer a poor quality performance, while bearing the propagandist's intention of inserting the false idea into the minds of the workers, that even real unions were of no true worker's benefit.

Father was proud of his local labor union, and laboring with the intention of committing his entire life to service of the company, was his greatest heart's desire. I can remember all of us proudly wearing the union tee shirts. On the front side was written, *Local 73*, and across the back side was written, *The Very Best Of The Best Indeed!*

We always wore these tee shirts to the local union barbecue jamboree that was held every year. Any onlooker could easily tell that everyone there wore their colors with great pride, and that pride radiated back through the bright smiles in all of our faces. Honestly, I cannot remember a single sad face on any day of the jamboree way back then.

At home, life for us kids was one certainly to be envied by any future generation looking backward. I can vividly recall the elders speaking of those glory days before the Civil War. I think those days were called *antebellum*, to put them into modern language. These old timers were relating what their grandparents had told them, of course. None of them were that bloody old enough to have actually lived through those joyful times, now long gone past. These elders would always gaze backward, taking a deep sigh, while saying;

“Yes, those were the days when people had the freedom to work their way up into fortune without hindrance from any rotten government official's dirty regulations and overbearing taxes.

People really did live extraordinarily well in those days, now children,” they would always speak these words with a deep sigh.

In Charleston South Carolina, many people still to this very day speak like those elders of my youth in saying; *We are all doing O.K. now, but back in the days of enlightenment and wealth, all of us here did extraordinarily grand!*

Well..., it is my personal belief, that one day in the not so distant future, generations will look backward at the generation of my youth and say those same things, staring off into space with a deep sigh and a glazed over, hollow eyed, backward gaze. That is the point that I am attempting to make here.

Our house on corner “colonnade,” as we called it back then, was one constructed in grand Victorian style extravagance. Our home was very modern, but constructed in likewise fashion as those of that bye gone era. Our home in being so constructed, allowed all of us on our street to fit into our very picturesque neighborhood setting.

Back in those days, our neighborhood was always smiling and happy, with lots of lemonade stands and very local festivities that we put on just to encourage interaction with one another, and with the blessed intention of making new friends. We even celebrated General Lee's birthday, and had a community marching band that played *Dixie* and *The Beautiful Swanee River*.

The food was wonderful, the company splendid in it's merger with the surrounding atmosphere., like that born from a time-honored fairy tale novel that spoke well of those distant, sacred seductive, dazzling, gem drenched lands afar. I am now ever so thankful to the good Lord in heaven above, that I was privileged enough to have lived it.

I can remember just about all of my birthday parties throughout my entire childhood. I can do this because all of them were always unique to the one that went before it, our good community relations always saw to it that this was so.

The cakes were grand, since everyone throughout the entire area pitched in and offered to do their part. The women got

together to help construct the cake, while all of the children played. Every home establishment always held it's own very uniquely intriguing setting, so going to a birthday party was like having a brand new adventure for all of us.

When the ladies had finished the task of building the cake, the cake more resembled a huge wedding cake, than just a child's birthday cake. There was always lots of laughing, and happy interaction among the ladies in the kitchen while they labored, and it did not take them all that long to complete their job at hand.

The expense involved in constructing the cake and throwing the elaborate parties was minimum, since the entire community pitched in and pledged a small portion. This effectively split the cost and the labor involved, and the benefits derived from each small effort more than payed for the small contribution from each individual family.

The end result was what everyone labored for in reality.., the personal interaction and the value of relationships. That truly is what makes a life worth living, and what once separated us

Americans, especially us Southern and Western Americans, from the rest of the countries on earth in most cases, and even other regions right here inside our own nation.

At those birthday parties we played a variety of games designed especially for children, such as *Hopscotch* and *stick-ball*. We also played other games such as *fox and hounds*, and *Go Git Her!* We had apple bobs and toe sack races, but us kids also enjoyed our own adventures, such as playing Tarzan in the nearest tree house.

Tarzan was a simple game to play, since most of us always had nice tree houses to play in that were conveniently handy. It was fun selecting who was going to play each of the characters portrayed in the Tarzan movies. Of course, every boy wanted to be Tarzan and went to great lengths in lecturing the group, offering his personal justification for his claim to momentary fame.

Most of the girls wanted to be Jane, but then it really depended on exactly *who* the boy was that was chosen to play Tarzan.



Out of innocent jest someone was always chosen to be Cheata, but us kids seldom angered about it. The rest of us played the British soldiers going in to capture Tarzan, in hope of bringing him back to Britain and putting him on some curious circus display in a freak show of some sort or another, just like in the old movies.. Yes...,those were certainly the happiest of times.

Then there was the old school house, and those most treasured of times at school. Thinking back, it seems that many of the schools were much more local in nature and community orientation, back in those days of glory and enchantment.

The school building in which the community attended class, was some twenty five years old at the time that I went. The local population had expanded somewhat at that time, and the main school building had not grown fast enough to keep up with the growth rate of the local population. We were told that our county was poor by our teachers, but I really think that school's lack of growth was due to us having a tightwad for a principle, who was

way more interested in growing his personal commission check than in the growth of our school.

For that reason, what was originally the old one room school building out back, was used to house the first and second grades back then. The simple atmosphere that was created by our being in the setting of this one room school building, was what stands out in my mind most of all today. On that note, I will say that the entire experience turned out for the very best in the end.

Our teacher was a kind lady with a pleasant personality most of the time, but if angered she could become very firm and strict in an instant. Those who performed well received the most leniency from her. Those that did not perform well stayed inside to repeat their poorly performed work until they got it just perfect.

I know well how this made the student feel, since I had to stay inside a few times to repeat my math worksheets myself. When I got everything perfect, however, I was overjoyed. Not only was I then allowed to go outside to play, when I came back inside, all of those who made ninety or above on their work for the day, were

free to spend their day in the library. I always loved going to the library more than anything else in the whole wide world..

“So you're reading about dinosaurs again, are you,” she would always look down at my opened book, and ask?

“Yes mam,” I would then hesitatingly reply, “but tomorrow I am planning to move up on the reading scale. I am going to read *Moby Dick*, or read that book in the library about the Revolution.”

“Take a look at your friend, Fish, over there. He is about to finish reading *Moby Dick* already. He says that he is planning to read *War and Peace*. Looks to me like you're falling behind a bit, don't you think,” she would say with a frown and a hard glare above her glasses that always seemed to have slid down upon her nose?

“Well, I have to like what I read or else my heart just ain't into it. And if my heart ain't into it, then the pleasure is gone from the effort, and my mind loses interest. But I am going to start reading *Tom Sawyer* tomorrow. I cannot wait to get started!,” I can recall looking up at her and saying with excitement.

“Very well then, I have not a problem with that,” she would say with a nod, and a smile that always caused me to feel that she forced herself in her resolve, as she permitted it to flow across her face.

I well remember the time where Mrs. McNeil was teaching the class about pioneers. We might have spent a month studying about them, and reading the stories from that era of time. I recall vividly, reading about Johnny Appleseed and the story of Paul Bunyan.

I can remember one time during the course of this month, when Mrs. McNeil had a lady from way out in Cromartie County, come over and visit us in the school library. This lady was over a hundred years old, so we were told. She had to be helped over the entrance threshold by her eldest daughter, who was nearly eighty years old back then herself.

This elderly lady told us that she could remember back before cars, and TVs, or airplanes, or even paved roads. She even told

us about her experience traveling in a covered wagon, all the way from Abbeville, SC, to Independence Missouri!

According to her, she even seen Indians living their free native lifestyles out on the high plains; but they all only stood about, looking through somewhat soiled, sad faces at their wagon, and never moved in any way that seemed threatening in the least.

We were amazed at the fact that we were speaking with someone who had lived way back in Cowboy times. I am still amazed at that fact right up until this very moment, amazed that I actually spoke with someone who had been a witness to American Indians living their old lifestyle in complete freedom out on the high plains. What a shame it is that the very young and the rest of us, cannot speak to such people today.

I had a little girl friend way back in those days. Her name was Beverly. We always called her Beverly Linn, since Linn was her middle name, and her mother was also named Beverly. Some called her *Peanuts*, but I could never figure out as to exactly why. Maybe she had a fondness for peanut butter or something. We

simply could not stay away from each other and were always getting caught holding hands, either underneath the tables inside the library, or out on the play ground somewhere outside.

One time, as I can so vividly recall, the librarian and Mrs. McNeil, forbade us from being in each others company; since we could not seem to keep our hands off of each other. When the class finally left the library for lunch, with the librarian following carefully behind but being somewhat oblivious to her surroundings, we slyly doubled back and took refuge in the now darkened room of the library. We hugged and kissed there like it was all going out of style..., until the lights suddenly popped back on and my eyes beheld the elder librarian standing there with a very ridged, angry stare on her face.

We were banned not only from each others company, but from the library itself for the duration of a month. My mother was called and told of the incident, and she scolded me for engaging in such risque activity, and told me that I came to school to learn about books and things, but not those types of things. I had a

lifetime to learn about all of that, she curtly informed me. I was sad to have lost my library privileges, but life continued on, and we both eventually overcame our sadness.

All of us kids were very adventurous back in those days. We lived for the next good thrill, and thrived on the rush of excitement. Indeed we were not like these kids of today, content just to sit around and watch some program on TV, or play some never ending game on the computer, a phone, or an Ipad. We lived for the new unique experiences in life.

Like the time my best friend, Fish, and myself, decided to run away from school way back in the second grade. Our teacher had scolded us about arguing with a classmate who had given us some sort of childish affront, so we decided that we would just vanish from her sight. I will never forget this event.

When all of the kids went out to play just after the lunch period, Fish and myself simply eased off into the heavy timber-stand, right behind the old school building. Fish said that we would hold out right there inside of this huge, naturally hollow, cypress

tree until the bell rang for class to begin; then we would ease on up old man Baker's creek, until we came up the gentle slope onto his father's farm, only some two miles away by following the creek. It would be a simple walk, he assured me.

Back in those days we had a teacher who had served time in one of those crazy Asian wars of the past. Honestly, I forget exactly which one at the moment. Maybe it was out on Okinawa, or somewhere in Korea, or maybe even in another exotic location. This teacher always went way out of his way to try and prove to us students that he was some sort of outstanding exception in male human beings.

“No student could ever hope to outrun or outfox me in the woods, or in the open,” he so proudly, and so vainly proclaimed once. But we did on that day. I can still recall seeing his firmly ironed and starched blue jean covered legs, and well kept snow white tennis shoes moving through the bushes in the distance, only a mere thirty yards from where we were both hiding.



By his side walked several fellow teachers, and a dozen or more students..., looking underneath every bush and beside every log; but all of them failed to look in what should have been very obvious..., the huge hollow cypress tree. Soon they all passed and moved on into the other side of the timber-stand, some twelve acres or so from where we were then hiding.

“Come on! Now is our chance,” whispered Fish. “We can now ease on up the creek in complete silence, leaving all of them on the back side of that timber-stand.”

“Yeah., looks like the old special ops soldier cannot catch us swamp people,” I smiled as I whispered with a muffled laugh.

Slowly, and in complete silence, we eased out of our hiding place. Always we were very careful to walk some thirty yards from the creek side, just in case some of our pursuers had people walking up and down the creek bank looking for us.

Soon we neared the line of cover where the wood-stand met the open field. We checked in both directions, and when the all clear was given, we eased out of the wood and onto the narrow dirt

road that ran around the open field. Up ahead the creek flowed from the wood stand running adjacent to the narrow dirt road. In the distance we could hear the voices of the group as they ripped through the brush in their great search for our hiding place.

“Lets follow the road up and over the small hill just in front of us,” whispered Fish. “On the other side the open field turns into woods. We can take our cover in there.”

As we walked ahead and rounded the crest of the hill, I could not help but laugh just a bit. As far as I know they must all still be looking in the brush and cat claw briars there for us. I say this in sarcasm, because I cannot recall ever seeing some members of the pursuing group again, following this memorial event.

Fish and myself walked this road for what seemed like miles back in those days, but here time knew no space, nor had any place in our lives. The slightly cool wind gingerly tossed our hair, the warm sun glowed it's precious brilliance upon our tender faces. It is true that our greatest pleasure in those days, was just to be in each others company.

The multicolored flowers had just opened in their seasonal bloom of violets, crimsons, and indigo, the sweet songs of the sparrows and blue birds sang on the wind, as it gently hissed through the leaves surrounding us. The alluring scent of Jasmine and new wisteria hung heavily in the air all about.

Right there where we both stood on that day was where we had found heaven, as far as we were concerned, right there in our tight grasp.. Our world would never end; we never paused even for a single moment, to consider the possibility of it.

A young rabbit dashed from the knee high grass by the roadside. Like an abrupt flash I raced forth, until the small rabbit paused abruptly, as if he was attempting to conceal itself from my pursuit. I reached down to hold its terrified body in the palm of my right hand, while I gently stroked his soft fluffy fur with the extended index finger of my left.

“I believe that we could keep him as a pet and he would raise well. Don't you think so?,” said I, with a glitter and a happy boy's smile.

“Maybe,” replied Fish with a hard retort, “just maybe...The problem that I see here is that this rabbit was born into freedom, and what was born free will *never* allow itself to become contained. It will surly find it's freedom in a new life..,or in death..; and that much is what we can always surly bet on.., if he cannot live free then he will die, forever free.”

“Yeah, you're probably right.” replied myself with a heavy sigh.

I stooped to allow the rabbit his freedom again. He raced forward in a mad dash for the knee high grass on either side of the road. As he did so, I heard the cherished words of my best friend, Fish, seemingly ride in on the whispering wind, echoing back toward me as I stood watching the woods in drop jawed astonishment.

*“What was born free will never allow itself to become contained...What was born free will never allow itself to become contained...If it cannot live free, then it will always choose to die forever free....”*

I glanced at Fish who continued to walk on as though he had not been aware of the phantom voice that rode on the whispering wind. I promptly just dismissed it as a figment of my overactive imagination.

Soon the flat wood-stand transformed into the wooded hills that bordered the deep side of old man Baker's creek. When we reached the beaver pond, I knew then that we were getting close, since the other side of the pond was the boarder to the marker where his Father's farm land began.

We both walked around the pond, continuing on in silence while hoping not to alarm any critters that might be lurking nearby. Not only were there beaver heavily populated here within the shallows of the water before us, but there were more rabbits, many deer, lots of ducks, and even an occasional black bear.

A small flock of ducks thundered up in a brisk cloud of multicolor dominated by shinning blacks, orange, and brilliant greens. All of them seemed to make a slight whistling sound, as they rushed upward in their haste to escape our onward advance.

Soon we had ambled past the pond and up the hillside, racing between the tall standing beach trees and the many chinkapin trees that stood on guard upon the side of the hill. Back in those days we did not even think about the struggle that it took to ascend the incline of the hillside, we just walked and seldom ever tired. Upon reaching the top of the hill, and walking a hundred yards or so through the standing wood, we were soon to the boarder of the open field on his Father's farm. When we reached the edge of the timber, before our break from cover Fish paused, saying;

“Now here is where we must be most careful. Sometimes Father will early out of work to complete do some sort of duty here on the farm, since there is always something around here that needs doing. That's just the way farm life is, you know.”

Fish quickly glanced down at his wrist watch on his left wrist.

“Here, follow me,” he said.

“Where are we going?,” I quickly asked.

“I want to show you something.”

Fish turned and briskly walked back toward the left, following the edge of the ravine where the creek lay a hundred feet or more down, while always being very careful to remain in cover as he moved. Soon what appeared as a large but ancient dried creek bed seemed to break off from the left bend of the creek.

As we eased down the hill side, I immediately noticed the red clay bottom that expanded the entire width of the old creek bed for a hundred yards or so to the next tree covered bank.

“This is the old clay hole,” whispered Fish with a smile.

“So..., what's so great about it?,” I quickly asked.

“Just look at this,” said Fish as we moved along, pointing to numerous four feet square holes dug into the dried bed. “Every body from way back in Indian times, right up until about the forties used to come here to dig clay so that they could make their pots out of it. Look here,” said Fish pointing at the many charcoal mounds, obviously from camp fires that had been set at some time in the past.

“These are Indian fire places,” said Fish. “They would dig the clay and make the pots right here, then cure them in those fire places. Look!”

Fish then stooped to pick up some hand sized fragments of pottery that appeared to have been rolled over with a corn cob for decoration. We both held several fragments in our hands. Some of them appeared to have been brushed over with handfuls of pine straw. One had the print of a net on its surface. If we did not know better, all of the fragments appeared to have been made only yesterday, or last month sometime not too long ago.

“When they fired their pots, these are the ones that did not come out right, and were not any good to them. What Grandpa and me figure is that they got really mad and smashed the pots before making new ones,” said Fish with a smile. “I can just imagine the wild curse words that they must have let fly, can't you?”

“Wow, that's pretty neat.....” I replied with a smile.

Fish then smiled, raising his eye brows as he spoke.



“I have found many nice arrow heads hereabouts. I found tomahawk heads too. I even found part of an old stone hoe head. Grandpa and me figured that it was the remains of one used to dig out the clay.”

“That's neat,” said I with an inquisitive smile.

“Yeah? Well there is something else that I must tell you about this place. You ever heard of the clay hole monster?”

“No,” I replied with a gasp of surprise.

“Well, there is one. He had this whole community scared out of it's wits about two years or so ago.”

“Tell me all about it, please!,” I asked in a tone of fresh excitement.

“Well about two years ago, three or four kids came through here a playing, and then ran home saying that they had seen a tall strong looking man-like critter stand up and walk toward them. Nobody payed them any attention, but the stories kept on coming.

“ So then the parents of these kids got together and they came as a group down into the hole here to see if they could find anything..., and they did.”

“What did they find? What did they find? Tell me all about it, please!,” I begged with new excitement.

“ They claimed the same thing happened, except that this time, the thing came at them with all intentions of getting hold of them.

“Now after this incident, the newspapers got in on it, and everybody all about was really scared. So a huge search party carrying guns, cameras, sticks, and all sorts of other things, got together. Lucky for the critter, none of them ever did see him on that day. He has not ever been seen before, nor since. I am surprised that you have not heard of this incident, mate?.”

“No, can't say that I have, Fish,.” I snapped.

“Well, it is true. I guess this critter, though strong as he was, soon realized that his freedom was in jeopardy, so he just hot footed it right out of these parts after upsetting everybody so,” continued Fish.

“Yeah, well that was just the right thing for him to do. I would have made my way out of here too, now wouldn't you?, ” I asked in agreeing with him.

“Can't say as I blame him either,” snapped Fish.

In time we walked out of the old clay hole and back up the hill. Both of us eased around the edge of the open field, while still remaining concealed inside the timber-stand. The part that I disliked most was that the woods were open and visibility was too far ranging, should anybody be lurking about inside.

Before long both of us came to pause at a different edge of the large field, allowing us to have clear view of his Father's farm pond, but effectively concealed if the view was from the other side of the field back toward us.

“Here we are, mate. Just walk right next to the fence row hedges, and you should have enough cover to keep you out of sight. I have the poles complete with lines, corks, and hooks carefully made up and hidden away already in the grass. There is

plenty of crickets and worms all around inside the grass to be gathered for bait.”

“Sounds good to me,” I quickly replied in agreement.

Upon arriving at the pond and placing our hooks into the water, the gentle wind began to stir, the happy birds began again to sing their relaxing melodies, so sweetly. The new grass felt so lush underneath our now bared feet, and the both of us felt as though it would all go on for an eternity. Our minds were free from thinking of school, work, and chores, or what was due tomorrow, or what people might say in regard to anything that we said or did. We honestly did live and thrive in the bliss of complete freedom on that cherished early spring day.

“Look here what I got,” Fish said with a hearty smile, as he reached into the bib pocket of his faded blue jean coveralls.

Slowly he pulled out a sandwich bag filled with pipe tobacco. He also pulled out a well made corn cob pipe.

“I swiped the tobacco from my Grandpa,” smiled Fish. “This here homemade be some good smoking, now I can tell you that.”

He gingerly packed the pipe bowl with his right pinky finger, then struck a light with his handy Zippo cigarette lighter.

“Hey now, where did you get that lighter at, boy?,” I suddenly asked with a smile of amazement.

“Grandpa had an extra. I knew that if I borrowed his main lighter, that the act would tip him off that I was up to something. So I borrowed the extra that he never makes any use of.”

As I leaned back my head and drew on the silk smooth smoke of the pipe, a feeling of perfect contentment soon flowed through every vein, every area of my limbs, and body at large. Surly now I had found my eternal bliss. In my right hand I held the extended reed of the pipe, surrounding me were the perfect multi-colored blossoms of spring time, the gentle wind truly rocked my very soul into a smooth perfect contentment. This experience generated a yearning, a yearning for that most sacred of feelings that has never left the realm of my very heart and innermost soul.

In the gentle air about, my ears were eased by the perpetual melodies of the birds as they milled about inside the warm glow

of an eternal springtime. No end ever in sight, just complete satisfaction and a ceaseless joy flowing freely within the creek of eternal contentment.

....Then there were those soothing flames of Christmas time, those most precious of yuletide offerings.. I can vividly recall the commencement. Delicate walks through the ancient wood-stand in search of the proper kindling stump. Soon we were to find one, just jutting above the damp leaves and pine straw in the early morning dew. Grandpa would point at it with his right index finger, while saying;

“There she is now, boy! Here, take this hatchet and hack us this five gallon bucket full here,” he would say as he sat the bucket down beside the sugary scented stump.

Immediately I would strike the stump with the hatchet and the fragments appeared to just splinter off naturally, without any force at all in the direction of their splintering.

In no time at all, it seemed, I had the bucket filled with the slightly red and orange splinters. When I did so, we would arise

and begin our long walk back to the house. As we walked, Grandpa would begin to smile and glance around;

“Keep your eyes opened now, boy, and lookout for my rabbit boxes. If we have any rabbits in them, we'll collect them and carry them back to the house as we go.”

“How many do ya have out, Gram-pa?,” I would ask with bright eyed enthusiasm.

“Oh.., bout four, between here and the house. I mean, four in really good places that I am almost sure will have a nice, fat bunny waiting patiently for us when we get there.”

Grandpa suddenly made a sharp step to the right of our line of travel. Carefully he eased into a thick stand of wax myrtle bushes.

Right there in a slight chop out, stood a small, one foot by three feet, sun faded scrap wood box. In one end was a piece of welded wire cut just big enough to fit into the end, slanted slightly toward the inside about six inches or so. Over the other end was a piece of cut welded wire that was anchored down solidly with nails that were bend in the shape of a U. It appeared that the heads had been

carefully snipped in order that a point might be somewhat constructed.

Sure enough, when I appeared inside through the back screen, I saw the plump bunny rabbit just sitting there, and perfectly motionless.

“Watch me now, Boy. I could shoot him with my twenty two pistol here, but I don't want to waste my ammunition when it just isn't necessary to do so.”

“Yeah, I am watching you, now Grandpa.”

Carefully he grasped the cage by the homemade number nine wire handle in the center on the top, walking gently toward the small creek that purled with a slight tinkle in the back drop brush canopy. When he arrived at the creek side, he gingerly sat the cage and the rabbit inside the center of the creek, carefully weighting down the box with a piece of petrified driftwood that he had picked up as he was placing the box down. Soon the water swallowed up the box, then all was still and clear again, save the melodious tinkle of the tea colored creek.



“Come on now, boy,” whispered Grandpa. “Time we finish checking all of the other traps, the water will have done it's job, and we'll all soon have some of Grandma's good ole Brunswick stew for the better of it.”

Grandpa began to glance around as we walked along, now with a stronger, more smooth stride. His head glanced to and fro continuously, as though he were looking for some unseen villain hiding behind the tree trunks.

Soon he took another turn to the right, entering another dense stand of wax myrtles; right beside the creek now sat the next box neatly tucked away in a manner that forced one to almost step into the creek just to catch sight of it. Sure enough, this box held a plump bunny rabbit inside as well. Carefully he sat the box into the creek, then picked up another fist sized piece of petrified wood to use as a weight. The water swallowed up the box, and before long, all was still and continued on as though nothing at all had ever happened.

We made our rounds, being careful to check the other two sets. One of them held another rabbit, the other we just left as it was, only pausing to observe from a distance.

“Now boy, lets cross the creek and walk back to the first set. We'll step back away from the creek as we walk some ten yards or so, just in case somebody might be watching us from somewhere with another person on the ground walking toward us.

“The woods are thick here, now boy. Even if some villain out there had a set of binoculars, he still could never see us a moving about. He might could hear us with a good sound amplifier, though.

That's why we must move forward with a strong smooth stride, letting our toes touch the ground first, then rolling onto our toe pads just behind our toes. You might have a bit of trouble with this, having been born with clubbed feet and all, boy; but even so, I highly suspect the you could still touch your toes and roll your entire foot backward, and effectively silence your movement in

doing so. Couple that with a strong smooth stride, and you'll soon move like those ancient gray ghosts of the timeless wood-stand.”

Soon we were back at the place where the first set was, beneath the water surface in the flowing creek. Grandpa carefully reached into the dark whiskey colored water, lifting the trap box back onto the bank, and into the surrounding brush. He sat the box up onto one end, allowing the angled door to fall back into the cage. By grasping the door to hold it down flatly against the inside top of the box, he then lifted the box, tipping it up and turning it over, thereby effectively dumping the rabbit out onto the ground, which tumbled out like a limp stuffed play doll, right there at our feet.

“You see here, boy? There is no blood, and little to no scent to scare off our future catch. That is the beauty in this technique I am showing you here. No blood, no scent, no sound, and no trace. No body is going to steal our game, cause they will never know that we were ever here. We move along like smoke through the woods stand. Isn't that nice?”

We soon made our way down the trap line, being careful to check the other two sets in the same fashion. When we began our journey out of the area, I noticed that we did not go out the same path that we came in on. I knew instantly that this technique was used just in case we were being followed.

Grandpa said that he had never in his entire life had any body follow him here in these woods, but it was best to never take any chances. Over the years, from living in a multitude of places and encountering innumerable people of different stripes, he had learned not to completely trust any body. So he took these extreme measures, only as a wise precaution.

It felt really good to be carrying three fat rabbits out of the woods in our hands. Boy the women folk back home would sure be proud of us, and every body at the house would be rewarded with a steaming bowl of fresh Brunswick stew, the real thing and not just some made up store bought imitation that didn't even use real rabbits for meat.

As we silently and carefully followed the creek, which had now widened from a small tinkle into a slow moving run spanning some twenty feet in width, we soon came upon an old multi-log bridge that connected one side of the dirt road with the other. Underneath this large timbered log bridge, purred the run into a small mill pond on the other side of the bridge.

To our far right hand side, beside the mill pond, across the road from us, stood the sooty home fired brick ruins of a chimney that marked the position where an old mill house and general store had once so proudly reigned.

“That old chimney there, boy, is where she lived well over a hundred years ago.”

“Where who lived?,” I inquired with a puzzled look in my eye.

“The old witch, the old Davis Mill witch, who ran the mill store here that used to stand, that's who now,” snapped Grandpa with a look of backward longing in his eyes.

“The old Davis Mill witch? What's so special about her?,” I asked with a child's enthusiasm.

“Well now, son, to tell you the truth, most people think that she was just an old crazy woman, who used to walk down the dirt road here, dipping her snuff and smoking her home-made briar wood pipe. We would always hide about and watch her doing it, cause if she was to see you, she would quickly shove that old pipe into a leather pouch that she had tucked away ever so carefully.”

“Is that why this creek here is called Old Crazy Woman Creek?,” I asked.

“That's it, 'twas named after her, I tell you. She looked like an old woman from the Scottish highlands, somewhat dark complected from the light of a glowing sun, with flowing jet black hair that she kept pulled up onto the back side of her head into a tight bun.

“She only stood about five feet tall, but she had the temper of a giant ten feet tall, as they used to say. If you messed with her and made her mad, why, she would cut you just as fast as she would look at you, so I was always told. She carried a razor sharp knife

on her that she always kept neatly tucked away out of sight; I know cause I saw it once upon a time.”

“Did she show it to ya?, Grandpa.”

“Well, No..., but I caught sight of that thing when she walked, a hidin' in the wrinkles in the back side of her knee length dress. It was a fearsome sight, with it's carved hog bone handle. The end of the handle was shaped like a skull. On the rest of the handle was carved the family crest. The tang between the handle and the blade was shaped like the paw of a panther in waiting to pounce. It really was a nice work of art, I tell you boy. Nobody anywhere ever seen anything like it around here.”

“What happened to her Grandpa?,” I asked as I looked up at him inquisitively.

“Things got really bad around here during the depression, boy. That's the part of history that nobody anywhere dares to tell you young 'uns... Things were really bad back then. There was lots of stealing, shooting, people were getting murdered left and right.

“Why, Grandpa, why were people killing people so? I don't understand.”

“Cause boy, there was no jobs, so people couldn't get hold of any food. If people owed any money to the bank, why..they would just come on in and take everything that you had! Some said that those evil, thieving banks would take a thousand dollars from you if you owed them even a single dollar.”

“Wow, Grandpa, things really were bad back then, won't they?,” I snapped in astonishment.

“Yeah, they were just that bad, nay, and even worse I tell you!”

“ What happened to old crazy woman?,” I asked again.

Grandpa stared into space for a moment, then paused to speak.

“Well.., she just strangely enough, up and disappeared when things became at their worst. Some people who had managed to speak with her cause she seldom ever said a word..., claimed that she frequently hung her head in tears and spoke of an island



hidden way out in the midst of the sea, somewhere to the south east.

“I always figured it to be one of those just off the coast of Venezuela, or somewhere like that. I have been told that there are some really nice places out there in that water. Her heart was in the sea, on the islands now, boy, so it seems, thinking backward. Many think that she just planned her escape and made it to this one certain island, way out in the southeastern seas..

“So it was said, that she would repeat over and over as she wept into those dark, nut brown, labor scarred hands. that covered her wrinkled face;

*Oh... . la isla de las flores y el amor...., la isla de mi corazon anhelo! Why hath I forsaken thou only to exist in this land of fear, dread, drudgery and unjust persecution? My only need is to set sail from the land of Hispaniola, into the mysterious concealing mists of the far southeast; and with an honest prayer to the Lord in high heaven above, his precious winds shall carry me home into that of my peaceful eternal abode..”*

All the way back to the house my face just froze in shock as those words rode upon the whispering wind stirring the leaves in the trees surrounding me;

*Isla de las flores y el amor.. Isla de las flores y el amor.. I only exist in this land of fear, dread, drudgery and persecution.. Take me home, oh precious winds of the sea nymphs, and thou guardian Madonna of the deep blue seas...*

“Yeah boy, some way back then called it Paradise Island, but it is a real place confirmed to me by your great Uncle Maurice DE Britt. He was an adventurer of the kind that most people just aren't any more. Why, he had ran away from the family farm, only to join the American army at sixteen.

“ After service in Great Britain, and the passing of four years time, he signed on with a group of British mercenaries until sometime back in the nineteen twenties, when it became much more profitable to work in the British merchant marine as a deck hand, or was it the engine room as a swabbie? Honestly I cannot recall now...

“But indeed, he saw the island, I tell you, and he confirmed everything here that I am now telling you. Some called it the island of enchantment because it possessed a hypnotizing effect upon people that made them not ever desire to come home again, especially when things get really bad there. Yeah, I tell you, the guardian angels of the seas look out for the place, son, and this fact was confirmed by your great Uncle Maurice.”

“What do ya mean, Grandpa?,” I asked in earnest. “How do the angels look after the island? I don't understand.”

“Well boy,” laughed my Grandfather. “It has been said that ones directional indicators, such as his compass and all others, simply spin out of control. It seems that the ship, or boat, or even planes, simply just lose all of their electrical power, and their instrumentation simply just ceases on them. The mist that surrounds the island seems to, strangely enough, block out all radar indicators.

“What's even more strange is that when one attempts to return to island, it is as though the place disappears, only to reappear in a

new location! It has even been said that it is impossible to enter the island unless the voice of a phantom child siren calls one ashore. Any attempt to enter otherwise, will cause the island to change positions; now being behind the one who seeks, for the same distance that it once stood before him.”

“That sounds like the end of the rainbow, Grandpa!” I laughed as I spoke

“Yes, and that is just how it was described by the old timers, to act just as the end of the rainbow to all of those whom seek, but have not been called in by the enchanting voice of the child siren.”

Before we realized it the both of us were crossing the threshold of Grandfather's house, by first walking up those steps so lovingly hand crafted from the red clay of the surrounding wood. As we did so, out rang the cheers of joy, and the hand claps of happy delight.

“Yippee., the both of you made it! Hurrah, and you both have game, and an abundance thereof, we shall say. So the prediction is

valid when we say, that indeed, there shall be an abundance of good food on this special holiday, and for the all of us!”

As we crossed the threshold, entering into the kitchen, by the wood-stove stood my Grandmother, patient in her labors of love and delicate in the honorable art of cooking.

To the right hand side of the stove, in a wooden chair of hand cross-weaved seating, sits my dear mother, her perfectly contented face radiating forth a glow that comes from happy satisfaction in it's totality.

In no time the skin easily pulls from the bodies of the three rabbits, like a sweater that had been pre-made to fit perfectly. The entrails then are pulled from the bodies and the opened carcasses promptly washed, thereby perfectly sterilizing the luscious pink meat. All three rabbits are laid on the cutting board where Grandmother immediately begins to cut them up in preparation of the stew, and many other dishes that I cannot immediately discern.

We then walk from the kitchen, making a sharp left turn into the dinning room, where sat a long, ancient wooden table that could seat at least thirty people, or maybe even more. The lighted chandelier was of a type that could be pulled from the ceiling down to a lower height above the table, for more dining convenience.

We make a right from the dining room, going under a broad arching door-less entrance way, now entering the living room area. Immediately we are greeted with cheers of exhalation from the elders, who sit about in anxious anticipation of our return.

To the far immediate right burns the sacred fire of the time honored yule tide celebration inside an opened fireplace. For some twelve days continually the flame has been kept alive, radiating forth that bone soothing, comforting glow upon all of those who are so contented to gather about. The place of the fire is a large enclosure of home made brick, crafted by the very hand of my Grandpa himself, whom I thought possessed the knowledge

to accomplish all endeavors with an absolute superlative, near super human perfection.

To the left, on the other side of the room directly across from the place of the fire, sits my Uncle Bud and my dear Aunt Annie Benson, and my older cousins, Angelina and Benjamin Singletary. Against the wall directly from where I am now standing in the doorway, sits my dear Aunt Carrie Mae and Uncle Paul Johnson on home fashioned wooden chairs with cross-stitched bottoms.

“Come here, my dear son,” they both would say as they pat their hand on an empty stool seat by their right sides. “Come sit down here beside us and tell us about that rabbit, and how y'all slew 'em. Come on and sit right down, and talk to your dear old Uncle and Auntie now.”

I walk up bashfully toward them both, taking my seat beside my Aunt Carrie Mae.

They both continue to tell me of those olden times, of the time before the civil war, when freedom flourished and fortunes were

made according to people's individual passion, and not dictated by piggish, thieving, regulatory compulsion. I eagerly absorbed their every words, their every descriptive thought and implications. These they would break down for me, being a simple child back then, so that I might know the meaning thereof, and those most sacred of truths therein.

“We had ancestors who made their fortunes, young one, back during those days of glory, wealth, and enlightenment. Yeah, we had ancestors who did it back then, who went to the island of fortunes and delight, to engage in the sugar production trade. Rich Cromartie was the name of our most direct line of descent and was our dear uncle.

“Son he simply sold what he possessed here in the States, then took that small sum, traveled to the island of enchantment and made his first investment of land...just a few tiny tiny small acres, I tell you son!

“ He still held half of his initial investment, so he invested the other half into the Ziminoia; you know, those creatures seized



from those far remote, uncivilized lands to the east; whom were bred to labor religiously, only for the purpose of making the most fortunate ones chosen by the child sirens and the holy island Madonna, vastly wealthy and perfectly contented.

“He started with only nine, who labored in the enchanted cane fields upon his small tract, and processed the juice there-from into sugar crystal..., and that much cherished seductive nectar born from the sweat of the wood nymphs and the juice of the cane.

“The money he generated from the endeavor, he reinvested into more land, and so he continued the process. Soon he had accumulated enough to construct a majestic plantation mansion of eternal enchantment, and a vast lavish luxuriant estate, with riches and extravagant wealth that bedazzled the eyes and overwhelmed the minds of the average mortal imagination.”

“Well what happened to him?,” I asked.

“A man dropped by, so it was said, and he offered him an extraordinary price for the estate, some ten years later. The price was way beyond the value invested or appraised, so he sold it for

a fortune equaled to what he had already made in the sugar and nectar rum sells.

“The Ziminoas, he sold in a separate lot. He then came back to the states and purchased all of the land holdings here in South Carolina that we presently own..., and so much more...; but the Federal Government seized many acres of it over the years, like they did the general fortunes of so many others following the civil war, and even into this present day.

“ Back in those days, son, it was only us ones here in the South in company with the western natives, who suffered from their abusive tyranny. I see looming signs, however, hailing the arrival of a new persecution soon to come, that will certainly affect the entire nation in the negative. Just as sure as I am sitting here speaking to you, my dear son, it will be *your generation* that will be so dreadfully affected. Indeed, one day they will come after you..!”

As she spoke I heard her final words riding on the yule tide breeze...

*“Remember Angel island, my son, the land of fortunes and glory! Remember the land of fortunes and glory restored.. Remember and don't you ever forget!”*

“I want to hear more, my dear Auntie, tell me more about the Ziminoa. What do they look like?”

“Aye there, dear son..., the Ziminoa are truly a fearful lot, I tell you,” she said as she spoke in low mysterious tones. “They are like gargoyles, but with a very putrid green skin that sometimes appears as greenish gray speckled with pocks of pus, but most times shinning healthy, brightly green as new grass in spring time, I tell you!

“They are about four feet tall, with pointy ears and very sharp teeth. They were very strong, and could do the work of three mighty *Nephilum* men; so for this reason it was that they were so valuable. They could also be bred to do the work of even five *Nephilum* men over the course of time.

“ Another advantage is, that while they are intelligent enough to learn valuable skills, if they were taught these skills in simple

terms, they lacked the intelligence to make use of strategic forethought. So due to this reality, they were almost always kept right in the place where the most use can be made of them. They could never get away!

“Besides all of that, they were much better off there, benefiting your great Uncle Rich Cromartie, than continuing to dwell in those dark, cannibalistic, barbaric lands to the far east, from whence they had originated. They have all of their needs met and nothing to fear.., just so long as they perform their assignments into completion and to a religious perfection; which they always do out of love for their position and the ones given authority over them by the holy island Madonna.”

“Oh, tell me more, dear Auntie,” I begged as I stilled my gaze upon her aged, centenarian face.

“Never forget., my dear son, your blood originates among the mighty Annunaki warriors who fathered the great Nephilim and those supreme *Ueiskuning* tribes, among those of whom stood strong in homage, raising high their left hands in the precious

Bellamy salute, to the flag of the golden circle and the glorious flaming cross of Saint George!

“With their right hands they rose their clenched fists high, then bringing the fist down across their yearning hearts, demonstrating total adoration and commitment to the success of their honorable blood endeavors ... Always remember this, oh dear one, no matter what the conditions ever deteriorate into at home here...; your destiny is always to **succeed**, either here or there, it simply does not matter...!

“Now listen.., *It is and shall forever will be in YOUR BLOOD, the blood of those mighty Annunaki warriors, born from the sacred star Nifleheim, that honorable origin most cherished by the holy Madonna of the seas, and eternally bred to succeed.., just as long as you pay homage to your precious heritage!* Your destiny was written at the beginning of time by the very hand of holy providence, into your very blood.. Don't you ever forget that, boy!”

“Oh.., do Please tell me more, dear Auntie!,” I requested with wide eyed enthusiasm and a deep enraptured sigh.

“Your great Uncle Rich Cromartie told me this solemn truth. He said that just before he left Angel Island, he gazed into one of those clear crystal cesspools that form from the continual oozing of sugary nectar from the trunks and leaves of the many palms, palm-like shrubs, and brilliant flowering orchid type plants. He fell into a deep trance as he gazed into the clear reflection found in that nectar cesspool. It was then that he was visited by the sacred guardian Madonna of the island, and she gave him this stern warning.”

“Oh Auntie, what warning?,” I asked in great anticipation.

“That if the Ziminoans should ever forget their place of origin and the conditions of their past lives there, that they would fall into piggish desire, giving into the sin of covetousness for what the great Nephilim *Ueiskuning* patriarchs, and their glorious blood descendants had accomplished, rather than to simply remain thankful to the Holy Spirit for their fortune in their present

place. Such is a decaying weakness so ever common to their species.”

“Was there more, oh dear Auntie?,” I continued to ask.

“Yes..., it was said, that if the Ziminoa should appeal to *Ueiskuning* sympathy, and those *Ueiskuning* descendants ever place them in rule above that of their own, that the destiny of the place in question would *always*, in a relatively short due course of time, deteriorate into abject poverty and rule by extortionist political inquisition; for the Ziminoa can only function in some sort of mythical socialized harmony, in which they are led to feel that they are being handed the fruits of industry without committing themselves to any of the labors thereof.

“In reality, it will be they themselves, and any others among them, who will only be reduced into an exploitative form of servitude without chains, and prisons without walls. All freedom and good fortune would then promptly flee the land for the duration of eternity..., unless the entire mass of planetary beings were taken over in the distant, though ever nearing future, by

some outside, supreme conquering race of Ares, born of a superior hallowed celestial blood.”

“Why was this so, oh dear Auntie?,” I asked with a child's earnest inquisitiveness.

“This was so because the sacred guardian Madonna had once revealed herself to the Ziminoa while they existed in their own lands. She forbade them to continue on in their cannibalistic, heathen way of life. They, however, rejected her demands with a great vicious fervor. So for that reason, she condemned them to serve the ones who should accept her as their own. At least they are safe and comfortable in the land that they dwell in at present,” she replied with a sigh and a glazed over gaze.

But with her sigh that most cherished, hypnotizing name reverberated forth from upon the outside wind and distant thunder.., and into my very soul for all time to come..

*“The blessed island of fortunes.. That blessed island of the cherished seraphim and the guardian Madonna on high..That*



*blessed island so revered.. The island of flowers and love...*

*Behold, the sweet fortune of Angel Island..”*

As I stood underneath that honored archway between the dinning room and the living room with my dear Grandfather, directly across from me sat that most honorable of family elders, Maurice DE Britt. There he sat in the family love seat, not as simply an elder, but as a ruling monarch bearing a realm into which he could make his own heart's demands. He sat facing me in his perfectly ironed and starched dress suit, and neatly positioned black bow tie.., his derby seated proudly upon the crown of his graying head.

“Oh Uncle Maurice,” I so timidly asked him. “I hear that you have actually traveled into the forest depths of Angel Island, that land of enchanted fortunes.”

“Oh yes, my dear boy, I have indeed been there, and had grand adventures in many more places,” he said with an emphatic smile.

“Well do tell me about this wonderful place of dreams,” I asked him.

“It was by accident, actually, that I arrived on those golden sanded shores. I was on night watch out on the starboard side of the merchant vessel, *Nymph Of The Seas*, on which I was employed. Suddenly in the moonlit distance, I beheld her majestic, most enchanting island form.

“*A land form,*” I yelled to the lookout watchman, “*a land form!*”

“Quickly the captain consulted the maps, but strangely enough, could find no mention of any island form that ever existed anywhere in these distant waters. The captain consulted the instrumentation, but everything had virtually shut down, and the reason why could not be sufficiently explained.

“In the far distance, radiating forth from the island itself, I could perceive this alluring song of a child nymph, calling us all into shore. It was as strange a song ever heard among men, that

pulled even at the very soul of a man, pulled in such a way that his mind simply could not resist the call...

“So we followed seemingly involuntarily, we followed the call of the child siren nymph . We were led closer and closer toward the form of this island. Soon it was that our ship dropped anchor in the shallow waters surrounding this neatly hidden cove tucked far away from any view out at sea. Here in this cove a hundred ships could have hidden, and a hundred more without on the seas, and never have known of our concealed presence! Very soon all of us had leaped, being much compelled to do so, from the edge of that anchored ship, and were transported without incident by those very waves as they crashed directly into shore.”

“Then what, Uncle Maurice, then what?,” I asked eagerly.

“Well just as soon as we swam into shore, we were greeted by these delicate young nymph pixie angels, who stooped down to hand us coconut juice, still in ice cold coconut shells.”

“Well how did they get the coconuts cold?,” I asked inquisitively.

“I can't tell you that. All of us wondered how they done it ourselves. We didn't spend all of our time thinking about it, we simply carried on with situations at hand. Soon these delicate females were to lead us deep into the island palms.”

“Did you see the Ziminoa?,” I asked.

“Oh yes, and they are a fearsome little lot, I tell you, but they seem to greatly enjoy their place and situation on the island of fortunes. Some of them had cross bred with those mighty *Ueiskuning* warrior men who so solidly dominated the island, and produced offspring that looked about the size of average people. The females of this cross-spawn, however, were exceedingly attractive, and most delicate to behold. They surly must have derived this honorable trait from their Saxon overlords thereabout.

“I personally thought that their flesh tincture was very appealing, being that of soft green, with a slight glint and flesh white combined. We knew them as *Zebranic Antibanes*. Such

was a very descriptive, specific word of our own intellectual construction and design.”

“Oh Uncle, I want to go there.! How I *do* want to go there!,”  
I yelled with excitement.

“Aye, and go one day ye shall indeed, dear boy! But there is one thing that you must understand once there. The Ziminoa are at perfect peace presently on the isle, but even so, they are much given to irrational behavior based simply on pure emotion, and not rule of calculating logic. I say, boy, that their minds lack the ability to make decisions based on logical systemic order found in power of reason. They consequently lack the ability to control their emotions and feelings, completely giving into those motivations of raw emotion, as well as those of basic mammalian biology; so in many ways they behave and function as do the raging beasts of the field.

“Such is the reason why they possess no state or understanding of morality... And I shall tell you this much, if they are ever allowed to appeal to *Ueiskuning* piety, who then place them in

control out of some self condemning sympathy for them, then the entire social and economic order will collapse into wretched, dreadful, eternal ruin!

“Other than those basic facts, the Ziminoas as individuals, are O.K., generally speaking. I never had any problem with any one of them.”

“Oh Uncle Maurice, I am so glad that you told me all of this. I cannot wait to grow up, 'cause I am going to go there one day. I am going to go to the island of fortunes, just like my Uncle Cromartie did way back when!”

.....As the years would pass, from time to time my words would ride on the gently blustering wind, or upon the distant rolling midday thunder, especially during long walks down those narrow two rut roadways near the old shack ruins sitting sheltered inside the eternal shade of time-honored oaken wood-stands, and sometimes adjacent among the Celtic crosses found within the many ancient church graveyards..

..... *"I am going to go there... I will surly go there.. I will make it  
to the island of fortunes.. That most cherished of honorable  
islands.. Angel Island! Oh thy island Of Seraphim nymphs.. Oh  
thy island of delightfully coveted paradise!*

## Chapter 3

### **The Intermediary Years**

The winds of time blew..., and oh how hard they blew during the earliest of those most blessed, but so very terrible years at the same time. The contemptible angel came, that avenging angel of



the tarnished pharaohs, oh that dreadful angel of dark, undesired, perpetual solitude.

It was such a stormy day, as I recall, but happened just after that great day of thanks, the day of such explosive joy taken in regard to tradition and peaceful contemplation. From the loft of high heaven the rains fell in huge sheets, indeed falling so thickly that driving down any local main-street was virtually impossible. Everybody just stayed at home because of it.

For some nine long, dreadful, tortuous days the horrible, cold rains fell, filling up the crawl spaces beneath many homes with putrid water, saturating the once flowering yards until many appeared more as decaying black water ponds..., and the homes as cursed islands in their own right. Many of the elders loudly proclaimed this stormy event to be the omen of looming ill fortune...

It was during this time that we heard the shocking news..., news that was to affect all of us for years forthcoming, maybe even decades into the future. We scarcely could not even bear it,

the entire lot of us and those in the surrounding community, old and young alike. My dear Grandfather had an accident. It was an unfortunate accident that indeed, should have never happened at all.

He had been called out to labor during the fall of the rain. He did not wish to go, since he had just retired into what he logically reasoned would be a prolonged contented joy, but he knew that the extra money would come in handy, and it was to be this single time...just this one last time, and no more.

Then the unthinkable happened, as it is sometimes inclined to do. He had completed his job, that job of effectively clearing the house lots and roadways for this new development that was sure to come to the creek side wood-stand of his childhood home. Ahead of him paused the low pitched hauling truck for the heavy equipment.

As he loaded the backhoe that he operated up onto the flat bed of the truck, the tires sitting on the damp soil of the road shoulder sank. The ones on the solid pavement of the road stood firm. The

back hoe tumbled off the flat bed of the truck with only a slight forewarning. Surly it must have been the rain that had caused it to do so.

Grandfather attempted to leap at that instant, in order to escape what he knew would be a certain horrible fate. His leap was just not quite enough...the cab of the back hoe struck him across his forehead, crushing his entire face until he was not recognizable, even to those dear ones of his own family. Only to glance upon him initiated floods of weeping tears....

He had landed on his back, face up evidently. A U shaped dent was to be seen in the bar along the top of the man cab of the back hoe wreck for a number years afterward, as it lay motionless in a rusting metal scrap yard. I know this because I beheld the horrible bend with my own tearful eyes...

I spoke to the rescuers who had came to take him away for medical help, they told me his story, a story that he himself would never be able to tell. According to them, he actually stood up onto his feet, saying aloud that he did not want to lay on his back, out

of fear that he might drown in his own percolating blood. He *walked* over to the rescue van and managed to lay on his left side upon the cot. The people who told me about this event declared that they all watched in absolute disbelief and astonishment, considering the depth of his injuries.

For three dreadful, loathing months everyone wondered if he was going to make it or not, but he just languished away in a distant hospital bed, in three weeks going into a deep comma due to a strangely malignant, devouring, unidentified classification of meningitis infection.. Eventually came the saving grace of death some three months later...

Death was indeed a blessing for him, since he had lost his eyes and would have never again been able to function merrily as he once did, that is, if he would have even managed to preserve his mind to any degree.

I have many fond memories of him. Mother would not allow us children to visit him simply because he did not appear anything like he did before the accident. He was described to me as being

faceless with a pointy head, like that of some Martian monster on an old TV science fiction movie. To this day I can only imagine his horrid appearance. I am glad mother did not allow us to go up and see him... I would have never been able to remove that horrible view from the eyes of my mind..., and my vivid memory does not seldom fade nor fail. Such is a gift unto me from Almighty God in heaven above.

What I do remember of him is the *last* squirrel hunt that all of us went on..., me, Grandfather, and my younger brother. It was a really pleasant, and most productive hunt. We slew some twelve squirrels in less than an hour on that fateful day.

He showed us techniques for hunting them that I will never forget, like shaking the vines going up into their nests in order to chase them out. One can also take dried corncobs and smoke them out of their dens when the need should arise. He would walk around the trees, upon us treeing them, then send us around on the other side to pull on the vines and make noise in the trees. When

the squirrels went around the tree to escape, Grandfather nailed them in the head with his antique Winchester twenty two.

I vividly recall us walking along the creek bank in spring time looking for snapping turtles during the first half of the day. Most of the time we found at least two on a given day. Before going home for lunch, we would tie a set line hook and bait it with a piece of dead cat that we had picked up along the paved road the day before. This bait we would carry with us inside a plastic sandwich bag to keep from touching it with our bare hand, tainting our hands with a certain pungent foulness that could not be washed away for some four days following.

We would carry the turtles home by the tails in each hand. Most of the time we would have two, but some times we might have as many as four or even five.

These turtles made some really good soup. The ones that were not used, we simply turned them over, took a drill motor and made holes through their shell edges. Through this we would run a twelve foot piece of number nine galvanized wire, being careful

to tie them off in the cool shade of the wood-stand for future use. We have left them tied up for as long as nine months on end, only coming back to them where they were safe and sound. I have no idea how they managed to feed them selves, but somehow they did so.

So it was that we lived this lifestyle, this time honored lifestyle of the proud and free, both in body, mind, and in the general spirit of living. But the lifestyle was to be no more, not without Grandfather by my side. All of that was now gone..,forever...

Now I had a new life to walk into..,a new life that I was so unsure of..,a new life that I feared would attempt to force me to give up my free ways, a life that would try to force me to accept all that was unacceptable to me..,a life among alien personality types that would attempt to force me to reject my precious heritage, reject those sacred words of my Aunt Carrie Mae.. But at this point of my present arrival, all of this pondering was only a baseless fear of mine, a fear of the unknown. I resolved to persist in spite of it all, and the depth of their unjustified persecutions.

I continued to hunt and trap the ancient wood-stands of my Grandfather. I did so as he did, except that I took directly to the woods rather than trails and open road ways, just as a precaution. I imitated the deer, and began to travel and hunt mainly during the dark of night, while still remaining hidden away in the depths of the wood.

While I clearly recalled the techniques of my Grandfather, I soon developed those of my own, which was certain to happen from the amount of time that I spent roaming the meadows and creek-sides. In short course of due time, I became a virtual master of the art in providing for one's needs in the wood-stand, just as my Grandfather was in the past.

Not only did the harvests provide meat and vegetables for the table, it provided money for my pocket. Raccoons could be sold, first the tanned hides for twenty dollars, then the meat for five. Deer could be sold for seventy dollars a carcass skinned out, the hides tanned could fetch another thirty dollars or maybe even more. At times I could make use of the hides myself, since I knew



how to make coats, shirts, and pants from the tanned skins and even provide decoration from colored glass beads, the painted wing bones pieces of birds, or from dye filled porky-pine quills. In this manner I could get fifteen hundred dollars or more for four hides, rather than only a measly hundred twenty dollars, or so.

Raccoons, wild cats, and fox could be stuffed and mounted. I learned the art of the taxidermist well during those graceful years of gradual adjustment. A stuffed fox or cat could fetch three hundred dollars, or maybe even more! I became renowned for the ability of trapping them all consistently.

Many times a farmer would call me and ask me to clear the beaver from a hidden creek way out on the backside of his farm, since the water was flooding his farm land. This I could do in very short order, as well as to clear away the dam for him...,all for a very reasonable fee. The money was simply reinvested into more supplies such as traps, dynamite, and fur farm wire for my animal cages.

What was really neat was when a local farmer wanted me to collect his muskrats for him and was willing to pay me for the job, and then allow me to keep the rats. I simply placed the rats in a local fished out pond. Most people do not know it, but a small coven of muskrats will produce a rat a day without hurting the coven., and that is enough to keep several people well fed with a bit of rice and vegetables to go with it.

In the summer I fished for catfish, and their meat was not only a local delicacy, but fetched some two dollars a pound or more at the local food markets. The turtle meat was also a local delicacy that fetched a tidy sum on the local restaurant market. The local fish market was owned and operated by a man who purchased every type of meat from deer, fish, and shellfish, right on down to small game, such as rabbits and squirrels. All that he required was, understandably, that the feet be left on the small game in order that he could tell exactly what it was that he had made purchase of. All deals were sealed effectively by a smile and a handshake.

Back in those days I also labored as a carpenter, since by the time I was in the sixth grade I was highly experienced in the field. I constructed barns, out back storage buildings, fence rows, flower gardens, I even made room additions on homes. I pulled wire and connected the ends, so that the people would have power connections upon my completion of the job at hand. All of this was sealed by a simple smile and a handshake.

I received what was promised to me and they received their due end of everything owed by me. My prices were honest and fair, and their complaints were non existent. People did not complain out of some secret desire to extort funds from their fellow man. If they ever had a reason to complain in the first place, indeed there existed a true reason on part of the other party and, one could be rested assured that the opposing party was truly at fault...; but that situation virtually never came about in those days of honor and righteous reputation.

I also labored as a mechanic on automobiles, finding great joy going door to door, servicing customers in abject need, since in

those days all motors were designed to run, and to be kept running by individual owners, and not corrupt corporations seeking only to monopolize and extort huge funds from the automobile owners now in subjective need.

The layout of the engines were in their most simple of forms, because manufacturers were consistent of righteous people in search of honest fortunes. There was no desire to enslave the customer by intentionally designing the vehicles in ways that complicated maintenance to the point where the only choice that a customer had was to bring the vehicle to an agent of the manufacturing company, where he was destined to have ten times the honest cost extorted from his bank account due to outrageously priced parts and some desperately needed specialized tool. Motor parts, such as the alternator and the ignition coil were never placed on the bottom side of the motor, but designed in easy to reach locations that encouraged the customer to keep his own vehicle maintained himself, rather than become dependent on some corporate extortionist entity.

All of life was designed in absolute simplicity, with the idea that people were to live in endless contentment, peace, and in total harmony with their surroundings. That is why America, and specifically Southern America, once stood as the greatest nation on earth; the honorable South, as a nation within a nation, truly a more intensely magnificent realm existing within a magnificent realm by virtue of it's own right! Pure efficiency and common sense was the most dominant rule, and not frustrating complication based on extortion and manipulation.

In those most cherished days of honor and glory, farmers also labored as tradesmen, so that one could have an additional building construction negotiated at the same time he was purchasing his food products. The farmer sold many products, including meal preparations, without any bureaucratic interference.

If a person had a problem (*and he never did in those days of righteousness and honor*), he could just take the farmer to court. There was no need for any bureaucracy to force regulatory

requirement. Such situations only occur when agents of the ruling authority wished to extort huge fees in the false name of insuring quality.

From the farmer one could purchase the very best of fermented nectar crafted from flowering fruit and herbs. The home crafted tobacco products produced only a sweet euphoria that drove away sickness, never inviting it in. To do so would have grossly violated the honorable code in ethics among those righteous elders of the past.

Many fruits could be purchased that yielded healing medicine and cured the few ills that infected the population without, and the elders were free to inform the younger ones of the benefits derived from specific vegetables and fruit.

Banks made loans that when advertised at six percent, was truly a loan that amounted to six percent of the principle in the monthly payment. The loans never were advertised at six percent, and then amounted to six times the principle when the loan was

paid in full! Honesty prevailed in those days because the integrity of the people demanded it.

Individuals labored for themselves and their customer satisfaction only; in those days of glory and rich enlightenment, there was never some concerted effort to extort huge funds from the customer on behalf of material suppliers and the banks. When a construction deal was struck, the deal was closed on all ends and sealed, not left open ended in ways that allowed corporations and piggish individuals to extort huge funds from individuals who sought only to satisfy the basic needs of life.

Where is the honor in such action..., where is the glory? Such action certainly does not appeal to the eyes of the Holy Ghost or the Guardian Madonna who reigns from those hallowed heights of ancient Thule. Nay..., on the contrary, I dare say that it invites their dreaded curse of poverty, future conquest, and endless degradation.

As individuals, our precious freedom was guaranteed by sacred parchment sealed with the blood of our majestic

*Ueiskuning* warrior fore-bearers. They won their freedom by virtue of conquest, from the ruling empire of the overlords. The overlords existed as an empire that commanded the entire earth. Agents of that empire had obtained this land via honest purchase from the natives, who then attacked to wrest the land back. The knights of the overlords organized to wage war on the natives as a result. The natives lost more territory in hectares via conquest, than they would have ever lost via honest transaction.

Such is the nature of war, however, war is a great gamble in many respects. During the course of strategic planning, all freedom is placed in the center of the round table in wager on the outcome. The loser is destined to vacate all that he presently has in possession, rather than just the small bit that would have been lost in honest negotiation. Many times it is far better for one to just hold onto the freedom that he presently possess and negotiate an outcome, rather than to try and seize upon more freedom via conquest..., unless detailed systemic calculations are made to indicate that such a wager is valid and most likely to succeed!



Lose is certain when one rushes headlong into battle, without deducing those most necessary of calculations.

When those gleaming knights of our magnificent *Ueiskuning* ancestors strode forth across those smoldering fields of battle, by virtue of the Lord God on high, the Holy Ghost, and that sacred guardian Madonna, they sealed perfect freedom for both themselves and their future Annunaki blood via their descendants. The sole demand of the guardian Madonna was for them to remember their honorable heritage, and preserve the treasured purity found only in their sacred blood right to an uninhibited liberty in pursuit of vast wealth, abundance, and pleasure in living according to their own individual predestination, and not dictated by some far, distant reigning, tyrannical overlord.

The laws had been sealed in the purest of vellum inscribed with the blood of our fore-bearers, there was never once even the slightest question seeking to infringe upon those blessed rights of the *Ueiskuning* people. The children swore their blood allegiance to the star bound flag of Saint George's flaming cross. They

pledged their very souls via the Bellamy salute, in honor to her sacred spiritual radiance absorbed in holy unison by their outstretched opened palms. Their faces stood steadfast upon that golden circle which symbolized their eternal fortune sworn by the sacred angels in high heaven, to those born of that most cherished of Nephilim blood, that same blood shed by those conquering glorious knights who once strode forth so valiantly across that most blessed smoldering field of battle..., where all life was at wager...,all fortune of posterity at perilous stake....

I can vividly recall standing in the class room of our local school, the class saying the consecrated pledge in complete unison as we stood facing the magnificent star covered flaming cross that bore a halo of brilliant gold, with those surrounding twelve brilliantly shining white stars that symbolize the glory born by those most splendid of knights who so valiantly rode forth into battle and everlasting remembrance.

In holy unison we chanted the cherished words...*We swear our allegiance to the star covered cross of Christ and good Saint*

*George, all surrounded by the brilliant stars that symbolize the twelve battles in which we won our precious right to prosperity, peace at home, and contentment. All under God, the supreme superlative, we place in his trust, indivisible for all eternity..Even as we stand facing this most magnificent standard, forever goes forth our hail to glory and eternal freedom! Amen and Amen!*

Our days were filled with our labors and our cherished intellectual pursuits, alternated on the third hour by an hour of uninhibited play. We could play according to our limitless fruitful imaginations.

Many times we would envision our selves being a high crown prince of some sort or a huge business baron, and the others among our own subordinates. Each of us took turns being subordinate to our chosen overlord, and if that overlord abused his newly gained authority, then we, the masses, were rightfully justified to revolt; being free to do battle with the overlord and his military, if indeed he had any backers. Even in those days it seemed that the king would retreat backward onto a hill of some

sort, where the revolutionaries were forced to make a triumphant charge upward, until they managed to unseat him from his steadfast throne. Yet his overwhelming defeat was most certainly destined to come, as it always did.

The girls in our imagined kingdom were always willing to pay honorable service unto us conquering males, who possessed the grandest estates. There was no contest, no disagreeable argumentation, they were at our service and our requests were their demands.

Women in those days were trained and raised to honor those men of exalted renown, that deserved and demanded their dutiful homage. So consequently their daughters reflected this training out on the school playgrounds.

Sometimes in our healthy play, there would exist some malicious girl of the playground. She would become the vicious witch who would capture us innocent, though delicate young males, putting us into a cage constructed from a clothes basket or a box of some sort that was very close at hand. She would

announce aloud that she would soon render our bodies of flesh and bone into nourishing soup!

Time would pass, and in the course of our play, she would eventually be shown the folly in her ways. Either she would soon learn the folly of her methodology or she would be expunged from our fantasy world..., and that was just the way things went, back in those days of honor and glory.

Our days, being every day of the week that went before us and after us, were filled with respect for those of whom were accomplished and was in possession of noble knowledge, in pursuit of personal advancement via our studies and intellectual labors; since we were all taught the value in obtaining education and respect for one another according to his own merits that served rightfully to justify the depth of that respect.

There existed no place for complacency or non-conformance. All of us had a sworn duty to accomplish..., to raise the standards of our blessed name and family home first, then glory would surely be found in our land and nation in doing so, in finalization to our

exalted supreme accomplishments. In that shining wealth so attained, our glorious traditions and way of life would remain, eternally being the envy of the entire mortal earth for decades, and even centuries to come, and on still farther into time., just as long as we continue to embrace the solemn blood, that most precious, sacred, blood seal of our most cherished rights.

Should we ever stoop to allow the enemy to persuade us through appeal to emotion or some perverted sense of sympathy for the so called down trodden, or some other villainous, manipulative psychological device, to allow infringement even in the slightest degree upon even one of those most cherished rights..., then at that point the action would serve as precursor to the massive loss and destruction to our blood won rights that would surly be forthcoming..., and of that unconditional fact all of us were eternally aware!

.....Time passed like an invisible wave transporting those strong unseen forces that mandated change. Even though we could not see this force, we could detect its presence as it hung thickly

about in the air surrounding us. It was not that we resented change universally, oh most emphatically not..., it was that all of us resented *negative* change, specifically.

Now the word, *change*, is a broad term, please bear in mind, and like all things in this mortal life, it comes in positives and negatives. *Positive change* is defined by change that expands our freedom economically and personally as individuals, and serves consequently to simplify and greatly improve the general quality of our daily lives.

*Negative change* is defined as the exact opposite..., being change that restricts our freedom economically and personally as individuals, and serves more to complicate our daily lives for the purpose of enriching or allocating advantages and resources to a chosen selective political constituency group, or an elitist economic minority.

First came that dreadful angel of death to my dear Grandfather, then to my great Grandmother, then my dear Aunt, Carrie Mae; and as the waves of time continued to roll onward, all the other

elders who had been born from the precious blood cloth of pure destiny, and who well knew the value in holding onto those most cherished of time honored traditions.

They all did so while maintaining a healthy respect for paying homage to the Lord God on high, his son Jesus Christ, and the sacred guardian Madonna of the high seas. That is why they prospered in their own personal freedom and prosperity, because they forgot not the precious blood that was sacrificed on the alter of cherished freedom, a freedom born from the blood and unrepentant altruism of their sanctified Nephilim *Ueiskuning* fore-bearers!

As they passed I can still recall how they all held their heads high, whilst placing their right hands over their left breast when the list of their ancestry was read, who heralded from that glorious battle in the heavens on the summit of King's Mountain at the yearly reunion of the honored blood. Then the names of these same individuals were read aloud as they moved Northward, as the historical record was broadcast, describing them effectively



halting the advance of the overlords at the great battle of Mores' Creek, and Wilmington, and then on farther northward still. So great was this battle and the painful sacrifice in precious blood, that future generations can never fathom the depth of their patriotic persistence and determination, all accomplished in spite of an overwhelming adversity.

Those sanctified elders did so, they did so because the news of that battle was given to them from the mouths of elders in remembrance, almost on a daily basis. Our glorious history was taught in just such a manner, back in those days of honor, tradition, and respect for the wisdom of our sanctified for-bearers, from whose minds sprang forth those words that still secure our cherished individual freedoms.

Northward these conquering warriors of great renown continued to move on, until they came to do battle on the ridge at Yorktown. At Yorktown the enemy, by use of highly effective patriotic strategy, was sealed off with the sea to their backside, mountains to their north side, and the mighty Annunaki

*Ueiskuning* army sealing them off on the south side, and their opposing side on the west.

The overlords had nowhere else to go, but to raise their right hands high, and in their left hands to transport the universal white flag of submission. They had stood strong to declare aloud that only death would only halt their forward advance, and they would never bow to any opposing force no matter what the power, and give in to the temptation of surrender.

They did bow on that day, however, to those forces of God Almighty by sea and by land, for it had all been preordained, chiseled deep into the stone of destiny by the high priest and Patriarch, Holy Pythias El Greigo Of Massalia. The guardian Madonna of the high seas in company with the great archangel, Michael, stood strong against those forces of evil tyranny, who only melted away in their glorious presence. Patriotic victory was then assured, guaranteed by righteous glory and omniscient heavenly declaration..., and a most terrible price was certain to be paid in full by those descendants of their sacrificed blood who

dared forget or reject that blood won honor, only to steal away the righteously attained glory of these magnificent heroes, hoping to erase for eternity their venerated names from the *Lambs' Book Of Grand Accomplishments*!

All the elders continued to hold their heads high as the story was told in detailed illustration, describing the manner in which that once world domineering Empire Of The Overlords lined before that tattered army of glowing patriots, laying down their arms at their very feet in organized, honorable, ceremonial fashion, and placing those swords once raised to strike the death blow, into those out stretched palms of the glorious victors, only then to bow upon the right knee in a plea for mercy via total submission. Since the victors were honorable, and submission of their enemy fully accepted as the rightful dictation of fate by the enemy himself, then and only then was the plea for mercy accepted; but it was accepted via the rules of proper chivalry and a high born tradition in doing so.

.....Then those evil winds blew forth across the land, causing the death of that high born adventurer patriarch who was begot of the precious ruling blood, Maurice DE Britt. He had lived life by his own sworn self right, according to his own determination. He had traveled the seven seas, calling the distant oasis of many lands known, and likewise even some of those unknown, home; and his mortal eyes had beheld that truest of delightful beauty found only in the blessed beings of Angel Island.

Their celestial traditions had drawn him deeply inside, beckoning him to remain amid the blossoming, palm leafed seductions of the woodlands to savor seductively the warm, moist adoration showered upon his person and that of the entire ship crew, by the yearning caress of those flower clothed, singing pixie nymphs.

The food was extravagant, eating the best of hominy by the relaxing blush of the morning horizon, savoring the flesh of lamb and sweet pork barbeque draped in the foremost of natural peas and dark butter beans by the high mark of the sun, only to wash it

down with the euphoria found in the best of mint sprinkled Julep supreme.

At the time of the sun relaxing down into the berth of the distant, now darkening horizon, he was served that sweet euphoria born from the juice of an enraptured cane that had absorbed the intoxicating sweat of the child pixie nymphs whilst at play.

His days on that blessed island ended in a hand stitched hammock strung on a cottage porch of bamboo, and the nymph cherubic lady of his dreams laying warmly by his totally relaxed, slumbering side.

That same year of this grand Saint Of The Seven Seas passing, I entered into that dark and dreadful new school far outside of my home area. I did not want to go, but the politics found in county district boundaries forced me to do so, since individuals now no longer possessed their blood won freedom to choose.

Here the same traditions held on one side of the yard, but on the other side an alien allegiance of beings had entered into our

midst, bearing the darkest intentions of corrupting the complete body of young impressionable souls, who cared not for nor lived by the traditions and honors of their Nephilum *Ueiskuning* fore-bearers; yeah, many of them, if not an unhealthy majority, bearing only the worst of those corrupted, eternally tainted blood lines.

These wretched beings lived by the cult of the corrupting television. They existed more as living, breathing imitations of the sick perversions and those terrible, corrupted personalities created by the forces of carefully manipulated televised propaganda, designed to engender a false belief and causing innocents to think closely held thoughts that endorsed a politically manipulated, even bane-fully perverted world view and opinion, known not or ever accepted by their Fathers, nor their Father's Fathers.

Rather than traditional thought, and thought born by reason and right of common sense, these people tended to disdain all sensible rationale in favor of a form of corrupted thought that had

no basis in any sort of valid logic at all., as if their attempt was to appear comical and allow themselves some high position in class by doing so.

I tended to run with the traditional side, disdaining the illogical in favor of those people born of the blood cloth. These people sought the secrets of the woodlands, and knew well of those most revered sagas and legends that passed down through the ages. They lived close to the land and knew well how to thrive there upon it, taking vegetables of a variety in sorts, many flavors and sorts of fruits, and a wide range in meats.

These people were destined to become the sole survivors in a future age of great disorder and massive financial ruin born by that same illogical reasoning so routinely propagandized and promoted by the corrupted media now past, and yet, still remaining with the intention of inducing a new, more perverted but subtle sadistic corruption.

I played the sacred games back in those days of my schooling. The game of battle was initiated by two competing teams who

strategically determined how they would control an oval shaped, air filled pig skin ball, and where the hallowed place was that they would wrest possession of this ball from their opponents. I, by adhering to those warrior traditions of my ancestors, soon became the chief strategist during the course of these games.

By sole right of strategy and superior strength, we soon rose from being last out of all the teams, to the champion first in complete lead, all accomplished on our own engaging efforts. When that most sacred of color standards rose high above the stadium, we all raised our left hands in the venerated Bellamy salute, the entire team and even the entire stadium singing in complete unison our sacred theme song, which at that time was *We Are The Champions*.

At the ending of the games, closing time was always announced by the brass band playing *Dixie*. No body thought about becoming angry or hostile over the closing song, it was just a surviving part of an honorable tradition born in blood that was shed by those of whom had gone on before us. They had all done



their part in service to the people, now it was our time to give them their proper respect for doing so.

As the games closed and the people left the stadium in three single file lines, the most talented and beautiful of cheer leaders alined both sides of these exiting lines of cheering patrons, each one carrying that sacred flag of Saint George and those brilliant stars of honor. As those people made their exit all sang in astounding unison, *Hail To The Sacred Ring Of Gold And The Boney Blue Flag*.

During those formative years of school, I excelled in all disciplines. I was also held in great honor among my fellow classmates for my power in strategy on the field of honor, where we were now reigning champions. My favorite discipline was history, but I also excelled in mathematics. In my mind all factors could be reduced to mathematics, and a proper logical conclusion therefore deduced. Excelling in the field of mathematics even assisted me in my upward climb in strategy used during the

games and in other areas. Excellence in all things was the general rule of my life during those most formative of years.

There were times, however, when personal combat was certain to arise. There seemed to be a new corrupting air that was sweeping the school grounds, as I have made mention of before. Already one half of the minds present during an average school day had been corrupted and perverted by the endless media propaganda that had become so pervasive, even back during those early days. Surly the two opposing cultures were destined to clash.

Soon came an insult to the sacred honor, and the argumentation heated red hot between the two opposing groups, and a loud proclamation for battle was made where all observers were gathered to bear witness. To remain outside of the limitations of administrative retribution, it was determined that all future battles would be conducted in a proper dueling field down by the local riverside. So it was, in a really cool shady area, that would bear witness to the greatest of physical challenges.

I was to ride and stand among the witnesses to watch the challengers struggle in maintaining the integrity of the sacred cloth. Both stood solid with muscles rippling. From their hip pockets both drew their spring loaded razor sharp blades, and were poised to battle unto the very death.

High in the air above the watching mass of observers flew the yard cloth. One end going into the mouth of one combatant, the other end going into the mouth of the opposition. This cloth made their limitations. The first to drop one end of the cloth or has blood drawn, was to lose the contest. These were the rules and the rules were inviolable. No further rules could be formulated nor could any presently reigning rules be dropped, all must be adhered to without compromise.

Many who watched felt that the cloth was a handicap, but just as soon as the fight commenced, the better skilled of the two was soon bore witness to. Actually the cloth could be an additional weapon, if the combatant was skilled in making use of it.

In seconds I have witnessed a single combatant completely tie the opposition up, and have him laying on the ground completely immobilized. I have witnessed the knife flying from the grasp of the opposition in a single smoothly skilled move of the cloth. No one ever died or was seriously wounded during these struggles, but even to this very day I am amazed that they never did.

Soon I was destined to defend my honor on the field of battle. It was a forthcoming event that could never be avoided. The foul unprovoked insult to my tradition and integrity was made, and the compulsion to bear my own cultural defense was irresistible. The thrill of the anticipating combat just caused the compulsion to be all the more irresistible. I was extremely skilled in the techniques of mortal hand to hand engagement, though I never advertised the fact in any manner what so ever.

We both stood by the boat ramp down by the river side, narrowly eying each other in anticipation of the others next move. Soon my opposition struck a punch and I blocked it soundly, effectively wrapping my left arm around his left. I chopped him in

the throat from the side, nine times viciously with the edge of my right hand. I elbowed him in the jaw from the side of his head, while I had his head down from my effective brace of his left arm.

My savage unarmed attack also served to effectively distract him from my next move, which was a solid knee into the crotch five times in instant repetition. I then caught him completely off guard with a quick hip toss onto the damp earth beneath our feet. When he fell to the earth, he collapsed solidly upon the flat of his back, and was completely unconscious.

A crowd had gathered consisting of about fifty people or so, who were totally shocked at the smooth execution in my moves and the thoroughness of the actions contemplated. They were also amazed at the speed in which I effectively ended the contest.

All but five people broke away from the crowd and walked over to my opposition, who was still laying unconscious on the cold damp grass. Ten or so picked him up and loaded him into their vehicle, thinking to transport him to the local hospital. I simply boarded my car, then drove on off to my place of

employment at the time, very soon forgetting about the event as the day wound on into its completion.

This event indeed was the very first in what was to become many such duels that I engaged in during the course of my school days. I fought hard, and battled with outstanding skill and gallantry, always gaining a solid victory over my aggressors. I never instigated the contests, such base behavior was beneath my status and upbringing. When the trouble came my way and attempted to tread me underneath, I made my solid stand, facing it with an unwavering courage. I always knew that I was right and that I would stand or fall on it with gallantry, just as my righteous ancestors did who had long since faded into dust, even before my day of birth.

There were young damsels who came my way back during those glory days of yore. Most I had no regard for, unless they were born from the same cloth that I was, having a past steeped in the sacred blood traditions and her bearing a true blood that stood up solidly to the test of generations. In an overwhelming majority

of cases, when these tainted, most unholy damsels came my way, always being careful to show me a hearty interest; I simply took them for what they were, right where they stood, rather than waste my time trying to make something else out of them that they were not nor could ever be, no matter how hard it was that they made the effort to be otherwise.

For example, if they were only every man's play toys, then I never tried to make any more out of them. When I was with them in their company, I lived it up, taking the fun just as far as they would allow me to do so.

Soon as we parted, she went in her own direction and I went off into mine. Sometimes that meant me going right into the arms of another yearning damsel. At other times it meant that I only went on a midnight deer hunt out in the deep wood-stand surrounding the town in which I lived at the time.

I was just as unpredictable for her as she was for me, and I never wasted my precious time pondering the hidden issue in any moral way or otherwise. We were young, living by the sword, and

that was just the way that things were in those days of long lost yore.

All of these youthful, action filled experiences, were justified by the excellence that I demonstrated in my dutiful scholarly labors. I always excelled in all of the intellectual arts. I was valedictorian of my class and on A honor roll. I was offered top scholarship at the very best in universities. My future was looking very forward, and nothing.., no not anything at all., could ever stop me from making it to the very top! I was going up, and everyone around me had best learn to accept that fact and fore-go this dark effort to strike me down; because I was destined to stand my ground and show them all that I could never be pushed around for any reason.

Then came that glorious day when the entire senior class arrayed itself in their long scholarly robes and square caps. The effort required to arrive at that place of predetermined appointment was miniscule, the knowledge flowed easily into the coffers of my hungry intellect. I already held the knowledge that the system had attempted to expose me to. I held this knowledge



through my own efforts in study and by reading innumerable books over the course of my scholarly years.

I think back and can still hear the commencement sound of the marching song. I can still see the forward march of the individual students, with the varied expressions on their faces not knowing what to perceive or where it was that those dark, unknown forces of fate might have them end up. My fate in future foresight, in my mind, however, was going to shine forward in a dizzy, white hot brilliance!

That sacred flag was soon struck, the flag of Saint George's flaming cross with the thirteen glowing stars and the golden halo encircling above. Surrounding the entire flag were those twelve stars arrayed in an eternal circle that represented the twelve battles in which those hallowed knights who were born of *our* blood, whose blood now flows freely through *our* veins, reigned astonishingly victorious!

I heard the anointed song and the song of the *Bonny Blue Flag*. Then each and every accomplished name was read individually

aloud, with each one of those specific persons arising from their seats and walking up that long, high stair case, to position themselves before the masses.

When the signal was given, this individual then walked across the stage and received their cherished golden certificate that distinguished themselves as being accomplished, rather than just one of the average..., and destined to excel in the game of life, in spite of any odds thrown before them designed to cause even those most gifted among them to stumble.

Fifth from the first, I heard my name called aloud, to stand tall among the honored accomplished. So I arose and strode forward, walking up that long flight of stairs behind the stage, coming to a pause behind the rear curtain to await my anticipated signal.

When the signal was given I walked forward, pausing to shake the extended right hand of the academy president, while seizing the golden certificate with my left. I heard his announcement of my grand accomplishments.....

“Gifted draftsman,” he proclaimed aloud unto the masses.

“Gifted mathematician, gifted in the literary arts, gifted in the honored games, and voted most certain to succeed!”

I heard their extended applause in mass unison as he continued on in his public acknowledgment of my outstanding accomplishments. I heard him repeat the honored title...

*“Most certain to succeed! Truly no force on earth nor in hell can ever hold this man of destiny back from his predestined success! Most certain to succeed! Most certain to succeed..!”* I heard their endless praise in applause and saw their standing ovations.

I stood before them whilst giving the sacred Bellamy salute with my left hand, then clasping my right handed fist above my left breast, both to the masses and toward the flag of our cherished, hallowed blood destiny. The cheering masses rang with a piercing intensity that caused severe pain to strike the ears. Never before, so proclaimed the president, had individuals cheered with such intensity in this auditorium here on these

premises. Even the very walls rang with their exuberant voices to add cheer and praise unto that which was already given!

When all had ended, then came those streaming tears of elated joy from the eyes of many. I could never tell whether these were truly tears of joy, or tears that come from an overwhelming, swelling fear of the unknown.

Many hugged each other as though they would never lay eyes on them again. With the gift of individual freedom most of us, and especially those given into greatest determination, were certain of success and a forward, positive march into the experience of fulfilling mortal life, just as long as we were allowed freedom without limitations. Only ruthless, intrusive limitations could *ever* prevent us from reaching our preordained life goals.

When that darkest of possibilities was raised by those of us whom were most inclined toward analytical deduction, those who existed around us, going about in their daily oblivion, would then so quickly proclaim;

“Never here in this land. This is America, for crying out loud,  
and we hold in tight possession our cherished, blood won rights!”

## Chapter 4

### **My new life and observations in The City Of Queens, Migdol, and Bristol**

All the following summer long I continued on in my employment of gathering the fish meats from the waters of my youth, and the trading of it in the local meat markets. I also took on a number of building projects that reaped a fine monetary reward in hard cash. I was really busy for the following summer months, and likewise during the following months of early fall. Things begin to slack off with the nearing of the Christmas celebration.

That forthcoming Christmas I made my determination that I was going to exit the land of my fore-fathers and ride into the *City Of Queens*. There existed opportunity for the taking, I was told in earnest. All that was required of an individual was to simply *desire success*, be willing to labor toward that end, and his success was assured with a near, absolute certainty.

Success was all determined by his own designs, and if he failed, then his failure was determined by the fact of his poor choice in widely available options. The end result lay entirely in *his own* hands, and was determined by the choices made by that individual. This was *America*, and such was the American way, so it was declared aloud by many as I rode merrily out of the driveway.

So I rode forward into that city in great triumphant air. I was destined to succeed. Soon after my arrival I found my apartment, which was to become my place of abode for the next several months.

This living space was only a simple room. I had a main room, where I kept my pull out couch. To the far left in somewhat of a cleft, was my small kitchen and refrigerator. To the rear was another room, both adjoined by a large foyer without a closing door. Such was it, however, that was all my living space had to offer.

My rent was two hundred dollars a month, utilities about seventy five more. Not that bad, but not all that good for the times either, however. I deserved better and was determined to fill my destined mark.

I soon found employment at a local amusement park. I worked as a security guard escorting people into the show rooms and watching over the general area. I also did patrols throughout the entire perimeter of the park itself. Doing this was most interesting at night, since there was much more adventure to be had during the dark of night. As I walked about, very soon I noticed weaknesses in the system that governed the park administration.



Back in those days the very best of shows were the *Chinese Acrobats*, and those animated shows with several Disney characters in them for the children. The going price for each presentation was around thirty dollars a show.

I soon was to notice that the tickets had no inventory check going in or going out. Since I had access to the ticket booths, it was a very simple matter for me to procure extra tickets, and go about the entire matter without ever leaving any type of bee line leading back toward me.

These tickets I sold for half of the original price, since most people had a strong desire to see the show, but few had an extra thirty dollars per person after paying the over inflated price, just to enter into the park itself. Engaging in this risque activity also held an element of thrill and excitement that I greatly craved in those days of valor and yore. In addition, the activity allowed me to nearly double my salary, and I soon was to move into a much nicer apartment.

The new place that I moved into was an apartment with an upstairs living quarters and a carport downstairs. In the midst of this carport was positioned a pool table.

I also shared the apartment with a roommate, who basically was a man of the blood cloth, just as I myself was. He felt as I did concerning tradition, and most other topics. He also felt as I did concerning the pool table, and our perceived profitable use for it. Soon we both made our small investment into this new enterprise.

To the left of our table we purchased and positioned a refrigerator, and a neat, pull down hamburger cooker. The refrigerator we filled up with the very best in beer.

We got the word out that the following Friday night was *pool playing night*, and the following Saturday night was pool tournament night. The door fee was only ten dollars to play. There was also beer and burgers that could be purchased for a dollar a beer and a dollar a burger. Soon the enterprise was a sell out, before we could even gather our records!

That Friday night we had some fifty people who lined up at the door to get inside and play. We sold out of all condiments and had to repurchase three times! People loved our profitable homegrown enterprise. Who could ever ask for anything better?

The Saturday night following we charged a twelve dollars door fee, placing five dollars extra a person into the kitty. The sole winner of the tournament that night would get the entire kitty. If we had multiple tie winners, then the sum total would be divided between them.

We had over two hundred people show up that first Saturday night for pool tournament night. Our enterprise generated over two thousand dollars in this single glorious night!

Business was dynamite, our venture was an outstanding success. All of our investments payed out extremely well. By the end of the first month we had generated well over twelve thousand dollars in hard cash money. That equates to six thousand between the two of us, just for the first month.

By the third month we both had quit our jobs at the local theme park, just to run our own enterprise full time. We were living the *American dream* by the beginning of the fourth month, with more free time and more hard cash than we ever thought could have been possible before. By the eve of the sixth month, we both felt that we were *invincible*, and that no wrong misfortune could ever visit us.

.....Then that malignant, poisonous, ever corrupting vapor soon settled in upon our community. By the end of the ninth month we were approached by four well dressed individuals on a somewhat cool, clear Friday night.., I never will forget the shock of it. One flashed us a badge, identifying himself as being with the police department. The other three flashed their badges, identifying themselves as being with the local zoning board.

Immediately the four demanded to see our business licenses and our inspection certifications. In addition to the above, they all demanded to see our tax receipts as well.

When we declared in response that we had no such papers, announcing aloud that this was *America, and that we had been told since the days of our earliest youth, that there was true freedom here*; these people angrily informed us that they did not care what we were told, and that this business establishment was illegal, and that we had better close it down immediately on command! Neither myself nor my business partner could believe our ears. We stood jaw dropped in a state of disbelieving shock.

“O.K.” I say, “where must we go to pick up a license, and all of that other garbage?”

“Well, you need to go to the health department first, and they will get an inspector to visit this place. Then you will get *permission* to set up your establishment, that is, if they see fit to give it! But I am telling the both of you, that they will not give you any permission to run this establishment without a huge financial investment in upgrades and accommodations!”

“Why?,” I snapped. “What stupid law have we broken? We are just exercising our blood born rights to engage in free enterprise!”

“Look fellow,” snapped this narrow eyed zoning officer, who puffed his extremely foul breath as he spoke, “It's all just like this, damnit. You are running an illegal gaming establishment on these premises. You are serving food and selling alcohol without permission or license. We could book you both right now on this, and numerous other charges! So just don't come over here near me and cop any kind of attitude with us about this stuff, you got that?”

“Well, I thought that this was *America* and that we had freedom to engage in free enterprise without any bureaucratic interference. We are not hurting anybody or pandering off poor quality condiments, nor are we giving poor quality service to our customers. You don't believe me, then just go ask them! Look..., they are all having a blast,” I spoke as I pointed in the direction of

our customers, “ and we have been doing this for over six months now!”

“Look..., now the both of you know what I just told you! Come next weekend, we had better find this place in dead silence around here, or both of you are going to come along with us and spend quite some time in a little room that we have prepared especially for non-conformists such as yourselves. We did not come all the way out here to talk politics with you and discuss political theory, we just came here to just tell you like it is going to be, simple as that!”

They turned and walked away, then abruptly paused and turned to make one more critical statement.

“Now, you remember what we told you, cause we will be keeping an eye out for you! Both of you can always bet on that fact!”

All four of them then turned and walked away, ducking into their long, shinny, midnight black Cadillac, and driving off up the street.

Something about the antagonistic expressions on their wrinkled faces burned into my mind and angered me sharply. I wanted to violate their orders, just to pull the act off in spite of their rude demands. Having a list of charges was not worth it, though. I would have to investigate the matter to see if I could make my establishment legal. What I was to discover greatly disheartened me, however.

The following day I motored on down to the local health department and to the neighborhood zoning board. I could not have pool tournament night any more, I soon discovered. Doing so was forbidden by our repressive laws, but somehow come forth of July, out in the churches and the town square, we are still *free*, we are constantly being told.

The food preparation area had to be licensed and inspected on a monthly basis. Updating our burger cooker and our general facilities, just to meet their onerous codes, would cost a small fortune; which is more than I had to give, and I was certainly not willing to go into debt for it. Getting licenses and allowing them



to invade my establishment unannounced, and crassly investigate any matter that they so desired based on some claim taken at face value or on a mere fallacy of assumption, would also mean that I would be forced to file extortionist taxes on my business undertakings. I carefully calculated the math on all of this; fees, new equipment, taxes, forced purchase of insurance..., and what I soon discovered was that I would only keep twenty five cents out of every dollar that I earned!

But when the forth of July came around that following Sunday when both of us went to the local church, we were all *forced* to endure a sermon speaking of the many “*freedoms*” that America had, and why this was the best nation on the face of the earth....

Already I had begun to question this claim that as individuals, Americans are the least regulated on earth. I knew that in Europe individuals certainly had much more regulation than we do here in the States. Their taxes are about the same, however, maybe some slight difference, but not much more.

At least the people there have their health insurance paid for them, their retirement accounts paid into, their children's college accounts paid up for them., all via their taxes. If the children could not qualify for an academic career, then they immediately were signed into a technical class. It was a winning situation for them any way that the situation went.

Here in America, while we paid nearly the same identical amounts in taxes, we received absolutely *nothing* for all of the effort in money that was literally *extorted* from our earnings.

Matter of fact, after we had lost half of our funds to extortionist governmental efforts, we were compelled by law to provide the benefits for ourselves out of the small remaining half of our salaries! This effort was rendered nearly impossible, considering how high it was that the cost of living in general had climbed, especially due to the financial institutions' extortionist inflation that had increasingly been imposed upon all basic commodities.

I was to soon notice that all of this bureaucratic negativity happened at about the same time that the United States Government expelled the Good Lord out of the public school system. These national leaders, whom behave as foreign invaders laboring on behalf of repressive, elitist foreign interests, neglected the lessons of history that clearly demonstrate the correlation between great prosperity, and the honoring esteem placed by the people in the Lord God Almighty. Simply speaking, the higher the esteem held, the greater the level of national prosperity.

In place of the *Good Lord* and those sacred lessons of the holy book, these alien invaders with their invalid Satanic doctrinaire, taught the lie that men *ascended* via successive *corruption* of genes all by them-selves, from apes and imbecilic beasts of the field.

This perverted lie was hammered into the minds of those most impressionable youngsters, beginning in their fifth or sixth years, during that age when they were all most impressionable and receptive to propaganda born from the very adults whom they

thought that they could trust most of all. Such lies violated the laws of nature, being that genes are handed down from one generation unto the next, and being that these genes have the codes built into them from the generations who went on before them. How then, could the end result be manifested as a new superlative being outside of any that it had ever been before?

Mankind could, however, *descend* genetically from a supreme being into a state of form existing in a far lesser degree of intellectual dimension, acting and reacting to the same rule of law that governs the lives of beasts; being that of basic biological motivation, motivation based on sheer emotion, and conclusive condemning action taken in complete absence of any justification in logic.

I was witness unto many other propagandist lies that violated the laws of nature being hammered into the minds of our tender youth, effectively destroying them for generations to come.

I also witnessed the negative, Satanic winds blow at large, and I bore witness unto the destructive effects thereof. I honestly fear

that my generation may never live to bear witness to the day that American society gets back on the righteous tract again, without a horrible price paid out in blood spilled.

To the shock and utter disgust of the entire earth, the United States government *forced* the instructors who earn their living in their state supported schools, to preach the gospel of Sodom and Gomorrah, in direct violation to scriptural law. Those extremely impressionable youth were instructed to believe that men could actually “*marry*” men, and women “*marry*” women.

How can a “*marriage*” stand in being when there exist no natural purpose for the union? The natural purpose for true marriage is children, obviously. No children can result from such a union, so indeed, what is the purpose in truth?

A union of flesh is between man and woman, with the hope that a child will result. There is no union of flesh between a man and a man, only a sickly twisted, filthy perversion, and nothing more. The holy book itself states that such perverted relationships are an *abomination* unto the Lord God On High. The Lord

despises this perverted attempt to legitimize these associations. What is suggested by the euphemistic label “*marriage*” in this case is a *masquerade* and a thumb in the face of Lord God himself!

In truth, all of this activity and disregard for honorable tradition one can clearly see, suggests that an intrepid, terrible avenging angel was about to settle upon the land, and holy providence would be completely justified in allowing it!

Many times I rode out into the streets of the city, hoping to enjoy a local moving picture, a soda, and an interesting night out on the town with my nearest female association at the time. When the lights dimmed and the theater began to fill with people who were coupled up, I came to notice two, then three, then four and soon many more of the same disgustingly perverted individuals who had chosen to gather among us.

Indeed this demonic vapor was beginning to poison the land upon which I now dwelt. In utter disgust I would arise up and walk out the door of the facility, taking a stroll down main street

in the heart of the city, only to endure many more disgusting sights of those same rude perversions. I knew that people existed of *that specific* sort and variety, but I never knew that there could live so many, in such massive numbers, wallowing in their disgusting filth!

What had happened to my dear sanctified land? Had the people forgotten the reasons that they acceded the golden stairway into wealth and outstanding prosperity? They had all been told of the proper manners and traditions by their Fathers and their Fathers before them, just as I had. Did they reject their teachings in favor of some sick perverted pass time?

I know not what evil befell them that they would actually invite a heavenly curse into their midst above that of the heavenly blessings! What is wrong with their minds? Were they even sober..? Are they mad..? There exist no logic to explain this choice in action.

Why did these rebellious children fly into the faces of even their own mothers and fathers, only to bring down the heavy hand

of sorrow upon their parents' aged hearts? The genuine problem here was that these people, whom had once been difficult children, were now no longer spoiled children; but rebellious spoiled adults whom in fact, whom had turned very putrid and disgustingly rotten, both to the mortals of earth and to those sanctified spirits who dwell in high heaven above. The coming curse was inevitable, but sufficient warning was given, telling clearly of a more horrifying blood drenched event to come.

Then came the dreaded wasting pandemic. There existed no warning and the symptoms mimicked the others born from a thousand varying diseases. First came the heavy laden weakness, the complete lacking of strength in body. Then the eyes ran continuously with the putrid yellow of rancid devouring infection. They could not see because of it, they could not concentrate because of their weakness that settled in upon their breasts like some sort of dark, invisible elephant had taken his comfortable seat at their consternating expense.



Then came the disgusting blood..., a dark, putrid issue of thick, oozing blood that wreaked of decaying flesh. It poured first from the eyes following the issue of infection. Then it came from the nose, pouring in endless issuing streams that oozed down the face and even into the mouth of the victim, who at times, would even vomit at the taste and smell of his own decaying flesh. No matter how much the victim whipped his face, still the blood oozed down and the streams left the faint trace of their passing on the pallid, wasting flesh of their faces.

After a time, from their very mouths came the issue of blood, even to the point that it would ooze down their throats and into the cavity of their very lungs, causing a heaving, rasping cough that nearly brought them unto their very knees.

Following that, came the great wasting away of their flesh as they lay bedridden and incapacitated. In three weeks or even less, their frail bodies would appear more as skeletons clothed in a bag of thinning flesh, than of human beings who once stood tall and invincible. Then they would writhe hideously in violent

convulsions, lapse into coma..., and then death was always certain to follow.

Indeed there was no cure, but the ending could be delayed if the victim possessed enough in gold to procure the delaying drug. In this manner, not only did the guilty bankrupt himself, but even the estate of his entire family! Even still, the guilty refused to repent and turn away from their perversions, to embrace the sanctified and righteous superlative. Shockingly, their perversions only increased in variety and incident, as they refused to accept the fact of their damning curse that now lay upon them!

The message was loud, so extraordinary emphatic that any who did not hear the shout born from it's sacred mouth, was a result of him sealing off his very ears in hatred of it's holy words. Still the people continued on in their unchaste ways of living, embracing those of the putrid, in disregard of those born from the sweet arms of the virtuous.

How foolish...? Where are their minds...? This was a sin that thousands upon thousands continued to wallow in, but where was

the logic in it all? People were dying by the thousands, but why then, the continuation of engaging in the same malodorous action which generated that same dying, cursed result? Then what about their very souls? It is so very certain that the raging flames of hell lie hungrily awaiting their transportation into it's voracious midst.

The evil proportioned out by these unrighteous, unwise rulers continued. Soon they were to commit one of their most dreadful, disgusting actions. Truly they labeled what was holy and righteous *negative* and what was disgusting, corrupted and unrighteous *positive*. My friends and I would joke during those days and say that they had “switched the polarity of their legal declarations!” Is that not what the forces of Satan do?

I even beheld the hand of Satan strong in the place of holy worship. The observation all would begin with a debate concerning the standing of one so named unrighteous, and whether or not the church should disregard his unholy actions by labeling them acceptable. These blighted should indeed be allowed to instruct our youth in sacred virtue, inquired the divine

robed one to the congregation? The congregation then divided between those of whom would allow the unholy to “sanctify” their unholy style of living, and those of whom refused to do so, since the Holy Book Of Divine Regulations strictly condemned the action. In this manner, the hand of Satan caused great dissenting disenchantment with the once sacred congregation.

Then I bore a witness unto the very leaders, those of whom were chosen to lead and trusted to give righteous directions, forcefully demand that *all people* accept the unacceptable, in complete disregard of their unsavory perversions and demented style of living. Where were our rights? Where went our cherished constitutional laws? Why did those foul corrupted people, whom though they were many yet still existed as a numerical minority, have such powerful sway over us, the numerical majority? Was it the prevailing force of government or the firm hand of Satan at work, or is it simply one conjunctive of the same? Is this not what the holy book says will happen in those last days of mortal government? The mortals of earth will surly act in favor of the

negatives in the universe; certainly that fact is a constant notation of history. Why..., oh why does it have to be this way, even in the face of a glittering prosperity like that of no other prior historical epoch?

Our pleasant, comforting churches were then forced to join the damned in unholy mockery masqueraded forth as venerated matrimony. In stead of being lead by righteous men, these institutions were led by men who simply preached the gospel for the offerings asked, into which they delved their greedy hands, making themselves splendid salaries. Out of fear that they would lose this rich style of life, the places of worship capitulated, they continued performing those wicked ceremonies just to placate the damned and the deceived, those unrighteous who continue to dwell in total denial.

Many churches simply closed their door rather than give into the forces of Satan and his legions. Then came the public proclamation that holding services outside of a permitted establishment was to be deemed outside of the lawful realm of

acceptance. The natural response to this action was to simply hold the sanctified congregation in one's own home and on his own land. But the forbidding proclamation was even to extend itself into that very personal realm guaranteed by blood sealed constitution.

In the eyes of an unholy alien leadership, the United States constitution was simply an outdated rule of law scribbled onto a browned frazzled parchment, that was in great need of being brought up to date with the times. So the police forces of government bore no compulsion not to storm the farms and homes of the righteous, throwing all present there in attendance directly into the local dungeon. The people protested, pointing to rights guaranteed by that blood won sacred constitution, but in so doing, just added more penalty to their forthcoming legal convictions.

Neighbors betrayed neighbors, brothers betrayed sisters, mothers betrayed children, fathers betrayed mothers and children. Children betrayed Mothers and Fathers.. Life became almost

unbearable from the constant conflict and stress. There soon was no pleasure, no peace, stress was prevalent to the extent that people could not sleep nor eat comfortably. Everybody soon was out for themselves only, caring not at all for the welfare of their fellow man or persona in general.

All of the businesses and business establishments formed associations who existed only for the purpose of extorting revenue from the people at large, with the complete backing of the banks and the legal system. That way, if the average people challenged any proclamation that they owed some establishment revenue, then the legal system always moved against the individual, no matter what the suggestion put forth by verifiable facts.

If the individual should refuse payment, then a computer sheet was published that branded the person for life by stating that he was non compliant with the order to pay, and that no one anywhere had better lend him money. Every-body, every-where simply just assumed the claim at face value in total disregard for

any facts in the matter. The individual's side in the situation was completely irrelevant, and not a single soul could have ever cared about knowing the untainted truth.

Then the most terrible evil befell the land.., and a daunting pervasive malignancy that gave me more sleepless concern than almost any other that went before it... The sacred flag was outlawed, the flag of the golden circle, the sacred flag of our holy blood that was shed in the name of freedom by those glorious knights of old on those smoldering but terribly shattered fields of war, amid the purging crucible of indescribable pain. Such dreadful action was accomplished by the ruling elite to denigrate those grand accomplishments of our glorious past.

The schools could only teach our sacred history according to predetermined doctrine, dictated fallaciously by their state appointed wardens. This doctrine upheld the prevailing political socialist philosophy of secular humanism, and disregarded any facts that ran contrary to their baneful, dark, demon possessed doctrine. Our cherished history, though



barely two hundred years old, was ordered to be taught as if it was ancient history from a long, distant, perished and forgotten past, and was to be held in disregard for a new, more accepting, tolerant, though horrendously immoral, world socialist order; all of this evil doctrinaire forced in objection to those very righteous spirits whom had allowed and assisted the United States with it's dazzling upward rise into radiating golden wealth and marvelous splendor!

Our precious flag was then relegated into that of an object only to be held in complete disdain, an object that symbolized hatred and forced servitude, rather than the precious hard-won freedom that it once stood so valiantly for.

The irrational inclinations of the Ziminoa were soon appealed to by the ruling elite. The Ziminoa were a huge group within this city, who subsisted in the heart of the mainstream. Since they were so given unto motivations of base emotion and irrationality, only the simple word needed to be dropped, and one soon found them raging in the streets with no direction or objective

systematically planned in foresight. These primordial brutes even resorted to burning their own homes in outrageous protest! There existed no rule of logic, only emotional reaction to mere simple suggestion, the same reaction of beasts to simple basic motivations of the flesh.

When the majority demanded that the sacred flag continue to stand tall in the name of our sacred blood freedom, the Ziminoas raged in the streets, declaring that it represented their eternal servitude, and soon demanded that the flag be removed permanently in favor of a new flag that represented a new socialist world order..., an insulting order that was alien to everything that us and that our precious blood, history, and tradition stood for....

Since the Ziminoas had publicly asserted their rights and were so in favor of the new world order, believing that they would get free handouts from it at the expense of all other neighboring groups, the ruling establishment placated them, motivating them to exist as an opposing, potentially violent faction, existing within

the midst of a vast majority of people who believe in their own right to individual economic freedoms, and those natural inherent freedoms of individual rights in daily life. This minority faction could easily be manipulated to do the bidding of those evil overlords from the ranks of the ruling elite, desiring to seize total power while denying all rights of individual liberty and economic freedom; especially to those *Ueiskuning* Nephilum descendants whom would certainly deliver them the greatest, best organized form of political and physical resistance.

From a military perspective, the Ziminoa were simply a shock faction, that if necessary could be sent in against the *Ueiskuning* majority, with the prevailing idea that these forces could soften the opposition up for a devastating defeat by more professional, more intelligent, more invigorated strategic forces held in reserve for the crushing final attack. They were the expendable pawns, if you will, but they lacked the intellectual capacity to deduce this standing from their present position in relation to the majority,

rendering them as useful tools in a future war of aggression against the entire mass of people at large, even themselves!

The Ziminoa were truly viewed as an opposing military force existing within the midst of those of whom the elite desired to conquer, those groups of whom possessed the intellectual capacity to deduce the facts surrounding them and clearly behold the forthcoming loss of freedom and constitutional rights that stood so brightly before them. The ultimate end result would only be an eternal enchained state of servitude for all, including the Ziminoa themselves, who could neither be informed of their folly nor persuaded to act in opposition of this forthcoming conquering abomination.

Their masses had all been deceitfully informed that everyone else was indebted to them for some fantastic, dark past wrong, with it's broad scholarly declarations; and these beings had been dutifully instructed that if they assisted the elite, then surly they would get their lion's share of free land and gold wrenched from

those conquered ones without, of whom their revered ancestors that had been so “*brutally*” used and mistreated by them.

The hard facts told another far differing story, but the Ziminoas neither possessed the intellectual facilities to deduce suggestions put forth by verifiable hard facts nor the desire to make the effort to do so, even if they did possess these most delicate skills of deduction. These base brutish beings simply just acted via emotion at mere suggestion by the ruling elitist authority, in the same manner, indeed, with as much ferocity as the beasts of the field do for the satisfaction of their sex drive or the motivation of fear, or painful hunger in their bellies.

Every medium constantly blared this fantastic imagined brutal treatment of their past. The magazines displayed large articles making the distorted declaration. The television blared the base lie constantly. Specially appointed scholars publicly declared that certain groups regionally and ethnically, were more predisposed to their mistreatment than other groups. Newspapers specially selected certain individuals, broadly labeling them as being guilty

of some faint discriminating claim of favoritism or wrong directed against them because of their biological grouping. All of these falsely incriminated individuals always notably belonged to the great Annuanki *Ueiskuning* majority, that very group whom the ruling elite desired to repress the most in their effort to repress the entire mass.

All of this base attack was suggesting an evil soon accepted by a majority of people, on the pure assumption that the accused were even guilty to begin with and without any question what so ever. The most shocking feature in this story is that the people at large never saw that the true elitist effort was to effectively and completely destroy their hard won constitutional form of government, replacing this beloved individualist favoring system with a socialist, elitist ruled government, controlled and dominated by the large corporations. The advantage here for the elite would obviously be, that the masses unto them would exist for their own elitist benefit and total use, like pigs do presently unto all of the broad masses of humanity worldwide. Once

absolute control was effectively secured, then the masses would become reduced to the level of an expendable resource, rather than allowed to continue through life as fellow human beings.

Literally, as history has continually proven, the absolute power of life and death would then rest in the opened palms of the elitist few who control the system. As they justified their criminal actions in their own arrogant, insensitive minds; *who was going to stop them? What power was there that would come against them, when all the world functioned under the same identical system?*

As has been suggested in the past, the Ziminoas comprehensively embraced the divisive idea of benefit inheritance void of demanding exchange, and the poisonous utopian philosophy that a socialist system promoted; and they were more than willing to give, even their very lives, in homage to it, and it's malevolent godless religion. What they adored most about it was the fact that it made them feel as though they were getting the basics of life without any sort of exchange required of them. No one, especially if he was from the great *Ueiskuning*

majority, but even if he was from those of their own ranks, could tell them otherwise; since the forces of unvarnished capitalism had once subjugated them, forcing them to serve as a majority unto an elitist few, so they were constantly told by the propagandist government controlled media in all areas.

Some how, and I could never effectively understand why; they could never deduce the obvious fact, that they were being re-subjugated by a system that was promoting their “*freedom*” at the same time. Truly these creatures were being played for fools via an appeal to emotion, as far as most other groups were ever concerned. Appeal to emotion seems to be a brightly shining historical feature of an absolutist system, that so effectively sways the mass majority, I feel from my studies in such matters and surrounding observations.

If one stands back and observes the events from a broad point of view, what he comes to realize is that these beings had been effectively placated as they were being efficiently neo-enslaved. Indeed all of this negative aggressive action was being set into



motion very slowly in an effort not to alarm the masses as a majority.

This systemic reality, in conjunction with their vast propagandist machine, effectively transformed the minds of the huge majority over the course of time, to accept a type of bondage without bars or prisons! Slowly the mandates were set as the situation surrounding them was transformed to accommodate the changes.

No longer did one now have the freedom to engage in honest business without that freedom being infringed upon by hostile administrative forces. He needed written permission, forced purchase of insurance and numerous federal and local permissions that he never needed before in the past.., which in fact, the observed evil can be explained by the realization that one third of all forced monthly premium was a new extortionist tax. He was forced to purchase car insurance, health insurance, forced to purchase a retirement account and only from one of their government controlled accounts, soon forced to purchase life

insurance, and even an insurance just to exercise their precious *right* to bear arms.!

Like I said earlier, the attempt here being to extort tax revenue from the masses to feed their grossly insatiable special interest accounts and their lavish lifestyles, at the expense and detriment of the honest masses; indeed their wrongs being the same as those base wrongs of the Antoinette administration at that most special of times in France, once upon a midnight dreary!

At the same time, all of the corporations were allowed to out-source their places of operation in order that they could effectively exploit much lower wages, nearly and indeed at times, reducing the worker to the level of outright slaves.

Most of these targeted receptive nations, in fact, made use of political “*prisoners*” or slaves in reality, who were then farmed out by ruling government elitist officials for an exploitative, though substantial, broad purchase fee. There was no need for concern relating to beneficial welfare or safety matters. If one of these prisoners perished, then his very corpse was reduced into

products that could be sold and traded on the world market, or delivered for use back into the prison system.

For example, if the prisoner refused to labor, then he refused to allow the exploitation of the very element that was in most demand from his person, and hence the act that kept him most healthy and alive. There existed a number of varied sadistic tortures designed with the dual purpose of allowing advanced medical or industrial experimentation on a human subject, but also were designed to encourage productive labor on part of the prisoner.

If the prisoner still refused to labor or labored inefficiently, which was deemed as an indication of rebellion, then his worth as an inmate or a valued member of society effectively diminished, until the value of his upkeep superseded his value as a laboring inmate or a member of outlaying society. He then rendered himself by his own choice of inaction or insufficient quality of action, in worth more as inanimate objects or product, than as a living, breathing, laboring, consuming being.

In distant remote, hidden facilities, his skin was reduced into leather labeled “*pig skin*” only to be crafted into a variety of leather bound products. His flesh was to be stripped from the bone, then properly canned in an industrial setting manned by other inmates, with each can clearly labeled “*pork*”, bearing an official appearing label, only then to be redistributed for consumption back into the prison system. The organs were harvested and sold for hundreds of thousands in yens, or oil value based pseudo-yen dinars, far out onto the world market. Finally their very bones were reduced into fine white ash and used to make fertilizer, only to be sold to outlaying farmers or used by the inmates for their own food production.

On innumerable occasions, an officer among the ruling elite, business or military, or the elitist prison commandant, would desire a highly crafted article of bone for his pistol or ornamental side knife, and he would make a well compensated request as such. Others delighted over paperweights crafted from shrunken heads or hands, or other appendages so preserved.

On many occasions inmates simply could not keep up with the demand for production. Once the ruling prison inquisition effectively and very professionally, determined that the act of non-production was due to the effects of nature and not the desire of rebellion, then the unfortunate inmate was simply handed down into a lower realm of the repressing system.

This meant that he or she was shipped down into the local slave markets euphemistically labeled as *estate markets*. These hidden facilities were markets where members of the ruling elites could purchase literal *slaves* to use at their illustrious home mansion estates. There these ruling elitists legally hold the power of life and death over these most unfortunate of individuals.

If these individual slaves bore an unusual attractiveness or talent of some sort that appealed to one or more of these elitists' base interests, then they were most assured of a very comfortable home setting and treatment...,at least for a time being. Few of them lived to tell about it, but even the slightest of mistakes, especially when one of these very spoiled ruling personages had

grown weary of the slaves' entertainment, services rendered, or became highly intoxicated by some mysterious tincture, could spell death in the most sadistic entertaining of methods imagined by even the most perverted, sick of minds possessed by base mortal men. No one, male or female, child nor adult, was immune from this most shocking, life ceasing possibility, especially if their forms were unusually appealing to the perverted eye.

Such a horrible system continued on for years with the United States fully aware of it's existence, even to the point of secretly sanctioning it and legally allowing both military, government, and business officials to participate in those most base of activities. Such was the reason that high ranking government officials held frequent retreats in exotic, far away locations.. Just like in old Rome, generations will pass away before the genuine truth is ever exposed to the quivering shock of disbelieving masses.

As all of the preceding events continued on in their daily routine, the prison system inside the United States transformed into the most productive industry still standing on the soil. The

logic here was simple: *A wage paying nation or region, no matter how small the wage, just cannot compete with a nation or region who's economy is based on slavery or near slavery conditions.*

I came to see via close examination of the matter and consideration of the mathematical fact mentioned earlier, that the passage of time would institute the same repressive economic reality here in the States that existed off shore in those foreign, desperate starving lands of the earth. Then industry would not be forced to locate itself off shore anymore to possess a coerced population of free laborers, with no ability to choose otherwise in regard to their daily lives. These most unfortunate of people would be be destined to both live and die for the benefit of the corporation and the new, rising, socialist welfare police state, that was sure to corrupt just like all of the others past, in the looming, not-so-distant future .

Those most productive and docile would then be effectively pared, male and female, and delivered into breeding camps where they would reproduce a new line of offspring conditioned to live

their lives unto death for the corporation and the neo-socialist, nation state.

All of the people's benefits, presently all of those *that are held in deep question*, would be taken then into careful consideration. Any sick among them would then be delivered into the nearest medical experimentation facility. If the sick were of laboring age, that being from thirteen to fifty, then they were provided for with the utmost detail in care, with the intent of them being placed back into the labor facility soon as possible.; at least for a span of time, until the value of the care and their absence from the labor room superseded the value of their labor. The very young and healthy were schooled to labor for the corporation and the all-encompassing socialist state, to give all completely and ask nothing in return. Remember these honored words that the youngest were conditioned repetitively to know instinctively by heart:

*Ask not what your corporation and nation can do for your benefit, but what you can do for the benefit of your nation and*



*corporation; since it is with your corporation that you find your nourishment, shelter and healthy welfare, and it is within the realm of your nation that you were given dear life. You are free only by virtue of your honest, dutiful labor, and absolutely no other universal element in existence, be it in tangible truth or of the most altruistic in nature.*

These poor wretched beings dwelt under the very best of social systems, they were told continually and in constant repetition. Since according to one hundred and fifty years of industrial study and determination, as well as observed fact, a person loses fifty percent of his production capabilities at age fifty; those of whom reach their fiftieth birthday were automatically delivered into the *place of inanimate objects*, or the nearest liquidation facility, without any of their companions ever knowing the genuine truth.

Their bodies then were rendered in value more as trade-able products than as living breathing, fellow human beings. All that the enslaved masses would ever know from the elite is that the elders were to be shipped off into a glorious retirement facility,

and that these ever-so-*lucky* individuals, had dutifully served their corporation and nation state. Every now and again, an elaborate ceremony would surly be conducted pretending to honor those vanished elders, to perpetuate this lie that they existed in some obscure retirement paradise apart from their enslaved prisoner comrades.

The only true detail that the enslaved masses ever knew for certain, was that they indeed *never* saw any of the elders again! None of them even dared to ask any questions as to why that reality was so, nor what was the lot of these people now vanished.

At approximately the same moment in time, the Ziminoa were allowed to integrate among the unadulterated *Ueiskuning* masses. Their mixture into the social fabric was hurried along by those of the ruling elite. The idea here was to encourage a mixture of the precious blood, effectively modifying those genetic inherited qualities of gifted intellect and artistic expression, as well as very discerning reasoning abilities; in order that the broad masses would be much more easily manipulated by the

controlling wealthy elitist, who unfortunately dictate the prevailing regulatory system.

Such a horrid mixture would also destroy the sacred historical connections that so closely link present day with those days of just two hundred, or so years prior. This historical connection was the pure born element that spawned such overwhelming emotional love and abject adoration for uninhibited individual freedom..; that most precious element of liberty so many people were willing to sacrifice all in favor of..,even their very quality of lives.. They would choose the most oppressive prevailing perpetual poverty if theses people knew even faintly that they would secure their freedom in the end, and then their very lives at the last. A great adoration for an abstract state of existence, freedom, encouraged, even provoked, a wild, violent, self-sacrifice in the very name of insuring this element for endless generations. Such psychological reality is the basis for the elitist destruction of our sacred blood and social base.

Everywhere that I traveled I saw those short, waist high, disgusting gargoyle shaped bodies that bore those menacing sadistic faces covered in their puke green skin, walking all about the streets, in the restaurants where I sat to socialize, entertain and nourish myself; even inside the bookstores, though few of them stayed very long. Most of these beings contented themselves with pictorial matter that entertains the most purulent of interests only, speaking unto one another in various grades of the most disgusting profanity. Any degree of reasoning intellectuality was beyond their capabilities of comprehension and logic.

Another great difficulty was that of being forced to consume food in what was once various establishments of high-level respectability. There were no other choices, these sub-evolved monstrosities were everywhere suddenly as a result of government forced mandate; where once in the near past I had only encountered respectable, honorable, blue-blooded intelligentsia with high level business and academic ambitions only.

These gargoyle barbarians lacked any type of manners, eating with their filthy fingers, speaking out loud when the situation demanded quiet gesture or even silence. They did not respect the necessity to bathe, so the fume emitted from their filthy, dirt stained bodies was certainly just as disgusting to behold as their corrupted appearance, their speech, and their general mode of behavior and conduct.

I, as well as an entire multitude of honest citizens, came to feel as though our precious environment had been invaded and even polluted by a rude, vulgar horde of humanoid primate beasts. Our years of toil and the blood shed on those smoldering fields of battle were now being rendered in vain, so it seemed to all of us. Our elder lives and the lives of our precious children were surly destined for a most horrific brood drenched destruction.

In addition to all the details above, I came to notice that these sub-evolved beasts possessed an extremely unattractive attitude to go right along with their base, disgusting baboon-like appearance. The feeling that prevailed above my head during

those days and the dark invisible vapor that emitted itself from their presence in a gathered congregation, was that they somehow felt as though the majority of us were presently indebted to them for some reason unknown to any of us.

It was most shocking to behold, when these beasts demanded first service at the very best of restaurants, so rudely pushing others aside, even when those most respectable citizens had stood in line long before to arrive at first place honestly; yeah...I shall declare here aloud, it was even more shocking to behold when some of these humanoids even dared to waltz inside and *demand cost free service* from the business establishment!

When these beings spoke among themselves as they stood in line, they spoke words of intentional insultingly profane antagonism, hoping to arouse a dark anger so that they might appear justified in responding with violence and irrational rage. Indeed, such was the situation at hand to behold and endure, and it seemed to matter not as to where one chose to reside. The very worst to behold and quietly endure, however, was yet to come.....

Across the entire spectrum of media came that most dreaded of announcements, that all schools were commanded to now allow the Ziminoa entrance. Any school establishment that refused to allow these beasts inside would be labeled as *condemned* by all State and Federal authorities. In this manner freedom to choose was wrested from individual persons and educational establishments. There was no choice but to admit the disorderly beasts or suffer termination of the educational establishment and the destruction of belabored careers.

Where were our precious hard won rights to choose with whom we were to inter-react? Where went our freedom to choose, in general? Multitudes of the *Ueiskuning* majority choose to exit those schools with the most Ziminoa in number enrolled.

Some five years later as these repressive events progressed in dominating the social establishment, the ruling elites declared that the States would spend billions in precious golden revenue to bus children in from afar, in hopes of guaranteeing that our precious bloodlines would be effectively corrupted, with no sure method of

escape by the *Ueiskuning* majority. Presently all of us knew well that our taxes were certainly to increase with the purpose and intent of the elitist possessing the ability to finance our own destruction.

Through their lack of any intellectual insight and their general disregard for logic in lieu of basic biological motivation, the Ziminoa embraced all of the sick, perverted immorality that had destroyed great societies since the very dawn of history. These baneful beings neglected the cherished institution of marriage, even encouraging illegitimate activity without rule of any marriage law among their old and even very young alike.

By the age of twelve their young girls were with child..., some even younger..., and all done with the blessing of their entire families and social structures! In their minds, supporting the child was not something that should concern the families or the father, since the Nation-State would sufficiently supply that support via a number of newly imposed socialist institutions, all efficiently supported via ruthless tax enforcement laws and newly imposed



regulations designed to guarantee collection of that most vile tax. Any business that could not be efficiently forced to abide with these newly imposed regulations, and allow that darkest of insidious tax to be collected, was then forcibly exterminated by the ruling elites.

An outstanding example of this newly imposed repression at work in it's greatest moment of glory, was the once colossal industry of Golden Leaf Tobacco and what the Federal elite did to destroy that inherited time-honored industry.

Once upon a time not so long ago, our tobacco industry thrived into a staggering abundance. Fortunes were made by individuals who began with only the clothes upon their back and a bright idea burning in their minds.

These people labored diligently in a trade working long, be-drudging hours, carefully saving their coin and effectively investing this extra coin into valuable farm land acreage. With just three acres this land could be planted into magnificent golden leaf that thrived into a staggering abundance. With only ten

percent given to a neighboring farmer or relative for use of his curing barn, he could then save the remaining revenue, which in most cases amounted to some fifteen thousand dollars. This he would then invest into more neighboring farm estate.

In many cases back in those days not so long ago, fifteen thousand dollars would purchase some twenty acres of cleared farm land. This would then be effectively replanted into more precious golden leaf. Usually, after three years if the farmer was wise, he would rotate the land, planting only half in tobacco and the other half in slightly lesser valuable soybeans, since tobacco consumes volumes in nitrogen and beans replace it back into the soil, but not initially however. The revenue generated, of course, then being effectively reinvested back into cleared farm land. This twenty acres would then generate one hundred thousand dollars in revenue that would effectively purchase some seventy six acres more in most localities. Seventy six acres would then generate some three hundred and eighty thousand dollars in profit. Ten percent, as always, going to the neighboring farmer who rented

the curing barn, and at this point, one half going into more cleared farmland. This equated to two hundred and twenty two acres of good farm land now being established, with the remaining half of the profit going into a new model of barn and general farm equipment, all being effectively payed for with pure, unadulterated golden cash.

Now the yearly farm profit yield was the equivalent approximation of one million, one hundred and ten thousand dollars at an average acreage yield of five thousand dollars an acre in a large number of farm locations, back in this day that I speak of presently, that day being when prices were regulated by demand and not arbitrary regulatory government dictation, maliciously designed to extort one's profit margin as a means of repressing the most ambitious of productive individuals.

The technique so described was the favored method used by individuals with nothing initially in hand, who were soon to work their way up into fabulous wealth and a luxurious blossoming mansion style of life, if they so desired that style of living. Many

farmers indeed did not desire luxury, and were content to live in a spartan cabin on the back side of the woods by some tinkling, flowing, white sanded creek. All of these people, as I so observed, did love possessing secreted wads of hand over hand, golden cash.

Needless to say, the ruling elite bitterly resented this flagrant display of the advantages in exercising one's blood born individuality, that more than likely came through an inherited genetic tendency toward outstanding success than any other attribute so pinned by the socialist elitist and very hostile, ruling establishment. Their first method of attack came with a new imposition of arbitrary, very redundant and repressive taxes. This tax was to be guaranteed via use of insidious, generally repressive regulation on tobacco plantation farms.

No longer would pure demand dictate market price, but that price would be controlled by government allotment designed to dictate price and limit the amounts of cured valuable leaf that individuals could sell at market. Since price could be

predetermined and the amount determined that was held in the land owner's possession, the amount in tax could be predetermined by regulatory officials and guaranteed as forthcoming. Controlling the amount of tobacco grown also allowed the ruling establishment the power to effectively shut down the entire individual tobacco farm, for any reason that it so determined to do so, such as underpayment of taxes, for instance.

Such tight control caused the prevailing prices to fluctuate wildly, if the ruling elite so desired that specific result, and consequently reducing the farmer's profit margin by as much as half or even two thirds. After two or three years of staggering profit losses, something had to give way in all of this hostility.

This *give* soon came in the form of cash offers made by the purchasing tobacco companies. These offers amounted to half of the going price. Most farmers, especially the older farmers, were land production experts. These wise individuals could literally walk into a field, plunge their weathered hands into the soil, lift

their hands and feel the soil as it flowed through their fingers, telling the amount and types of production to the very pound!

This gained knowledge could then be translated into dollars, when the going price numbers were known in poundage. Since the estimated loss in taxes was already known, the formula was to then double that amount to accommodate for emergencies. This acreage that corresponds to the predetermined dollar amounts, was then the volume to be planted into proper soil.

The cash deal was struck with willing neighbors for a rental fee, completely by word of mouth. Each person knew of the honor and integrity of the other and also knew of the skill level in deducing number determinations from the soil. No paper trail existed to verify the presence or ownership of the tax free tobacco plantation, since it was all transacted via word of mouth.

In most cases the acreage was secured in a location surrounded by wilderness and only accessible by a difficult dirt road, if the farmer was calculating and wise. Any inspector from the big city would never think to enter in, much less be brave enough to travel

the narrow mud soaked, often dangerous road, and sometimes thief infested woods.

This cash plantation was called *The Second Crop* as a code word when speaking with neighbors. The described method was the supreme methodology by which enterprising and determined business people conquered those imposing regulations that were only maliciously designed to repress ambitious, freedom loving individuals.

The situation consumed a number of years, but eventually a response to the plantation tax recoup was forthcoming by the elitist regulators. A number of newly imposed and enforced arbitrary regulations were imposed, but all were effectively bypassed by those ambitious, determined planters. After a time, the only measure left to be taken was to simply destroy the industry, then there would exist no gain to be taken from the entire endeavor. Such thoughtless and inconsiderate regulatory action only served to impoverish the farmer, or rob him of his wealth.

Without a doubt, those individuals who stood for the purest in unadulterated individualist economic freedom were treated as enemies to those socialist endeavors of the ruling elite, which in-fact they truly were. Socialism is a form of government alien to the true history of America. Any freedom loving individual had better hate it with all of their heart, body, mind and soul.

If people insist on choosing to give into it's false claims and offerings of cost free fantastic pleasures, then they are all doomed to pay with their own sweat, labor, the hard won fruits of their sacrificed labor, and hard won family possessions of inheritance, blood. There are growing powerful suggestions that they may eventually even pay with their own mortal bodies, when they stand strong in loud protest upon their realization of the now materialized truth.

To give credit to the devil, one must truly marvel at the creative methodology with which the ruling socialist elite used to destroy this magnificent cash generating industry. The initial all out assault came about some thirty years prior.



Tobacco had been in heavy use for hundreds, even thousands of years, but one day some *highly credentialed scientist*, who was on the payroll of the same repressive ruling socialist elite, publicly announced that he had determined in some far away, out-of-sight lab unknown to the masses, that smoking tobacco caused cancer and a host of other diseases.

In the early years, people only laughed at the claim because tobacco use had been around for years and years and nobody was ever observed to become sickened from making use of it. Time passed, some nine years approximately, and suddenly people were becoming sick and it was linked directly back to their use of the plant, and the numbers only increased with an additional assurance of death guaranteed. This abrupt increase in death now directly linked back into the use of tobacco, corresponded with a gradual increase in the cost of health insurance. This increase only served to give more motivation for the masses to cease making use of the golden plant of their fore-bearers. The cost of

the insurance premiums raised progressively with the new increase in the incident of death via use of smoking tobacco.

Then of course came a healthy tax levied against the industry, with this linking back to the increase in the incidence of death due to use of the plant. A single pack of cigarettes now leaped from fifty cents a pack, right up to five dollars a pack in many localities. People still bore a strong desire to make use of the traditional herb, so enterprising determined planters devised another scheme to bypass these regulatory proclamations of the ruling socialist elite.

In many areas of the nation, the cost of a single pack of cigarettes had climbed to ten dollars and even more due to this insidious, most destructive tax. This created an opportunity for farmers living in those states where the plant was grown to produce the final product themselves, or purchase factory produced product and ship it by the van load directly into these extortionist states, only to sell the product by the case for half of the going rate, or even less, but always three times above what the

rate was in their own residing states! The average people in these most receptive states were always very happy to see the plantation owners arrive in their nearest city corner. Indeed they were providing a most valuable service!

Many enterprising, farming families made a new phase of their business enterprise, shipping product to the northern and western states, and trading it at three times or more the initial investment.

I myself can remember the thrill of the midnight joy rides traveling up the interstate. My family had at times bore nine van loads packed full with golden leafed product; there was the thrill of big city lights, the fast pace of the people, the thrill of the large trade in cash and flash of joy in the faces of the receptive people. Many times the initial product was produced right in the home of the farmer, rendering the end profit margin at ninety percent or even higher.

Being there at the corner location regularly also opened the door to other types of product sells as well, such as refashioned tools or reloaded ammunition, and reconditioned military small

arm weapons. I am most certain that outlying participating families enjoyed the same thrills from the effort that ours did.

As is evident from the facts listed above, any mind that functions according to the established rule of logic can readily deduce that the reason the use of tobacco products suddenly lead to an increase in deadly disease, was because of the factory produced product being *intentionally* infected by agents of the socialist elite, with known disease produced by chemical or microscopic organism.

As time passed, even the growth products used in the field production of the smoking product became infected in the location of their factory production facility by these same insidious, Satan possessed agents. This infection was initiated with a surgical strategic insertion.

In other words, certain locations were infected, while others were allowed to continue on in their unadulterated forms. This insidious action was taken to increase the fear level of the disease within the minds of the masses. The abrupt but corresponding

increase of health insurance premiums was initiated to give the masses a logical reason to deny themselves the golden leafed product. All of this destructive negativity occurred simultaneously in gradual progression, then there was another critical but very destructive factor that occurred at the same time as well.

There once existed a law that prevented the production base from relocating offshore for the purpose of subverting the national wage base. This law was effectively eliminated, *without* popular majority permission, via sudden presidential mandate.

With the elimination of that law, the production base began shifting from stateside to offshore into a variety of nations that make use of slave labor, as mentioned earlier. Obviously, the intent here being for US corporate executives to purchase use of the slaves from the offshore establishment, saving dramatically in total wage costs, benefits to the employee which in fact are non-existent, and safety regulation designed to protect the lives of the employees. Cost of materials in these areas are minimal, since

it is possible to dramatically reduce cost in labor. All of these facts applied to the tobacco industry as well.

The large corporations soon discovered with the tobacco industry, as well as most other industries, that it was much more profitable to produce the product themselves offshore, shipping it by the tanker ship load, than purchase from producers on shore. Soon the large farm estates began to disappear and the rank and file farmer existed from that point on, in a state of abject poverty.

All of this evil was committed in the name of destroying American tradition, culture, and the means of obtaining wealth internally. Keep in mind, however, that it was a wave that rolled over slowly, with the majority masses only coming to behold their situation *after* the wave had effectively consumed them.

The Ziminoas were then pacified with the intent in mind here by the ruling establishment, that their passivity would play into their own destruction, which indeed it did. When they could not find adequate labor due to the off-shoring of the production base and the consequential loss of employment at home, then a

bureaucratic appeal was made unto their emotional, irrational lack of logic and their inherit self centered desire for benefit, without the demand for exchange.

There was also an appeal to their pathetic sentimentality that the *Ueiskuning* majority was somehow in-debt-ed to them for some fantastical past historical “*wrong.*” *The honest facts always told a far different story*, but the intellectual development of these sub-human beings held no basis nor regard, nor even any skills to deduce factual conclusion, as such applies to hard factual analysis of any type.

Without their knowing it, they were being manipulated as a tool for their own destruction, and the destruction of every other group that existed with them and among them. Their genetic tendency for irrational emotional response sealed their very ears as a numerical mass, even when one among their own group attempted to inform them of their being manipulated toward their own self destruction! I dare say that they as a group, *embraced* their own destruction by their disregard for reason in logic! There

has never existed an historical precedence anywhere on this level of void in logic that I am aware of presently; truly here fact is much more shocking to behold than any horror fiction fantasy, I dare say!

What I in-fact allude to above is that the Ziminoa were told that they were to be given special guarantee of employment at the expense of the “indebted” Nephilum *Ueiskuning* majority. The euphemistic label for this dark manipulative guarantee of employment and first choice in systemic accommodation was *acquiescent sectarianism*.

This label was actually a euphemism on the word *discrimination*, which in fact it truly was; and when one readily comprehends the broad overwhelming intent of the ruling socialist elite, the fact of this dark euphemism renders it's honest meaning as self evident.

In truth, a huge number of the enterprising *Ueiskuning* majority were well aware of the specific evil bureaucratic intentions from the socialist elite, but since they existed as an action potential



minority among innumerable passives within the overwhelming number of their own citizens, they could in-fact do nothing to combat the situation legally, or via illegal means. The honored blood majority certainly attempted to crush those dark efforts, but when these opposing factions grouped into organization for the purpose of combating this dark socialist destruction, they were then attacked via legal prosecution by the ruling socialist corporate elite as being specific evil minded individuals with malicious intentions, and not as belonging to any distinct group.

This action caused the public, even those among their own ranks, to distance themselves from the “*guilty*” individuals. A specific surgical legal action directed against the organizing individuals also reversed the intentional direction of their cause in the minds of their own popular majority.

Now *any* move to preserve the honor of the sacred blood was labeled as inherently evil, repressive, uneducated pursuit in the minds of the overwhelming politically correct majority. Not only was the prevailing integrity of the blood soon to die as a result,

but so were those cherished traditions of free born endeavor and individual right that were jealously held by all; and ardently pursued by those of whom on the earth lacked them ever so painfully, and were greatly impoverished and exploited as a result of it.

What was detrimental in all of this most negative transformation was exactly with *whom* it was that the great Annunaki *Ueiskuning* blood was being polluted by via regulatory enforced integration mandate..., indeed the most base of humanoid blood and the most undeveloped in the area of high level psychological function, especially in the area of strategic forethought and general intellectuality on any level. Such blood pollution obviously would only serve to dilute the analogical keenness among those groups gifted most with mental agility, and eventually lead to a future conquest by a more intellectually developed nation that honors it's traditions born in purity of original blood.

All facts alive at this present writing suggest that intellectually gifted group as being the northern *Zhonggue*, but this is all subjective assumption based on observed facts as they are presently made known. There are other more gifted groups, albeit much lesser known nor self evident, that are alive and rising at this very moment as well...,like those of the New Holy Roman Empire, but discussing the possibility of that subjective rise into some sort of futuristic supreme authority is not the intent of this particular writing at the moment.

During this period of time in my life I had begun to apply for a beginning in some type of career area as these overspreading political events simultaneously occurred. During the days of my teenage years, applying for a job meant simply walking into to the establishment and filling out an application. It was all just that simple.

I chose to begin a career at the nearest local newspaper, so I walked into the office complex through the huge double glass door to apply. What I was told was that the newspaper

establishment no longer accepted applications at it's main office. One must go down town to such and such address, and apply at this certain specific office of “employment”.

I had no problem with doing this, until I actually motored on out to the office itself. What I was soon to discover, was that this specific office was owned and operated by the ruling socialist elite who had now effectively seized control of the entire hiring process..; and keep in mind that this was indeed absolutely honest fact, all tangibly manifested in America..., the land of the “*free!*”

What disgusted me even more was what I observed when I walked inside the doors. When I asked for an application, these people who were employed with this organization behaved as if I was some sort of criminal looking to exploit the system.

“Are you qualified?,” they so rudely demanded in such a callous monotone.

“What do you mean by the term *qualified* ?,” I replied.

“What type of credentials do you hold?,” they sharply responded.

“Well.., I want to work. I have been interested in newspaper work all of my life. I can learn on the job and work my way up!”

“No!,” suddenly thundered one aged, leather textured, brown skinned fellow who spoke with a strange, nearly unintelligible, alien accent very firmly as he gazed down upon me from above spectacles that sagged upon his long hooked carbuncle covered nose. “That's just not good enough. You must hold certifications and a four year college degree in journalism, *just to apply!*”

“Do the authorities actually retain employment opportunity at this particular establishment? From what I can see from the conduct of the behavior here, the real deal here is that no employment opportunity ever existed to begin with in this location,” I snapped in reply to this harsh mandated bureaucracy. “Do they have opportunity for employment, or is this just another lie to conceal some sort of forthcoming negative reality that the elites fear the masses will react harshly toward, if they are allowed to know the truth?”

The man kept shuffling papers as I spoke without looking up.

“Why can't you just say that no jobs exist, rather than carry on with this masquerade?,” I asked with a certain harshness in my voice. “Your conduct tells me that there are no jobs in existence here with the establishment that I am inquiring about. In all honesty, you do not even have to reply to my question...”

“Look now,” snapped the man behind the counter as he glanced up from his paperwork. “ There are dozens, if not hundreds of people putting in for that same job opportunity that you want for yourself. My job is just to make sure that you stand in the same line that they do, and wait your turn. It's all just that simple, man.”

“Yeah?,” I replied. “So why did you not tell me from the start that there was only one job, and dozens, if not hundreds of people putting in for it Then I would not even have wasted my time making the effort.”

“Well.., just do what you like,” he said as he continued to gaze down at the paperwork before him.

I huffed out of the office, determined to find my way in an increasingly pugnacious, purloined world somehow. I walked into the local social services office, the local school, the local library, and a variety of other government sanctioned job potential offices, and what I did notice was an overwhelming majority of the employees standing in position there were Ziminoas; or some sort of strange alien Levenwolves from afar in the imperceptible oceanic distance, or maybe the even more bizarre foreign Oltromites from those distant baneful lands of greater Arabia. It appeared that these beings had been given first priority in opportunity by this ruling socialist elite, but on what justified pretense, I could never figure out.

Deep down I had thought in silence that creating such an environment of bureaucratic favoritism was the true intention of the government owned and operated *office of employment opportunity*, as it was so euphemistically labeled. Now I knew for certain that the true intention of this office was to sanction *dogmatism*, playing one group off against another, while all

groups were having their individual freedom stolen from them simultaneously, right before their very watching eyes, with the same identical smoothness as a gifted magician playing a mesmerizing slight of hand trick.

I mean, in all honesty, think about it all for a moment. Here the Federal government is sending the job base off shore, then telling one specific group that the reason that *they* cannot find jobs is because they are being discriminated against. The overwhelming majority must really be fools to fall for that lie!

The sad truth in all of this is that they *did indeed* fall for the great lie! Had a protest against any of it initiated, then the irrational Ziminoan response would have been based on emotional reaction and their own inherently self centered instincts, rather than any factual based logic in this matter. This fact in social reality kept any sort of *Ueiskuning* protest reply to the domineering interests of the socialist elite, effectively in check. Obviously the socialist action for conquest was well thought out via a most effective manipulating strategy that is



readily observed in the overwhelming view of these aggressive controlling actions, once taken as a whole.

My even greater disappointment was the fact of such an abiding lack of opposition from the majority. There were absolutely *NO* protests, *NO* outspoken criticism concerning the outsourcing of job opportunities. There was *LITTLE* criticism of the ruling elite playing one group off against another. When in fact there did exist criticism, the most arrogant, self centered, short sightedness of the Ziminoia shown forth in some leader who was quick to shake his crooked index finger in the face of the Nephilim *Ueiskuning* population, and apply some sort of dark, wretched, condemning label to the criticism, as if no one anywhere had a basic right to even think of giving an opposing conclusion in observation to the situation.

What made me laugh at their obvious apathy, was that neither the Ziminoia nor their foolish leadership, could see that the system, in fact, was moving against themselves, as least as much so, if not even more so than any one else! They were being used

as tools, pawns in a manipulating game of encompassing conquest.

The only other obvious explanation for the above reality, was that the Ziminoan leadership *was actually operating with the* Socialist elite *(due to an obvious payoff)*, and pacification of their own group was their way of manipulating their own masses to usher into manifested reality this new alien system of total inclusive enslavement. In other words, such was their own part that they were playing and it was all accomplished with the very best of strategic intention!

*Indeed what was appearing to be disunity, was in all actuality, part of a brilliant strategic unity organized for a specific purpose, that purpose obviously being total conquest and enslavement of the masses at large, even those of their own group.*

I am not perfectly sure of the above statement as being absolute fact, but what I am saying here is that I was very well aware of the possibility, since upon thorough consideration and logical deduction, would readily explain lots of what was going on

around me at the time that contrasted so rigidly with deductive reason.

The longer that I continued to stay in this deteriorating, dying City Of Queens, the more disgusted with what was going on around me that I became. After some time I made the determination to relocate. I carefully studied the road atlas, soon making the determination that I would relocate into the city of Migdol, sitting joyfully beside the great Nile Of The Americas.

I liked the location, since I love university, waterfront cities and towns. From what I had gathered to read concerning the city, there seemed to exist a large variety of industry types. This fact meant that a variety of job opportunities should abound here, since industry is the fertile ground that supports all other opportunity; a fact extremely contrary to the lies published by the ruling socialist, corporatist elite, otherwise known as *Fascist*, which in fact is the title that I will use to label the ruling American elite from now on.

The way into the huge city of *Migdol* was to cross a long spanning bridge. As I entered into this long established metropolis, I was utterly shocked at the sight of moral corruption that was evident upon my view of the masses at large. The well earned title of ***Sodom*** or ***Gomorrah*** should have been given to the place.

I honestly do not see how either could have been any worse. Everywhere it was that I traveled about and took notice of the population, I soon bore witness to the disgusting sight of men walking with their arms around one another, with one treating the other as a woman and not a fellow man, and the one being treated as a woman enjoying the treatment! I also witnessed the same base behavior and conduct in women, each holding the view of one or another being a man, and that one enjoying the perverted treatment.

Another fact that I soon beheld was that the *Ziminoa* had effectively secured total rule of the entire metropolis! Upon my earlier view of the masses, I instinctively suspected this fact to

stand forth as self evident truth. Everywhere it was that I traveled in this city, if the entity was owned by local, state, or Federal government, an overwhelming majority of employees were Ziminoa, even at the expense of the Levenwolves and Oltromites, but not so much as that of the Annunaki *Ueiskuning* Superlative.

Upon realization of this soon apparent fact, I then took notice of the tradesmen and laborers. In other words, men who actually toil for a living while being exposed to the sweltering elements daily. What I consistently noticed was that the majority of people in this status group were *Ueiskuning* Nephilum, by far and away.

The fact shocked and gravely disappointed me initially, but as time passed, I accepted this dark truth that I had instinctively known and now was so self evident. What did continue to shock me to a much greater extent as it disappointed me as well, was the lack of public outcry or protest about all of this mass manipulation of individual endeavors.

Ordinarily, if a task was performed with the most qualified detail and exactness, I would never be guilty of complaining. Once upon a time in the past, such quality was an understood forthcoming, but now I observe a mass dismissal of that requirement of exquisite craftsmanship. As a matter of fact, what I observed was the self evident truth that indeed, true craftsmanship did not even exist! Evidently these base, incompetent beings in charge were not even demanding it now!

What I was observing was the actual deterioration of the city at large, and in progress at the moment, and no public acknowledgment of the fact. Old timers once spoke of this possibility when I was a child, but then answered that it was an impossibility here in America and indeed would never happen, so they had assured my generation in our youth; but their worst fears were now coming so very true!

This city now appeared more as a dying, violent, down trodden third world center of human habitation; rather than the beloved, thriving, prosperous metropolis that it once was. The more that I

traveled about and made my observation, the more that I became sickened in the details I observed. Not only was this place a completely disgusting den of moral corruption and perpetual decay, this same corruption had rotted it's way into the economy as well.

Any person who holds a developed knowledge of history knows well and accepts the reality that there cannot exist a place of complete corruption morally and that place still retain an admired level of prosperity for an extended period of time. One positive element *always* exists in complete conjunction with the other positive, that positive being a well developed cohesive morality in the population, always translating into glittering prosperity..., unless hampered by nefarious corporatist repressive regulations.

Indeed, that prior stated fact is where all positive work ethic originated. The very proof in this fact is that moral decay carries itself into business conduct, which inherently leads itself to base corruption motivated only by the lowest forces of biology and

mutated genes. The manifestations of that genetic corruption being theft, translating into unfair business practice, poor craftsmanship sold as top quality and charged at the highest possible price, business and Government conspiring against the working population to extort huge funds from them in exchange for poor quality services rendered. We could continue on with the list to verify my prior statement, but I feel that what I have already said is sufficient to justify my position on this matter.

The production base that I had read about being in existent within these metropolis boundaries, I now discovered had been effectively shipped out of the metropolis and surrounding areas. Basically there existed *no* production base here! All that I observed in existence were entities designed to render the population as a whole into mere servants, not proud productive craftsmen individualists. The people being served, in many cases, were these bizarre aliens who controlled the very business entity!

Do you understand what I am saying here? We once proud Americans, were now being forced to exist as servants unto



foreigners, just like residents in the third world countries that I had visited on various mission trips, back during my earlier days in the years past! We were being transformed into mere servants! I could not draw my next breath from the shock in my disbelief at the truth, as it revealed itself before me, like the swirling cloud does in a crystal orb before it reveals the next hallowed premonition.

The crime rate here was horrible, the most violent of the criminal gangs had now effectively taken control. I was soon to bear witness to auto thefts, armed robbery of individuals in broad daylight, and the machine gun turf wars between two opposing gangs for their nefarious business turf. I bore witness here to a level of death such as that one would only find on the distant field of battle; how horrible, how terrible the deterioration!

No enterprise here was safe from these most vicious of individuals. Not only was half of one's profit extorted by the government and the corrupted insurance business establishment, but the criminal gangs demanded twelve percent of what

remained! To refuse their demands would mean instant death via the worst sort of method imagined.. So I hear it is.., meaning death in a fifty gallon barrel filled with sulfuric acid, or dreadful death by roaring flame in a fifty gallon barrel of diesel fuel; oh how gruesome and sadistic indeed!

On one occasion, I was told the tale of an opponent that had been locked down inside, via a cut and hinged door, of a three foot diameter pipe nipple. On either end was an elbow of the same diametrical dimensions. On either end of the elbow was a reducer with a diametrical expansion on either end of that. The center of this nipple was then effectively heated by raw gas flame, until the entire nipple took on the composer of a roasting grill.

So I was told, the wretched screams of the condemned produced a haunting melody to the listeners' ears that took on some sort of perverted enchanting song. From that point on, hearing this sound was deeply craved, bearing the same motivating intensity as the addiction to an opiate drug.

At first I observed these abhorrent atrocities only at a distance, but then one day they hit home, and very close at that! I will never forget it.

I was walking home from my job as carpenter at a nearby apartment complex. I needed to walk only three city blocks from my job. I sauntered down a long line of shops that were always filled with passing rows of people by the hundreds or even thousands. Then I observed the two passing cars filled with people wearing coveralls, ball caps, and sun glasses. I then observed the flashing dark gun barrels, and I instantly took cover in a nearby shop that had its doors opened. From behind the masonry wall I heard the guns go off, with their forceful repeating spats. I heard the excruciating screams of horror and pain of the people as they fell. I heard, as well as felt, the thud of their bodies as they collapsed upon the pavement and the concrete of the sidewalk.

When the shooting ceased, I then walked outside from behind the masonry wall and through the still opened wooden doors. As I

gazed in total shock at the storefront street and sidewalk before me, I counted some thirty bodies that had collapsed into consuming death.

The sidewalk before me was soaked in large splattered blood puddles, many of the storefront windows shattered. The sight observed was a horror not imagined by even the most sadistic of creative minds.

I glanced from outside the two wide opened wooden doors, in both directions. As soon as I noticed that all danger was clear and that the villains with the machine guns were gone for good, I vacated that block as quickly as I could, without being immediately obvious that I was motivated to flee.

This method, as I came to learn, was surly the most productive method of vacating dangerous combat zones, with the most important detail being not to attract unwanted attention by obvious behavior that one is vacating the area bearing suggestions of fear caused by some tragic, frightening event, perpetuated primarily for that specific purpose! It is a fact known to me from

my life in the countryside, that beasts possess the ability to sense fear, and during my life in the dying metropolis, I came to learn that same rule applies to humanoid beasts as well.

As soon as I arrived in this metropolis, among my notice of these pervasive negatives just mentioned, I also commenced to seek employment. The story here was the same, as far as obtaining government employment of any type. Government employment was a sought after realm in reserve only for the Ziminoa, or Levenwolves, and few others ever qualified, unless they were ex military, specifically ex military retired. The other problem encountered here was that the Government sector was indeed the largest sector of the job base doing any hiring at all.

The private sector was small, but this sector of the job base was the only one that was truly integrated and hired others from those groups locked out of the job base otherwise. The only remaining problem was that one was required to be in possession of documented years, validating experience in that particular trade.

The supervisor absolutely refused to grant an individual the opportunity to prove himself to any extent what so ever. The verifying papers must be shown on the spot to posses any desired opportunity and the worker must then in-fact, be willing to accept bottom wages, even though he had proven his prior experience and proficiency in the trade. The phrase that supervisors made use of to justify this bottom wage demand was;

“Let me see what you can do, then *I* will make the determination as to what your wage will be.”

My reply, being born out of frustration was such;

“Well, you can see that I have had the experience by my paperwork and references, so what is the problem? Why are you so determined to pay me green helper pay, when my paperwork clearly demonstrates that I am capable of accomplishing the tasks at hand?”

Then, as always, came the sharp retort;

“ Look fellow, if you don't like what we are offering to pay you for your labor, then you can hit the damn gate down the road

there, take it or leave it, Doc! We pay the going rate in these parts, and you can have it your way, right out the goddamned door before your feet even hit the floor, if that's what you want!”

With anger a bit in my heart, I took the job since it was in my field, being then a carpenter by trade. In my mind I continued to keep up the search. Something worth my time had to be somewhere; I just had to find it, even if it meant relocating once more again.

Several months passed and I continued to labor with intensity and the purpose of just securing a decent reference, but no raise ever came. My pay margin, right along with everyone else s' on this job.., was genuinely stagnant. I hated this company for it's purloining lies.

I knew that the enterprise could not accomplish what was not within their capabilities to do, but I noticed the top executive superintendent driving his new, eight hundred dollar a month GMC pickup truck. I even had the opportunity to see the home that he lived in, and it was extravagant to say the least. I also

caught a clear glimpse of his benefit statement one day when his back was turned. As I saw it, and indeed many others, I soon resolved that this company possessed *plenty* of funds to an abundance, but that the funds were all going primarily into one or two elitist pockets.

During lunch hour, all of us gathered around an upturned fifty five gallon metal barrel behind the tool compound, with the figures that we had just acquired spread across the base, and we sat around deducing the mathematical numbers. According to our deductions, this company could easily raise our pay rate up at least twelve percent and offer basic medical insurance, retirement, and other basic benefits; and the superintendent as well as the owner, who were close friends by the way, could still come out making a gold mint from it all!

The thought I knew deep inside, was all of the positive benefits are just a dead pipe dream that would never materialize again, and everyone of us knew it. Is anything anywhere worth anybody's time any more?



People quit this company left and right every day, but the management could care less. Rather than have dedicated, honest craftsmen, these people had rather have itinerant workers willing to labor doing top quality, skilled labor for a pathetic, sickly bottom wage, for the duration of years. Our minds sometimes could not believe what our eyes were witnessing, right there before us. Few among us, other than myself, were in possession of the fortitude to voice the truth.

Back in those days, in truth, I was a part of the construction road culture, as we all then labeled it. This culture really was a different mind set apart from the average working mind set at the time. We went where the pay and the conditions were the best. If the treatment where we were employed was not better than what was around us, then all of us skilled craftsmen just laid out one day, usually on a Friday or a Monday, drove out to the next job site, even if it was a hundred miles or so away, put in and got the job; then went back to the old job site after the noon day lunch, and then signed out our tool box. Everybody called this action

*dragging up*, and tended to say the term with a special kind of pride in their voice.

For myself, and I would presume many others as well, *drag time* was almost here upon us. This outrageous corruption in this city simply did not cut the mustard, and the pain to endure just wasn't worth the return on our effort.

According to the word of mouth information, the next job was in a place called Bristol, way up in the high mountains. This small city immediately seemed to be the exception to the rule that had been in place regarding the metropolis. Everybody here appeared to be born from the sacred *Ueiskuning* bloodline, and judging from my conversation with large numbers of them, they were all well aware of their honorable traditions of individualist freedom.

I did not witness any of the base corruptions here that I had bore witness to in the past places that I had chosen to reside. Most people here appeared to be honest and holy in their manners, as well as in their general way of living. Although I was satisfied with what I saw in my dealings with the people, deep down I

sensed something hideous lurking just underneath the surface within the place, in general.

I had landed the job, and for the moment the job seemed really positive and productive. We were payed at top wage, which was eighteen dollars an hour at the time. We had marginal benefits as well, such as very rudimentary health insurance, a half-arsed retirement plan, and some other small but very insignificant incentives and derivatives.

I did not intend to complain, but just to make an honest observation in regard to situations. In truth, the benefits appeared okay initially, that is, until one attempted to make use of them.

All of the local doctors say with a hard look at you, upon entering into their office;

“Well, you may have an insurance plan, son, however, we do not allow but a fifty percent coverage rate in making use of it! Is that clear, boy? Is that understood? Do you have the ability to swallow half of the dollar wad yourself, or are you one of these people who expects us to do it for you, like we owe it to you for

some reason or something? What do ya say to me, boy, answer me?," he would snarl through tightly clenched teeth as he gazed upon me with hard, narrowed eyes

"Well, I guess..? Hell, I don't know!"

"Well mister, you had just better find out, cause I don't owe you or anybody else a gee-dolly-damn thing! You got that?"

"All I know is that I need doctor's care," I then snapped.

"Let me tell you something here, boy.. Every friggin' Ziminoa in the whole damn Texas woods thinks that we owe them free medical care. Hell, half or more of the *Ueiskuning* do, right along with all of these weird Levenwolves, Oltromites, the Sodomites, the Poon-do-tities, and every goddamn body else inside this gyrating circus of fools-land America!"

They all would often lean over the counter as they gazed into my astonished eyes, continuing to snarl through tightly clenched teeth.

"Listen to me now, boy.., before I work for free, I'll shut these doors down in this office. I tell you all that much, right here and

now! So, look here at me, boy..., right now..., don't even think about it...! You got that?"

Feeling somewhat irate at my being told these things in such a rude tone of voice, in many cases I would reply by telling them in heating emotion;

"Yeah, me and everybody else does think that somebody somewhere owes us something, like free medical care for starters. Just look how much they take out of my check in taxes! Hell, they take forty two percent! You add eight percent in sales tax, then the property tax, and all of the indirect license tax that we are forced to pay; just to get permission to function in basic pleasure activities, like business or boating or even hunting for crying out loud, and we lose fifty percent and maybe even more of our pay!

" Then just consider, we are forced to live out of the remaining fifty percent, or even less. You are dolly damn right I think that these filthy pigs running this system owe us all something in return for this huge ruinous extortion!

“Consider this fact for a moment... In Europe their tax is about the same, but just look at what they get in return for that. In Holland for instance, they even get beer allowance money right along with their unemployment check, all coming right out of their taxes payed in! What do we get? Nothing! Nothing at all.

That's nada, I tell you, not-a-damn thing! Except harassed on a daily basis when we choose to work, harassed even when we play, just 'cause some filthy pig wants to insure that he extorts his next Lamborghini payment and that of his mansion house way up in Silicon Heights somewhere! You gee-dottle-damn right I think that they owe all of us something!”

I clenched my teeth in anger as I inched my face near his, with it's eyes now widened as his head backed up in total shock.

“There is one other thing that I have to say to you, mister, before I turn away and march right out of this office for good. You and your kind, the greediest of pig Doctors, you are the reason that average Americans cannot afford health care in this

supposed, *great land of the free*. You right along with the hospital and drug companies.

“Way back when we were allowed to have unions, the local union forced the company to pay the medical bills of the workers. So what did you doctors, hospitals, and drug companies do? You padded up your cost and just passed them on to the companies for payment, and they did so without question via the strong arm of a solid union check.

“But then the government, working with the purloined corporations, destroyed the protection afforded by the union, which in-fact served greatest as a check on corporate authoritarian abuse more so than provided any other service.

“ This action was soon followed by the corporation dramatically reducing the pay rates of the workers, since the check on their authority had now been effectively removed and most even eliminating their benefits program entirely, which was the true intention of the effort.

“Now the bill falls on the individual bearing the dramatically reduced pay check..., but have you greedy sons-of-bitches reduced your pad-up accounts? No., not at all, as I can tell! You just keep going up, and up, and up..., until one day the entire medical system collapses entirely!

“What I am saying to you is that you doctors, hospitals, and drug companies are going to have to come down in your capitol take, just like the rest of us have been forced by factors of economics to do. So., you can just get off of your high horse right now, and don't you even dare speak to me with such a raging, discontented tone of voice! It is me, the average worker, who deserves the right to give in to anger over all of this piggish, filthy extortionist, monkey business, not you greedy, thieving sons-of-bitches!”

In most cases I huffed out of the doctor's office and just neglected to even go through the hassle of attempting to receive his so-called care. I had taken notice that every time I attempted to enter into the office, when I even had insurance, the doctor



attempted to inform me that the insurance policy only covered half the costs, and that I was responsible for a twenty percent co-payment on top of that. Further more, seventy percent of the illnesses, injuries, and operations were not even covered by any plan in the first place.., and for me not even to expect anything else to be any different!

In their eyes, I did not even possess the basic right to question any authoritarian claim made. I could only accept what ever it was that they told me in regard to the matter, and that they had to right to even disregard any hard evidence that I brought before them to the contrary. We had been that round way too many times before in the past. So that is why I just huffed out of the office and let the Good Lord handle my sicknesses.

To tell the truth, what I had discovered was that since I had quit going to the doctor, no matter how sick it was that I became, I found myself sick a whole lot less. When I thought about it, everything made sense to me then.

Most antibiotics were only steroids to begin with. Steroids only artificially strengthen one's immune system, just like they artificially increase muscle mass in body builders. The more I made use of those antibiotic steroids, the less my natural immune system could function without them. Since I had ceased making use of the steroids, my natural immune system boosted in strength with the passage of time.

I also discovered that when I did need antibiotics, I could just walk into the local agricultural supply store and make effective purchase of antibiotics used to cure animal sickness. These were the same identical medicines that were used on humans, just much less expensive. Farmers had been doing such things for generations. There were even splints, needles, stethoscopes, and a whole range of needed medical accessories.

I discovered that I could even pull my own teeth with a pair of old channel lock pliers, when I was forced by prevailing circumstances to do so! Liquor made really good medicine when such was needed, as I soon learned. Moonshine held on a bad

tooth repetitively, soon killed the nerve, and the pain ended right then on the spot! My mouth would effectively numb as if the dentist had just administered me a Novocaine shot.

I then walked down to the local Walgreen store and purchased some droplets that hardened inside the tooth cavity, if I could find it, thereby effectively sealing the deadened nerve and the inside of the tooth from the outside air.

There are a number of other cures that I discovered during these days and made effective use of. For example, eating a raw onion can cure even the worst case of chest congestion, seemingly in a matter of hours! Drinking the oil cooked from a ground hog can totally eliminate chest congestion.

That night before bed time, one can rub menthol on his chest and boil some tequila in a cooking pot. Just as soon as the liquor comes to a boil, toss in some cinnamon, pour into a coffee cup and drink it all down just like it was coffee. Just don't make the mistake of walking out into the night air or even allowing it to

touch your flesh, one can die from this happening, so I have been informed.

Another way that I avoided the way over-inflated cost of stateside doctors and medicine, was to simply travel offshore and get my medical treatment in a number of exotic, tropical locations.

For example, a tooth canal and a cap both only cost some eighty dollars for the entire job, rather than two thousand stateside. Blood work was only five dollars for a complete check; that is diabetes, cancer, sclerosis of the liver, general liver health, and much more, all for just five dollars in total cost! When I get medicine offshore, it was the same exact medicine found stateside, but for much less in cost. The total cost of an appendectomy, for basic example, was only three hundred dollars, a mere two hundred more covered the hospital stay, nurse, and food. Why was this true? What was wrong here at home?

Something stateside is mangled up here inside the American system. It must be that the stateside system is allowing corporate,

government sanctioned, extortion of the population! The ruling elite has casually forgotten that we do not have wages secured by the protective arm of the union check any more. A change in their attitude must soon arrive due to some sort of internal motivation, but I cannot envision as to specifically *what* that motivating force could be.

However, I am aware via common logic, that the motivating force would have to be a very powerful one. My only hope is that this motivating force is not from some large outside entity seeking to conquer and absorb without a shot ever being fired, rather than to encourage a more internal desire for production and industry.

I continued on in my work for a number of months. I enjoyed the outside hikes into the wilderness covered mountains surrounding the town, and the neat experiences that I had venturing into the many dark caves and long, dark and dreary caverns.

I joined a local group there called *Cave America*. We made frequent trips into the surrounding countryside exploring caves,

canoeing the large streams and rivers, as well as hiking the many trails. I enjoyed the many evenings that we spent by the dancing, late night campfires, they reminded me of those cherished times from my earliest youth with my Grandfather, especially at Christmas time. I always loved the taste of beans, fresh biscuits, and jet black but very freshly made coffee in a tin cup. I honestly could live like that year round, and doing so would never bother me. I was much happier there, feeling truly free, rather than confined as I do on city streets, and inside four masonry walls.

On many occasions I would pull an old trick of mine and set a large barnyard rat trap at a secluded distance but very near the camp site. I would bait it with what ever scrap it was that we had laying around, including unused biscuit or flapjack that had become soiled, but with peanut butter when I could and had spare reserve on hand. In the lower left hand corner of the rig I would drill a hole and place a three feet string of parachute cord for a tie down.

Honestly, this rig almost never failed to produce fresh game, was simple to pack into a camp site by the threes or even fours, and almost always took game. They seemed to work the best on squirrels, pigeons, and maybe rabbits when set directly in their easily spotted trails. I have also easily taken possum and some smaller raccoon. When such game is available and abundant, I have even been known to capture ducks of a variety in type, some geese when I could hide nearby to quickly dispatch it; and once even a snapping turtle, but that is another long story!

The only down side to the set is that most of the game must be taken in wintertime, since it is almost always killed by the trap. In the summer time one must be hidden nearby to remove the game just as soon as it is caught, lest it should spoil from being left out in the heat for so long.

This down side is made up for by the ease in transportation, the very low cost price of the set, the fact that it is simple to hide and kills the game, so that one does not have to waste time or ammunition in doing so. Quite often I will have the soup or stew

pot going on the fire and simply just toss in a fat, juicy rabbit that I have just captured in my set, or a duck when that sort of game is readily available, without anyone around me ever questioning any details about my activities. All of them just love the soup or stew and want to know my secret family recipe!

There was one experience during our caving outings, when we really did discover some things that were of genuine interest and to our prevailing shocking amazement. We had ventured into this large room-like cave and deep cavern, but in actuality we had only entered in some several hundred yards or so, with the passage of time and the effort spent in traveling causing all to seem as if we were much farther inside, as it always does when one is cave exploring.

When we first entered into the dark room, we saw some twenty seven old barrel hoops, which of course, came from nine wooden barrels that had sat there so long that the wood had decayed with the passage of time, leaving only the rusting metal hoops remaining right where they had collapsed. This sight caught our



interest. Evidently something, just maybe something of value, was being stored here, once upon a time in the past.

At first, we thought about the site being an old abandoned liquor still, but when we looked around, we discovered no fire site. When we looked above on the cave room ceiling, we saw no soot stains from any past fires. Finally what we determined was that maybe the site was a hidden storage site for liquor already made, but we did not know for certain and we failed to discover any glass or home made ceramic jars or bottles.

We eventually continued on through the room and out on deeper into the cavern. After we had traveled several more hundred yards inside, the cavern turned, and I began to find several bundles of light-wood naturally cured pine laying about along the cavern wall in different places. I kept a record book with me, tracing out a map of the cavern as I traveled inside, and making note of anything worthy of mentioning. Every now and again I would pause to up-date my notes.

After we had turned and traveled another three hundred yards farther in, we discovered a small room with seven musty smelling, dried human skeletons inside. In their midst was a yard by a yard square but perfectly flat stone on the top. We immediately determined that the stone, must in fact, be an alter of some sort.

All around these skeletons wore very delicately multicolored beaded necklaces, bearing the sinew string still in a perfectly preserved condition. The beads appeared to have been constructed from specific colored parts of various local clam shells and clearly polished blue stones. The colors appeared to consist mainly of clear blues, bright reds, and shinny blacks, but had a scattering of indigo and bright yellow.

We also discovered what was apparently a quarter moon shaped chest plate, with two holes in each end and some strange hieroglyphic etching along the edges. We could only wonder as to the meanings of it all.

Needless to say, we hurriedly gathered up all of the jewelry, the chest plate, and any of what appeared to be golden coins that we could find. Of the articles that I kept, many generated a warm pleasant flush, with a metaphysical, nearly kaleidoscopic view of some unknown intangible dimension upon touching them; several of which I continue to carry around with me as lucky charms or keepsakes, even up to this very day and moment as I now write. What we later assumed from our new discovery, was that the place must have been some sort of native ceremonial storage site back during colonial times.

Indeed I had a number of very pleasant and memorial experiences in the city of Bristol back in those days. The people there, I felt, were most oriented into the personality types that I had both an admiration and respect for in most cases; but underneath it all, something still just was not to my liking, and for a while I just could not figure out specifically what that something was.

I was soon to discover what this unwelcoming dislike was when I attempted to engage in the simple act of self employment. For years I had dreamed of starting my own business, doing carpentry work door to door, or being employed via word of mouth. What I hated at first was when I discovered that I was forced to get a permission note in order to engage in basic business enterprise. It was demanded that I pay three hundred dollars for this permission slip; and on top of that, I was forced to prove that I had been certified by a local trade school and had an additional permit from the State subcontractor's board, just to bid on even a simple contract.

I did not respect this base infringement on my constitutional right to engage in productive business enterprise, so I requested the patron to purchase his own permits, which was allowed by the local laws at the time, then I would complete the work at a good cash discount. All that he had to do was just call the inspector and pass the work off as his own.

For a while this trick worked like a charm and word was getting around that an able bodied, skilled carpenter was doing really fine work at a discount. I was profiting more in volume work than I would have gained charging the going rate on any single job, and then paying all of the ridiculous paperwork and insurance fees that apply.. But then one day disaster nearly happened.

I was on a job at work, with the home owner luckily right there with me, laboring just as attentively as I was. Then this large white Ford pickup truck suddenly rushed up right beside the job site. Out jumped two overweight but well dressed, bearded men, wearing hard hats with an angry, agitated look on their faces.

“Gotta see your work permits, boys. Need to see them right now, and please, no dallying around with this matter. We just do not have the time nor the patience for it, fellows,” spoke one in a rasping, firm voice.

The other stood by chewing a large plug of tobacco, pausing to spit the red syrup-like juice onto the ground beside his booted feet.

“Well,” spoke the home builder. “I have the permits. This is *my* job here,” he said as he pulled the stiff papers from his dirty shirt pocket. He shoved the papers before the two men.

“And who is he?,”asked the one who chewed so attentively on the tobacco, as he pointed directly at me.

“Well, he is a friend,” replied the home owner. “He is just helping me here to finish this work sitting before me today. Why, what's the problem?”

“Well, we'll just be frank with you and everybody else around here. We got word that some son-of-a bitch around here was doing carpentry work for cash, and did not have any type of validation to back himself up....Besides that, he was not bonded nor was there any tax record of any such person who was not certified nor in possession of proper permit and licenses..

“Let me be the one to tell both of you fellows right now, damn it.., when we catch this asshole, there will be a long line of charges that will surly follow! Are you aware that he could even get hard prison time for this horrible, non-conformist activity?”

“Just for that..., doing that? Just engaging in honest labor for an honest days' wage?,” I snapped in astonished response.

“You damn right, and you just don't know the half of it.. When those taxes have to be payed, plus penalty, plus the charges that will surly follow..!”--

“I just cannot believe it.. I thought this was America, the land of the free! What has happened to that freedom? It seems more like France did just before the French revolution around here! When are the people here going to make a response like those back then did?,” I replied with a sharp snap.

“I honestly don't know the answer to that question, Hoss, and it just ain't my damned job to try and figure it all out. My job is to find this bastard that we are looking for, and to get the word out..

Matter of fact....” He said as he glared firmly straight at me..  
He then rose his trembling right index finger and pointed directly  
at my face....

“I think that *YOU are* this son-of-a-bitch, the more that I stand  
here and speak with you!”

I released a smug laugh

“Yeah, Indeed, I just *might* be a witch too, if you ask enough  
people around here about it. Why don't you start by asking the  
one who told you about this evil, underground carpenter that you  
are looking for?,” I replied with a sudden flash of anger.

“Yeah? You just keep it up, and when we catch you, we'll nail  
you to the wall! I am telling you right now...! Just keep it up,  
fellow. Both of us and a whole bunch of people will be watching  
you?,” he huffed with a hard angry voice, as he chewed and  
turned to spit.

Finally the two pot bellied pigs walked back over to their truck,  
huffed back into the cab, and then drove off with screeching tires.



“Boy,” laughed the home owner as he stood staring and shaking his head from side to side. “Just what in heaven's name is this country coming to? What do you think there, Ben?”

“I don't know,” I laughed through my nose slightly.

“Communism I was once told, now I think that it is more like *Fascism*. The big contracting companies do not want to compete with small time independents, so they just pay off your political representatives to pass laws insidiously designed to effectively eliminate that competition. It all called Fascism, and not free enterprise. I hate it, myself.”

“Yeah,” replied the homeowner. “Every fourth of July we are forced to hear about all of this supposed “*freedom*” that we have presently. What they really mean, is the freedom that we *once* had as a united people, but have *now lost*, and still losing more rights every day! I honestly feel that during this holiday they take the greatness that this country once was and has now lost, and plaster it over the *pure shite* that it has now deteriorated into.

“These ruling elites then feed it back to the masses, who eat it up with only smiles and never a single question! What pitiful pathetic fools have the majority digressed into? Honestly, that's what I think about it all.”

In my mind I was deep in thought following this remark from the home owner. I did not know exactly how to reply. I stared off blankly into outer space. The feeling that enveloped over me throughout my very limbs was one of shock and total disbelief, as well as being touched with a splattering of pure disappointment.

“I just don't know what to say there, Allen,” I suddenly said to the homeowner. “ I am so disappointed in all that my eyes have beheld on this day. I really had high hopes for this town as being the place of my future home. I like the people, I love the town.

“ There is plenty of growth, but what shocks me most is the general lacking of business freedom here and freedom with one's money, as far as possessing the ability to make one's money grow.

“ Such seems to be a common thread that runs in America this day and time., the general lack of *individual freedom*, especially

*economic freedom*. Is that not what our for-bearers fought so many wars for? Is that not why they spilled so much blood on the virgin soil beneath their booted feet? Is that not why we have a congress made up of representatives, with each bearing the responsibility of debating the laws in various bills presented and then offering their consent to the bill via their positive vote.....? .....To preserve the individual liberties of the people who dwell within these national borders? There was so much work and negotiation that went into creating this once wonderful system. Something really bad has happened here, right underneath our very noses!”

“Yes, I agree and you're so right about all of this. Something indeed has happened. Do you want me to tell you exactly what that something is? I will tell you, it's name is corruption. Most people do not even understand exactly what the specifics are in relation to this corruption.

It all begins with the definition of *Fascism*, which is the type of system that we now have running this country, I am so sad to say.

*Fascism* is simply corrupted capitalism. That is it! The corporations want to rule, so they pay off the representatives via campaign donations and various other euphemistic labels, you know, the elected officials who are supposed to represent us, the people, so that these “representatives” will pass laws in favor of the corporations as business entities and their wealthy operating heads as individuals.

“ This staggeringly effective move eliminates the cherished *right of taxation with representation* from the grasp of the American masses, which, in and of itself, is a direct violation of the constitution.

“In addition, now both political parties are married to the same cause and purpose in their concluding systemic designs, which I tell you, in the end is the slow gradual move to effectively micro-manage the personal lives of individuals with a new absolute authority, and extort two thirds or more of any revenue generated by the laboring public masses. Such a move would

effectively render the masses as servants without chains and balls, bars and cell holes.

“You can be rest assured, Ben, any future move to resist the new authoritarian effort will be met with extreme measures, I can tell you that much with all assurance right here as I presently stand before you.”

I turned to gaze into this man's now stern face. He seemed to put everything all into words that I had been thinking for years. I then took a very deep breath.

“ So what you are effectively saying is that Americans right now, are in the same position that their revolutionary for-bearers were over two hundred years ago, that being taxation without representation.”

“Yeah,” he snapped. “Except that we now are in a much worse situation than they were in, back then. We, the people, do not have representation on laws being passed, taxes, or anything else; every measure passed is made to appease the big corporations

who hold the collective wealth. We do not have a political party that represents our interests either.

“I am telling you this sole glittering fact, my friend, both political parties are laboring toward the same exact end, and that end being total enslavement of the masses. The system to effectively bring this reality into existence is called *Fascism*.

*Socialism*, which is a large component of *Fascism*, is the same type of slavery that existed on the large plantations once upon a time in the past. Think about it, now.

“The plantation owner and his family, were the elite wealthy few who provided for all of the basic needs of the collective majority, that being the slaves. He provided decent food for them, shelter, transportation, the best medical care that they had available to them at that time, etc. All that was required of the collective majority was to give the elite few the fruits of their diligent labor.

“Do you see it now? Collective Socialism is the same exact system but applied to the entire nation, rather than just to a single

individual farm. So on that factual basis we can make some deductions in regard to our forthcoming future in this nation.”

“Like., what kind of predictions?,” I asked inquisitively.

“Well, like..., just pause and consider the old plantation system for a moment. The slaves could not own any sort of weapons. They could not own property. They were only educated in the laboring skill that they were being taught, and nothing else. By ordained law they had to hold in their immediate possession, special papers just to walk from the old plantation grounds. They could not even go into the local town without the permission papers.

“Any money that they did chance to earn, most of time all went into their personal clothing effects and various farm related needs. That way the plantation owner did not need to spend any plantation money on them for those items. Most of the time few of them ever saw any cash money. As I understand it, the owner gave them a bill of credit for their personal wares to be purchased

only at the plantation general store ,and he kept the real cash for himself.”

I suddenly perked up.

“So you are saying that you see the same situation coming to the American people as a whole, except now all of this will be enforced via high tech electronic means, rather than papers and bills of credit, and such as that?”

“You have about said it all,” replied my friend with a sharp smile. “If we are alive twenty years to thirty years from now, this country will not look anything like the nation that we grew up in; nor will it be the nation that our for-bearers fought and suffered so dreadfully to establish. Surly our complacency has done them all a great dishonor!

“On the contrary, my friend, indeed this system will become the very entity that they were making war against! The enemy has taken over from within, and the elders that we grew up with, all said that it would be impossible for such to ever happen here, in America! My ole my, just imagine that for a moment, will ya?”



“This is most interesting. Just how deep do you see this corruption possibly going to,” I asked?

“There again, ask yourself how deep has the corruption in Fascist entities gone in the past before? I see the possible rise of enslavement camps coming to this country, Ben. As always, the rise will be preceded by an expansion in the industrial prison complex. Everybody thinks prisoners all deserve to have the hell worked out of them, don't they, and all honest citizens would, without question, agree to this measure being taken..Would they not?..”

“Yeah, I see where you are coming from, man,” I replied.

“Yeah well, so do I, in about seventy percent of the cases in the prison system. The problem comes about when contract prison labor becomes extremely profitable to the corporations and the Nation-State, as it is most certain to become.

“Soon, however, demand for the free labor outstrips the supply, especially when the inmates are being forced to labor on the greatly weakened infrastructure. When this eventuality

materializes, the demand for the labor *MUST* be filled somehow, so it all comes about in gradual steps.

“First comes the redundant laws, such as code violations where huge amounts of capitol is extorted from enterprising individuals. The authorities then begin to look diligently for any violators, which they are certain to find.

Then comes the establishment of what I call, open ended claims. These are claims that are allowed, but cannot be verified conclusively either way, true or false. The court system, however, *always* takes sides with the claimants on the assumption that since the claim was made, then the accused *must* in-fact be guilty on one level or another. Since the claim cannot be proven in most cases, then the claimant does not bear the responsibility to provide any factual premise to support the claim.

“It may be possible, if the falsely accused is in possession of large amounts of revenue, to slip through the net put out for him, but many times he does not. Even if he does manage to buy his

way through, two such false accusations will surly nail him to the wall without a single hope, money or no money in possession. This is the process in which innocent people can then be prosecuted...

“In other words, people that the systemic elite does not like for any reason, such as political reasons, disagreeing with the ruling governmental authorities, religious people refusing to forgo their cherished faith in exchange for the new encompassing authoritarian system and it's honored leader, etc. All that they have to do is have some agent falsely label those targeted with one of these open ended accusations..., and he is history based on pure fallacy of assumption, with no right to even question the original nature of the claim and the process of deducing the condemning conclusion.”

“What you are describing is a blatant *disregard for legitimate rule of law* and factual premise, in favor of claims taken without factual premise and the verdict of guilty rendered based on the assumption of guilt. That sole action perfectly fits the definition

of *inquisition*; and not a legitimate rule of law, which demands supporting factual premise to all claims made,” I said in utter shock and surprise.

“That is right, and an inquisition only comes in two varieties, political or religious. Since, by far and away, our reigning system is not religious based, then what we presently have presiding in commanding masquerade as being legitimate, is a political inquisition...,an extortionist, *political inquisition*, to be exact.

“The inquisition fits the bill for a corrupting Fascist entity historically, and our present day system is following right along on proper historical tract. As the prison labor complex continues to expand, then the inquisition prosecutes the innocent to keep its labor pool filled, all done so with the complete blessing of those pathetic bamboozled masses!

“Soon will enter in the protesters, the malcontents, the unemployed, the sick and destitute, those individuals whom cannot keep up with soon eminent mandated payment obligations and the forthcoming extortionist tax on all retirement accounts, all

those of whom their homes have been foreclosed on regardless of the circumstances, or the indebted who lack the ability to pay on any debt for every reason conceived, legitimately or illegitimately..., until an over-whelming majority of people are underneath the boot heel of the rising, corporatist, Nation State.

“ There exist no constitutional rights behind that electrified barbwire, my friend, there exists no freedom to choose.. There is only endless labor and sweat, small rations, blood, putrid filthy sludge throughout the facility, rampant emaciating sickness..., and finally...,writhing horrible death.

“What remains of you will then find your freedom up through the smoke stack on a brick chimney, but that is only after they render your very body into trade products, only later to be sold on the world market or sent back into those dark, cold, sick, disease wreaked and blood soaked dungeons of the prison labor system. Many millions will enter in, but so very pitiful few will manage to effectively escape or even survive in the end.”

A very strong gust of wind then suddenly blew our hair and pushed our bodies sideways two or even three steps. When I listened closely on that day, I heard his words echo on the passing breeze as it whispered in the dreary distance...

*“Many millions will enter in, but very few will manage to effectively escape.. Many millions will enter inside, but so very few will effectively escape. Leave..., LEAVE ,my dear friend! Leave now while there is still hope and time.. That time will run out and they will come after you, just like your Aunt Carrie Mae warned. Get out! Get out! Get out! Get out now, while there is still precious hope!”*

I knew situations were deteriorating in every place that I had traveled too thus far, but I did not know if I wanted to go that far with it yet. What if he was right? Maybe I just needed to make another move, I guess.

I needed to give the matter some thought before I acted on it, however. I know what I will do, I will go camping and think on it a bit before arriving at a conclusive decision.

A few miles down from where I was living at the time, was a very long wilderness trail that wound high up into the verdant mountain vastness. I at once determined to go hiking by myself for a couple of weeks, and think out loud in the lonely recesses of my own mind. Very carefully I loaded my pack with all of the proper implements, I heaved it upon my shoulders and away I went.

I left out about 0900 hours in the morning the next Saturday. I began my walk down the side of the interstate roadway, until I reached my small town destination, and the beginning of this great wilderness trail. Soon I found myself standing before the trail sign designating the first step onto the narrow winding mountain wilderness trail. The sign read as such:

*Greetings Dear Hikers And Campers,*  
*We welcome you to trail Calico, to hike and camp*  
*down by the river, you know. But do know this in-as-much as well,*  
*that We are not responsible for loss of personal property, by theft*  
*or otherwise, we are so obliged to tell. We are not responsible for*

*accidents, sickness, or death due to any matter, as the situation may chance to occur. We are not responsible for accommodations of ANY type or kind, for unto no established law demanding such, we are held under.*

*Indeed it is YOU, the hiker and camper, who are responsible for your own well being. Do know this much now, WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR YOU IN ANY WAY, nor will we be held to any sort of responsibility, on any given day!*

*That much being said above, the hiker or camper **WILL** respect all laws and ordinances in regard to camping and hiking, and spending time on this trail. There will **No** hunting at any time allowed, **No** trapping or fishing of any sort, is allowed. All such activities are prohibited according to local section 503, ordinance OA.*

*All camping will be done in designated areas only, and it is the responsibility of the hiker and camper to search these areas out, not ours to make that determination for him. **Any** violations of any outdoor ordinance will be met with stiff federal fines and*



*even possible long term felony prison sentences! **Be** sure to pay the thirty dollar trail use fee at the Ranger's gate first stop up.*

*Hiking and camping is allowed from April through October only. Failure to pay the fee will result in more fees, fines, and a lifetime ban from the trail borders, both those that are presently old and any forthcoming that are new. Have a nice day and*  
**HAPPY TRAILS TO YOU!**

*Sincerely*

***The State And National Park Service***

I went on ahead and made that first step. As I continued to walk on, the words of the sign soon faded from my mind. Very soon all that was surrounding me was the whispering wind and the melodious chirping of the birds amid the gently rustling leaves.

I loved being in the outdoors. Soon I was swept away by the relaxing sounds surrounding me. According to my mathematical figures, I needed to travel at least twelve miles a day to complete

my hiking journey. This was a comfortable enough distance so that I could walk and arrive conclusively at the predetermined amount of time. I could still relax and take in the scenery as I went.

I paused and checked my walk-o-meter. I had just covered the twelve miles, and here it was not even 1300 hours yet. I still had plenty of daylight left.

Ahead was a comforting waterfall that began high up on the steamy mountaintop, then plunged through the steam into what appeared to be a perfectly stationary dark cesspool, that farther out of sight and to the side, transformed into a tinkling creek or stream. I noticed that the falls seemed to strike a huge flat boulder that jutted out halfway down the mountainside, then spread, causing the seemingly small fall to thickly cover a large area by the time that it plunged into the soothing cesspool. There was no way that one could see through the fall from standing in front of it. So I then eased around to the backside of the cesspool.

When I made my way behind the fall, I took instant notice of a backward curvature in the bare stone of the mountain, until this curvature went backwards a ways into the very mountain side itself. To the right seemed to appear a large, room sized hole that had been carved eons ago by the action of the dripping water from high above. Here it was that I would make my camp.

The trail seemed deserted at the moment and I felt as though I was the only person walking it's wilderness miles. Outside there was plenty of deadwood laying all about just beyond the mountain, and into the thick wood-stand.

I stepped into the stone room, as I called it, and carefully hid my backpack underneath some rubble that was strewn about on the floor of the room. I stepped back outside and eased into the wood-stand to gather the deadwood. Soon I had a large armload, and I made my way back up to the room behind the falls.

Deep inside I felt that I had made the wrong choice in campsites, since waterfalls attract people. and sometimes even large animals such as bears. Maybe I should have eased into the

thick wood-stand and pitched my campsite on the side of the hill opposite the trail. Normally, that is what I would have done, but this time the magnetizing, hypnotic draw of the falls and it's relaxing tinkle were tough to resist.

I decided to chance it. The rangers are probably more interested in collecting that fee, than looking in every hole and crevice for illegal campers. Strangely enough, I had yet to even see a ranger gate! I could not figure for the life of me as to exactly how I made it so deep into the trail and at the same time, missed the entire gate! I was certain that the rangers may be paroling the trail looking for some sort of permit that they issued in lieu of the payment. I carried on with my somewhat risky plan anyway.

By the time darkness arrived, I had a really nice, small fire going in the room where my tent was pitched. The leaping shadows of the flame created a cozy timeless feel that caused my head to swoon and heart to relax.

The only fear that I felt was the fact that the continuing sound of the fall compromised any security intentions that I may have had,

as well as the light of the flame blinding me from behind in the slight distance or ahead of myself for ten yards or so in the darkness.

For that reason I camped with my tent against the stone wall, with the fire between myself and the door. I also stacked stones in such a manner as to conceal the tent from any immediate view.

Most beasts would never travel passed the flame anyway, not even bear, unless maybe starvation was setting in. Humans, especially rangers searching for free booting campers, were a whole different matter. All that they needed was plenty of back up support and a few commando styled weapons, and they would march right on inside to rudely accost and cuff the camper.

I reached inside my back pack, carefully pulling out an old military mess tin and a tin cup. I eased down to the falls and scooped up some water for my cup and tin.

Into this I dropped my block of dry noodles and rice. In no time the water had began to boil and very soon the meal was cooked and ready.

I took out a pre-measured slice of dried pemmican, carefully breaking it all up and putting it into my noodles. This with a good vitamin tablet was all that I needed to keep myself going.

I carefully blew up my air mattress with the battery operated pump that I had thought to pack in, and spread my night bag onto it.

Morning came quickly, and I had slept wonderfully with no interruptions. I was well aware of all the fears about exactly what *could have* happened. Huge snake nests, large converging rat hoards, bears, trail thieves, wild aggressive bee hives, and many more fears way too numerous to mention here on this printed page.

I was soon to begin my next journey for the day. The sun had just barely cracked the distant horizon, so the cool light of dawn made seeing a somewhat simple matter.

I arose, taking my cup and tin back down to the falls, where I scooped up another container full. I went back to the fire that was now just a heap of glowing, twinkling coals. The water soon

boiled, I then removed each container, carefully sprinkling a packet of instant grits into the tin and a packet of instant coffee into the cup. When the grits thickened the water, I carefully placed in another measured slice of pemmican. A dash of instant cheese made it all well worth eating as the coffee went down behind it.

My pack was designed to get me through the next thirty days worth of travel. I only intended to be out some two weeks, so I should have way more than enough, I figured. I packed my back pack using my own old, personally designed system that I simply called the *0600 system*. This most useful homemade system, based on my own personal real life experience, has had yet to fail me, and I have been making use of it regularly now for well over twenty years.

After eating, I washed my mess tin and cup, repacked them, then headed along on my merry way. I am at another crossroad in my life, at this present time. Am I indeed going to stay or am I going to go?

I thought about everything that had transpired in my very recent memory and all of the ingrained changes. I thought about the warnings from the elders and those eerie alarming warnings that rode in on the voice of the wind. Still..,at this present time.., if I listened very intuitively, I could barely make out those haunting warnings, now riding in among the rustling wind blown leaves.....

*“Hey..,hey, you there.. Let me see your hiking permits.. Let me see your payment receipts. I know well that you were not camped in the designated areas last night.. Let me see your hiking permits. Let me see your payment receipts. Hiking permits and payment receipts please..!”*

My eyes glanced to the left, catching a quick hazy blur, revealing what I perceived was a human figure. I shook my head and all cleared up suddenly, nothing remaining but the cool, relaxing rustle of the somewhat green, moss tinted leaves. On the wind I still heard the voice and the booming request..



*“Hiking permits and payment receipts please! Nothing else will substitute..Give me your hiking permits and payment receipts please..! Hey, hey, you there, I need them right now!”*

I sighed deeply. Honestly I wanted to go again, but I did not want to go again. I had an urge for a new adventure, but I had an urge to call somewhere home. The truth is that somewhere was home only if it was somewhere that accommodated my freedom loving desires and lifestyle.

Why all of these constraints ? Why all of the extortionist demands? Why had everything, everywhere deteriorated into this base exploitation of the people at large, with all going on down still farther more? What has happened to this once great land of mine?

I thought that I was free! Is that not what they told us in school? Is that not what they are *still* telling the kids in school, right on up until this very moment?

The authoritative governmental elites have stolen our prosperity and sold it out to the huge corporations. Now they even

want to steal our precious hard won individual freedoms that our fore-bearers had fought so valiantly to put into place. How dare they infringe upon our precious blood won constitutional rights!

Where are the warrior rebels whose blood flows so freely within our veins? Where are the huge protesting crowds? Where are the genuine American men and women? Where have the cowboys gone? Are they all drunk, can they all not see that they are being plundered mercilessly, bearing the strong suggestion of some horrid futuristic subjugation? Are they asleep at the oar and the deviling winds have now taken control, only to carry them to a lonely, wasted shore on some forlorn nowhere land of eternal ruin and wretched bondage?

I reached around into the front pocket on my backpack with my right hand. I quickly seized an atlas listing all of the states, roads, names and places. I opened it with a new found urgency, flipping the pages in near hysteria. Soon I found my present town.

I glanced a hundred miles or so ahead to the north, soon finding a single town that appealed to my present liking, for some

unknown unexplainable reason. Maybe it was the name that just gave me a pleasant feeling that I somehow enjoyed when I spoke it aloud to myself. The name just leaped off from the page and right into my face.. *Nam DE Motier!*

Yes! I was going to check this place out. Maybe I shall make my eternal home there, if I find it to my present liking! It does not have to be to my perfect liking, but just to my liking in regard to daily well-being and general contentment. I will surely give proper investigation, just as soon as I complete my hiking trip.

## Chapter 5

### *The Place*

I continued on with my hike. The two weeks went by without a single hitch of any kind. The time in general, felt as though it had zipped past me somehow. Soon, before I even realized it, I was walking past the entrance sign to the trail in the reverse direction. I was not tired, not even in the slightest.

I walked beside the interstate and headed north, back into the direction toward my prior residence. I walked in through the door with a newly found cheerfulness that comes into being when one has a plan providing a definite new direction, and maybe... just maybe... a little unique exotic adventure to go right along with it.

Just as soon as I made it to the door of my hotel apartment, I crossed the threshold, placing my pack onto the bed, then leaping

into the cool water of the shower. The coolness of the water really felt good as it tingled my blood while passing over my nude body. When my taste for the pleasures of the water had satisfied itself and I had tired of it, I stepped across the threshold and into the bedroom area.

Immediately I seized up my suitcase that lay quietly in the bottom of the closet, and unzipped it. I soon began to empty my dresser drawers, being very careful to fold my clothes as thinly and into as small of a package as possible. This technique of folding clothes allowed me to pack large loads into very small areas.

Folding clothes in such a manner was a military method of managing suit case space that an older army man had shown me years earlier while waiting at the laundry mat for my clothes to wash and dry. He had told me that I may forget him and his name, and he was right, indeed I did forget his name; but he told me I would never forget the method of folding clothes that he was

showing me, and that I would find myself over the coming years, making great use of the technique in reserving packing space.

He was right again, I never have forgotten what he had taken the time to show me. I have used it countless times over the years.

Once I had packed my suit case, I rushed out to my well worn ten year old GMC pickup truck, tossing my suitcase into the cab of the truck in the passenger seat. I raced back into the hotel apartment to collect my back pack that was still tightly packed with all of my equipment. I snatched it up, being careful to transport it back out to the truck body.

I raced back in to the hotel apartment again and collected the remainder of my very few belongings. I headed back out to the truck, tossing all of them into the hauling bed. I then carefully stretched a tarp to cover the truck bed, tying it down very firmly.

This final securing measure would effectively keep out the rain, especially since my ancient canvas tarp had been sprayed with some really good modern waterproofing. I double checked the room, then closed and locked the door.

Carefully I eased the truck out of the parking place and on toward the hotel lobby, coming to pause beside the office area. I put in my notice with the lobby attendant that I was checking out.

All was well, since I had payed my weeks rent already and I was free to move on, she said. I exited the door, walked to my truck, got inside the cab..., and away I was soon riding toward my next high adventure.

I was heading northward this time. I had calculated that the ride would be only approximately a hundred miles or so, but way too much time had passed in what seemed as a short amount of space. I felt as though the ride had been well over four hours. I must have fallen asleep while driving, and had frozen with the wheels held directly ahead.

The interstate now appeared to be perfectly straight, with not even the slightest curvature. It was possible for this type of situation to manifest, such adversity had been known to occur in times past, both to me and to many others who came before and

after me. Soon I was passing over a bridge spanning the *Cape Naught River*.

This river was a classic in the general area, with a very rich history. Though I had never spent time in the city that I was moving into, I had hunted the surrounding area heavily over the passage of time. The area was game rich, if it did not have anything else to offer.

There were also plenty of good camping areas and lots of undeveloped space with good cover, for both men and beasts. In the woods this was freedom country. The hunting team that I ran with during the time that we moved over this landscape called the entire basin area *Libertia*, since it was possible to do anything that one desired while in good rich bush cover.

Some people even lived out there off the surrounding land, since there was plenty of flowing water, thick vegetative cover, and lots of game animals. There were some basic rules of survival while in the bush, but staying in cover *always* was the first and foremost rule that we all lived by back in those days.



As I passed over the bridge, my mind drifted back to those very best of good old days.

I recalled with great fondness the days sitting around the campfire telling marathon tales of glory and adventure. Telling tales of deeds done, and adventure had, and our enemies never knowing the difference in us.

We had traveled where ever it was that we desired to go. We had taken game as we had so chosen to do, when we chose to do it, wherever it was that we had chosen to do so.

In many cases, we had loved their very best ladies before the locals were ever aware; indeed, if they were ever aware at all..., which I honestly doubt few of them ever were. In many cases we had even eased in to their own bedrooms, made love with their ladies, then hid out in the bush, laughing to ourselves as the men came back home to them, never knowing the difference.

This would happen a few times, but soon the thrill wore off and it was time to move onto something else with more enduring substance.

Soon the landscape transformed from wood-stand, then fields, then into store fronts. Some of the store fronts were very old, having changed very little in seventy to one hundred fifty years, or even more; but then some of them were clearly very new, and shown with a crisp new brilliance.

Soon I crossed another bridge that spanned a railroad tract running underneath. I came upon a hill in the road, and on the other side was nothing but developed land, standing tall with masonry, concrete, and glass.

Just beyond the hill sat a Holiday Inn. According to what I found on my computer, this particular Holiday Inn had some really nice weekly room apartment rates. I eased my vehicle underneath the shelter at the office door to investigate those written claims, to see if they bore any truth to them. I parked my truck in one of the empty parking spaces right beside the office door. I got out and walked up to the door of the office, carefully opening the glass double door.

Behind the desk sat a huge whale of a Ziminoa woman. This woman, though she was only approximately four feet tall, had to have weighed some four hundred pounds! She could barely walk and sat with an obtrusively sloppy composure in front of a computer keyboard, as though she hesitated to arise when I entered the door. I almost felt as though she did so on purpose.

I had the sneaking intuition that somehow she felt that by arising, she was paying some sort of special respect or homage to me, as though I was indebted to her for some reason completely unknown to me . She only turned and glared toward me with a raspy appearance on her face, without smiling or showing any definable expression.

“Can I help YOOW,” she asked, moving her head from side to side to the tune of her antagonizing, rude speech; apparently attempting to insult me for some unknown reason, even though I had never met her before?

“Yeah,” I said. “I need a room with weekly rates. I see that you have some good rates on the computer here.

“Yeah..., we have some good rates, but I don’t know if any rooms with those rates are available at this time,” she said with a certain unjustified harshness as she glared forward upon me; with no expression but a rigid, firm one, and without ever smiling, even though I was a new, potentially paying customer.

Time passed, a minute or so I guess. I tired of the fact that she appeared to be intentionally ignoring me, so finally asked;

“Well, could you please look on the computer and see for me, if any rooms are available at this time? I am really in need of one, since I have traveled so far already,” I said with a slight sigh, thinking only that the requested task was within her job requirement and that she would be glad to do so, since surly she appreciated her job.

“Yeah..., we can take a look.. Now lets see her.”

She quickly glanced down at her registry book, and at her computer screen for a single second, maybe two, then she snatched her head back up rudely.

“Nope, don't think that we do, sir. We got rooms, but only at the top rate, which is four hundred dollars a week. Take it or leave it.”

“What?,” I snapped in shock and surprise. “I just checked the website for the hotel here, and the website said that rooms were available.

“Willl...,” she replied with a low rumbling laugh and a really nasty smile as she spoke.

“I guess that your computer was wrong then, wasn't it?,” she in replied as she moved her entire head from side to side, with an antagonizing harshness in her voice.

I immediately turned and huffed out of the door, walking out to my truck, taking a seat in the cab on the driver's side. Just *who does this fat, shite smelling, dirty, dumb ass, puke green mono gargoyle think that she is?*, I said in silence underneath my breath. I can clearly see what is going on here, and I don't like the looks of it, nor the smell of it!

I quickly opened the laptop brief case in the passenger side of my truck and removed my portable computer. Since the computer battery was charged well, I soon clicked up the hotel a half a mile down the road.

Here was a nice Best Western, with a good pool, and plenty of connections. The rates were better than the best that this place had to offer, so I booked a sleek, comfortable weekly room rate there.

I glanced up from the computer keyboard and saw a Ziminoa janitor shuffling toward me as I sat in the cab of the truck. He barely was tall enough to to even glance above the door edge of the truck.

“Hey! Hey thar fellow...,” he rudely hammered on the glass of my passenger window with the knuckle of his index finger on his right hand. Even though I had just looked up, he still continued to hammer away at the glass of my window. I quickly rolled the window down.

“Yeah, what do ya want?,” I snapped harshly.

“You gotta go! You gotta go..! No body is allowed to park here by the office like this, fellow!”

“Well, I am lost and I just need to get my bearing, then I will gladly exit these premises, never to return again!,” I snapped.

“Yeah? Well I am just a tellin' ya, that's my job now, to say what needs to be said to the one's that need it said to 'em. I am just a tellin' U now, ser.”

“Well, please do forgive me for just needing a room, and bothering to stop here in this damn, filthy place, with all of these rude, sloppy, ignorant people,” I now snapped with a ripe new harshness!

“I am the hell out of here, and you nor any other son-of-a-bitch here, will ever need to worry about the likes of me again,” I snapped, now with a much more intense, seething anger in my voice!

“and you can tell that rude, monster looking, shit smelling bitch in there at the check out desk what I said as well!”

I motored on out of the parking lot and onto the three lane road in-front of the hotel. Soon I had made it to the Best Western just down the road. I pulled up to the parking lot right before the office window. I got out of the cab and walked up to the door of the office.

To speak the truth, the very building itself held a much cleaner, appealing appearance. The atmosphere immediately felt much more comforting and relaxing. The tension that hung in the air back at the Holiday Inn down the road there simply did not exist here, for some strange reason.

Upon opening the door, I immediately beheld the reason for all of the positive atmosphere and the welcoming feeling that surrounded me. Across the desk sat a most beautiful, clear skinned, flaxen haired, radiant *Ueiskuning* beauty, most certainly born of the truest in perfect Nephilim blood. I was sure to possess the ability of relating to her in some sort of positive manner. This beauty glowed forth from her body when she smiled, her ruby red



lips parting upon my entrance, speaking in perfect unaudulterated English.

“May I help you, Sir?”

“Why yes,” I replied with my own smile back to her. I could not help but to do so, her personality commanded it.

“I have booked a room with weekly rates.”

“Your name, Sir?”

Yes, sure.., yes..”

I struggled to remove my bill folder from my right rear pocket.

“Bellheimer, Benjamin Bellheimer, that's my name, but you may just call me Ben,” I said as I laid my driver's license before her on the counter.

“Aw.., yes! I see it right here on the computer screen,” she said as she quickly punched the key board. “That will be a hundred fifty dollars, for a weeks rental.”

I quickly laid my credit card on the counter.

“Alright,” she said with a smile. She then handed me a ring with two silver keys, and a large plastic label.

“Your room is room one seventy nine on the left wing, over there,” she spoke as she pointed across the parking lot.

“We sure hope that you enjoy your stay with us,” she said with a most warm, pleasant smile.

“From the general feel of things around here, I think that I am really going to enjoy my stay,” I replied with my own pleasant smile.

“We certainly hope that you will, so that you will choose us to book a future stay in town,” she said with a smile and a cheerful tone of voice.

“Are you here on business?”

“Well, sort of,” I replied. “I will more than likely be in town for quite a while. I don't have any long term plans to stay, but I don't have any plans to leave; at least, for today, if that makes any sense to you at all.”

“Oh yes, we have those types in here all of the time,” she replies with her warm ruby smile. “They are the kind that makes

this hotel business what it is, if it is going to be anything at all... ever.”

“Well, I guess it is what it is, then. That's usually how it goes in the end,” I replied with a quick witty smile that followed.

“What kind of work do you do?,” she asked.

“I am a carpenter, at least for the few years past. I want to eventually get into something else, though. I just can't see myself building concrete forms all of my natural life.”

“Carpentry is not so bad. I know a few of them, and they are really nice to have around when you need one,” she replied.

“Yes, I guess that you are right. Everything is what we make of it, but then, it all is what it is, as well.. I guess, for me, there were just so many things that I wanted to do in life, and the world around me seemed like such a confining place..

“When I move, I regain a certain feeling of freedom that kind of defines who it is that I am, I feel. Changing jobs and moving to a new town, or place, offers an adventurous personality, like

mine, a kind of freedom that defines who I am, I guess. It's tough to explain.”

“Well, I kind of understand. I have the same stuck-in-the-mud feelings about this job that I do here. I have put in to relocate a number of times, but somehow it just never makes it through,” she said with a smile. “I keep on trying though.”

I glanced around a bit during the conversation.

“The hotel serve breakfast here?”

“Sure, every morning at 0600 hours sharp. We serve biscuits and coffee, sometimes pan-cakes and coffee, but not every day. We have every type of cereal, milk, etc. You should come on up first light in the morning.”

“Those biscuits would be killer with a good plate of beans and bacon,” I replied with a sarcastic smirk.

“There again, things like that have been known to happen, but not every morning. Sometimes there will be a crock pot full of beans and ham hocks, made fresh for the taking. We kind of function with the rule of supply and demand around here. If the

crook pot gets emptied, then tomorrow morning there may be more. If few are eaten, then I doubt it, come tomorrow morning. It's all really just that simple around here.”

“It all sounds pretty good to me,” I said with a sly streak.

“Well come on up,” she said with a witty smile and a greeting gesture of the arms. I just wont know anything until the morning comes, and the management tells me what they want.”

“I know how all of that goes,” I replied, agreeing with her.

I exit the door of the hotel and walk around the complex in search of the room number that she had given me. I looked sharp, then started counting the doors. *One sixty nine, one seventy, one seventy eight.. There it is, room one seventy nine! Let's go in and take a look*, I said to myself in silence.

The room was a simple place. Basically just four walls with an indenture and a hole for the bathroom; and another indenture in the wall line for a kitchenette, it appeared. There was a decent queen sized bed already made. It really wasn't all that bad.

The room had a very pleasant smell. I figured that the pleasant odor came from the establishment not allowing in-room smoking or pets. It kind of reminded me of the efficiency apartments that I had lived in during my past few years of living on the road now.

In the center of the wall line facing the bed sat a nice wide screen television. I sat on the bed facing the television sitting on the dresser just beyond the foot. *I wonder what is on worth watching?*, I said to my self as I clicked it on with the remote control.

I punched the remote and soon clicked through several channels. It seemed to me that there may have been at least a hundred channels or more. The only sad part about it all was that there really was not anything worth watching on any of them. A few food preparation shows, some boring talk shows, a product sales demonstration, news, and that was it.

Soon I exit the room and make my way back up into the lobby where the pretty receptionist had sat smiling earlier. When I got inside, this perfect angel was no longer there, but had been

replaced by another lady who seemed alright, but was just not as pretty to look at.

“Well hello,” she said. “What can we do for ya today?”

“Was just wondering... Have you heard of any construction jobs going on around here anywhere? I am new in town and was looking some work.”

“Well..,Um.., I have heard some of the people coming in here talking about the pig slaughtering plant that they are building up the road here a short bit. There seems to be lots of work going on there these days.

“ I do not know any details about the jobs being offered there, like pay, or how long the job is going to last, or anything. I know that all of it will last at least a year. I am sure of that much.”

She finished speaking with a quick but firm smile.

“Oh yeah, well about where is it?,” I asked. “The work potential interests me greatly.”

“O.K. Just pull out here on Old Hub Washer's Road, and make a right. Go down for a couple of miles, make another right at the

light in town, and then, just keep going straight, and you will see it on the left. You honestly can't miss this place. It is a huge facility that they are building.”

“Yeah, I am going there at first light in the morning. What time does work begin, if you know? I figure at 0700 hours, if it is like everywhere else.”

“To tell you the truth, the people who stay here and go out to that job, leave out at about 0530 in the morning. So I am figuring that the job must begin around 0600 at this facility.”

“Well, if that is when everybody else is getting up and going, then so will I.”

“I will go ahead and tell you now, about half of them will lay out drunk come Monday morning. If you don't have any luck, then just go back out on the job site, come Monday morning at 0600 hours. You very well may get hired right there on the spot,” the lady said with a laugh as she tipped a clear glass full of water.

“I will remember that, and thanks for the information,” I replied to her.



“Yeah, anytime. We try to be as helpful to people as possible around here, in most cases.”

I turned and walked on out the door. Today was just Thursday, and I knew that Friday was not the best day to look for work. It seems like everybody just wants to quit and go home on that day, including management. Monday would, indeed, be a much better day to go out and search.

She was probably right. Half the job or more, would lay out drunk all weekend, and be horribly hung over come Monday morning. I, more-than-likely, could go and get hired, right there on the spot, just like this lady had said.

Later on that evening I rode out into town, and purchased a few cans of pork and beans, a packet of ham, and some light bread. I had coffee in the room already. That much automatically came with the room booking.

I also picked up a case of some good, ice cold beer. I liked this new stuff that they have came out with, the stuff with the extra eight point four percent alcohol.

I will watch T.V.. and just hang around the room tonight, I guess. I don't care to go out until the weekend, but even then, only if the event is fairly close to my room. I need to be somewhat frugal until my first good pay check rolls in. If I can get plenty of overtime, I can put fifteen hundred dollars in hand for the first week, and that much will not be bad at all for my first check. All that I can do is to hope for the best right now.

Come first light that following morning, I jumped out of bed, into my working clothes, and headed out the door to my truck. I was hungry and wanted coffee, but I wanted that job more. If the man tells me that I am hired, then I can come back to the room and celebrate with lots of coffee and good hot sandwiches. Maybe I will make a few friends along the way, I don't know? We will have to wait and see how everything pans out in the end.

Soon my truck pulled into the opened iron gate. To the left sat the foreman's mobile unit that the workers always affectionately labeled *The Foreman's Shack*. The road that the tires of my pickup truck rolled upon were thick with sand, that tended to

cause my truck to possess a rolling sensation as it slid slightly sideways on the sand. The road wound on inside for a few hundred yards and then I saw the other trucks and vehicles parked in a tree covered area off to the left hand side of this narrow dirt road. In the low light of early morning, I could hardly make any of them out.

I drove my truck on down to the end of the front row of vehicles, coming to rest in a parking place, right there at the end of the row. Just as soon as the ignition ceased, I opened the doors and got out of the truck.

The walk would be a fairly long one back to the foreman's shack, but it would be one that was worth doing, I felt. I soon walked up to the steps, opened the dirt covered doorknob, and walked across the threshold.

“What can we do for you?,” asked a large, thickly bearded man in a low pitched, hungover sounding kind of voice.

“Well, I want to work and I heard that I can get it here,” I replied.

“You've come to the right place, if you want to work, son. Come on inside the house, and step on over to the table, and fill out this application.”

He quickly reached above the record cabinet, seizing hold of an application from a large stack of others. He placed one of them in front of a seat at the table to his left.

“Well, just fill this out, and we'll talk afterward. I'll be outside there. Just come on out and find me when you finish, and we'll talk then.”

“All right, we'll do,” I replied as I walked over to the table.

I took my position in the seat and begin reading the long intensive application. I always hated filling out all of this stuff, because I felt that it was really unnecessary for the job itself. It was more like the job site was working with the ruling Fascist elite and the system at large, to keep up with the individual people and their personal movements. This thought made me shake my head and grit my teeth with a certain bitterness, but it was just the

way that things were, and what could I do about this, but to only grin and bear it?

It felt like it took me an hour or more to fill out the application, but finally I made it through to the end, completing the act with my personal signature. Now I had to go out on this huge job site and find this fellow.

The first man that I ran into, I was careful to ask him. A tattoo covered man with the shoulder length hair, was already covered with sand, appearing very tired as he labored in the sand of a large concrete footer directly in the sun and in the heat.

“Hoss, you seen the foreman anywhere?”

“You mean Blair?,” he replied.

“Yeah, I guess?,” I snapped.

“He was around about ten minutes ago. He went around on the other side of the site, where the large cooler area is. He is over there, I think,” he said as he pointed in that direction ahead.

“K, thanks fellow,” I replied.

“Anytime, anytime. If I see him I will try and find you,” he told me with a tired smile.

Deep down I knew that he wouldn't, but I understood the situation he was dealing with, and simply continued walking on this long, sand covered walk out in this ever increasing heat. Soon I was in the huge area called the large cooler area, but I did not run into this fellow, Blair, anywhere. Up ahead, I saw a man dressed Carhart coveralls, digging in the dirt with a pickaxe. *How did he tolerate such dress in this sun and heat?*, I thought as I neared him.

“Hello, now,” I said loudly, as the sweaty sun-browed man chopped into the earth. “You seen Blair anywhere?”

“Yeah, he's right around the corner there with the crew. You may have to wait awhile, since he is very busy. But he is over there.”

He quickly glanced back down and commenced chopping into the sand.

“K, guess I'll take a walk, and see if I can catch him.”

I rounded the corner, and sure enough, this rather large, well muscled, heavily tattooed man with a chest length sandy beard, was poised there giving directions in a very demanding tone of voice. His heavy voice sounded distorted when combined with all of the other noise from running motors, air compressed jack hammers, and large Hilti-drills everywhere. I proceeded to walk through the yellow dirt that was mounded up all around, heading toward him.

“Yeah?,” he asked, glancing up as he continued to speak with the men in front of him. He quickly gazed in my direction.

“Just stand to the side there, please, and I'll be right with you in a moment.”

A period of time passed that felt like more than an hour, but finally he broke off with his engagement, walking over toward me.

“I'll tell you what,” he said looking toward me as he panted in the sweltering heat. “You just come back here at 0600 hours Monday morning, right ready to work. We're paying carpenters

twelve seventy an hour, and we have all the over time that you can stand to work. We are working seven days a week.

“I just want to repeat, that we have lots of heavy work to do, so you just come here, and be right ready to work. Every day we have people quit who just can take it, but the work has to be done and it *will* be done, no matter what. That's what this company has me here for.., to see that the work gets done; and it will, if it's over my dead body!”

“Well, I'll sure be here and be ready to work. I will not quit, if I can get the time that you just spoke of.”

“Well you can get it, but you just have to be here on time, and be ready to produce when you get here,” he said through the heavy breathing and pouring sweat.

I turned and walked on, heading back toward the parking lot. I had the job, and for now, that much was all that mattered to me.

Soon I was getting back into the cab of my pickup truck and heading toward the hotel room again that I was presently residing in. On the inside I had the feeling of time that had been well



spent, and of a mission accomplished. When I pulled up to the hotel office lobby, I decided to walk inside, and pick up a doughnut and a cup of piping hot, jet coffee. Believe it or not, the heat from a cup of coffee strangely felt as it cooled me off as I sweated.

“Did you get the job?,” asked the flaxen haired beauty who had now returned behind the counter.

“Yeah, I sure as shootin' did. The man said be there at first light, come Monday morning. The pay was twelve seventy, and it was all of the overtime that one could stand to work.”

“Well I'll be darned,” said the lady. “Now I guess that is something to celebrate later this evening. Why don't you come over here to our new hotel lounge, and have a tall cold one on the house tonight? I don't do things like this for just anybody, you know.”

“Well, what makes me so special then,” I said with a laughing smile of surprise?

“I don't know. Something about you is just different from most of the others, I guess. Most that come in here and ask to stay by the week, are just local losers, I guess. I can tell it without even looking at their booking information. But., I could tell that you were not one of them. I feel that you are going to make something one day in the future.”

“I sure hope so,” I said with another laugh and a smile.

“Where is the lounge? I don't see one from where I now sit?”

“It's right through these doors and in the very back. See? Right through here.” she said as she pointed at the large heavy double glass doors behind her.

“Be in around 2100 hours this evening, I guess. All of the music will be going, plenty of lights, and everything will be right then, to be sure about it.”

“I'll be there.. Yes I will be there. I don't get really good offers very much.”

She laughed as she continued speaking.

“Well you had better be there. I don't want to waste good money for nothing.”

Time passed that felt like for ever. I figure that it was because nothing worthy of a mention really happened that day. Finally the time came for the appointment at the lounge, and the good cold drink, and what I hoped would be some decent conversation with that beauty standing behind the counter.

I walked into the lobby that was now completely empty, but I could hear the music playing from behind the double doors. I walked on through, down a long corridor that seemed like it ran for many yards into the distance. Soon I arrived at a set of double doors on my right hand side, and I passed through them.

Upon my entering inside, the room was so dark that I was forced to pause, just to allow my eyes time to adjust to the light. Soon I made out the bar before me.

To the right hand side of the bar was the dance floor with the rotating multicolored lights flashing. All behind the dance floor

were the seating booths for the patrons to sit, order, eat food, and drink the many drinks that were being served.

The only problem with it all that I was seeing now, was that there were very few people inside the lounge to order much of anything. Furthermore, I did not see the lady at all. I finally glanced around and chose a seat; pausing, though somewhat hesitatingly, to take my seat.

It wasn't that bad, just sitting here relaxing in the cool of the air conditioner, thinking out loud to myself about all that had happened in the last few days prior. I gazed around.

Slowly the place seemed to be filling up with more people, one at a slow time. Then suddenly, I saw her as she rounded the corner and glanced in my direction. She was wearing light white short sleeved shirt, and a very thin, pink mini-skirt that seemed more like a light mist than a real skirt. Had it been daylight, I imagined that I could have seen right through it.

Her radiant clear complexioned face shone like a new sun, almost lighting up the establishment with the joy of her happy

personality. She soon sauntered over to the seat where I sat, musing myself.

“Oh, there you are! For a minute I was wondering if you were even going to show up,” she said as she laughed with glee.

“Yeah, I never was one to turn down gracious offers. It seems more and more like they don't come around very much these days,” I replied

“Yeah, they probably don't. Money doesn't seem to flow as thickly for anybody these days, as it once did. I just wanted to make an exception for you, since you were obviously new in town,” she smiled as she spoke.

“So tell me, now, how new are you in town here, or have you been here all of the time?,” I inquired in a sudden, serious tone of voice.

“I am not all that new. I have been here for the last ten years, I guess,” she laughed.

“What bought you here, if you don't mind me asking?”

“I followed my ex who was following his mother. I just kind of.. got stuck until I could decide what I was going to do next. That's all I guess,” she said with a laugh.

“I don't see how a lady like you could ever have an ex. Who in his right mind would ever want to leave you?,” I replied while trying not to be so serious.

“It did not exactly work out that way. We just kind of.. parted from each other, I guess you might say. He is long gone now, and that is just the way it all went down. And so., here I am now,” she said with a short laugh and a broad smile.

“Well that is not too bad for a life; at least, I don't think so.”

“Yeah? Well there are some around here who would think so, but what about you? Do you have an ex? What brings you into town?,” she proceeded to ask me.

“No, I do not have a real ex, or anything. I am just looking for opportunity, I guess. Most of the places that I have visited do not really have any real, honest, paying work opportunity, and that is what I am looking for.; and maybe, just a bit of adventure along

the way, I guess it is that you might say? I have always been an adventurer, you know,” I said to her as I looked into her eyes.

“Oh yeah? Well, you may find some adventure around here. I can't say exactly how good it would be, but you may find some adventure here. It was much better once upon a time, but I guess that it's not all that bad. 'Tis not that good as they say, but not all that bad either, I suppose,” she snapped.

“I don't like bad adventure, but I can say that I have, in fact, had a bit of it in my day. What is so bad about this place?,” I asked inquiringly. “I don't see anything all that bad here thus far.”

“Well, you have probably noticed it, but the Ziminoa have taken over here, big-time. I hate to say it like that, and all, but they have certainly taken over, and the general quality of life here is just not nearly as positive as it once was,” she informed me curtly.

“What do ya mean?,” I asked, just to see if her information matched what I had observed in my earlier travels.

“Well these little green skinned, baboon looking gargoyles are some really rude, crass, uncivilized little monkeys, as far as I am concerned. All of them behave just like they think that somebody around here owes them something.

“I mean, they demand first choice of the few job opportunities. They demand for all of us to just, step back, and let them get first place in any line that forms around here. Everywhere we go, we are all forced to listen to their stupid, disgusting music blasting from every speaker. I hate it with all of my heart!

“Everything is getting rooster crowing ridiculous around here, man! Even when everybody just steps backwards, and allows them to take what they want, that still is not enough! The crime rate around here has almost doubled since the government turned them all lose!

“I was going to tell you, since you are an outsider, to watch out. They are getting into the local Government. I mean, they are really taking over! I would not be surprised if we did not have a



Ziminoan president in this country one day very soon, to speak the truth about it all.”

“Is that all?,” I asked. “That seems to be really common place all over; at least, as far as I can tell from my travels to different places.

“No,” she replies. “No, that is not all. The authorities take up for these *zunderlings*, as we locals call them. It doesn't matter what they do to *you*, if you put up any resistance at all, it is *you who* will be prosecuted; not them, and they are the one's who are at fault for it! It is getting really ridiculous. Many people are talking of moving far away, maybe out of State, or maybe completely out of country,” she exclaimed with obvious exasperation.

“That is crazy. How is it that the government can just allow these corporations to ship your job base out, then tell these rash, volatile beings, that the reason it is that they cannot find work is because they have somehow been discriminated against in the far distant past, long before anybody now alive was ever even born,

if ever, at all. I can tell you it is a dirty pathetic lie, designed only to play one group off against another, with the intent of hiding the fact that everybody, including they themselves, is getting the shaft,” I replied with an informative tone in my voice.

“Yeah, well, what I just told you is only a part of it around here. Prices are going up like crazy. I mean, gas is already four dollars a gallon. A loaf of bread is over two dollars a loaf. These same infidels who are in control of the country, are even passing laws to let two men to marry, or two women.

“I mean, such a proclamation is not any kind of marriage, but only a masquerade of some sort. That is a way of flipping off the good Lord in heaven above. This perverted scandal is not a marriage, fellow, but a bloody sick perversion, I tell you!,” the lady snapped with emotion in her voice.

“Yeah, if I was the Lord I would surly destroy this place. I can tell you that much. I would reduce this place into nothing but smolder and ash, and start all over from the very beginning,” I replied with a slight laugh.

“Well, I didn't mean to sound negative, but since you were new in town, I just thought that I would let you know what you were in for around here. I am looking to get out, to tell you the honest truth about it. Such as you mentioned is really what we all here fear most, I tell you.

“This government acts in complete defiance of the Lord God in heaven. Since these regulations are the opposite of the ones given in the holy book, then it must be the forces of Satan who are in control of this nation, and indeed, in the process of literally destroying it all together.

“What shocks me most of all, is how truly weak the average Americans are not to even raise a single finger against any of it at all, and just allow their own nation to be destroyed like this from within. I am telling you that the average American, even the so called good ones, will be condemned for their choice of inaction, just as much as the guilty will surly be. That much is why us good people are wanting to leave this nation, and soon.”

“Don't look so sad about it. Such was bound to happen,” I said.

“It was all predicted. Even the national patriarchs said so, like Jefferson particularly.”

“Yeah, but the coming after affects are what is to be feared most of all,” spoke the lady. “All of us, whom are of any religious sort, and know the words of our holy book, are in fear of a looming catastrophe that is surly coming upon us. Another sad observation is that fewer of us in this town, *are* of the religious sort any more. I guess that is just another sign of our deteriorating, corrupting present day circumstance.”

“Well, lady, I guess all that we can do is just hold our own, grin and bear it all,” I kind of laughed to her trying to break the ice. “I can tell you this much, it will all pass from the scene in due course of time. That is one promise that I can honestly make, and I know that it will keep itself. Everything will pass from the scene eventually, no matter how bad or how good it is. Everything will pass.

“It is like the wheel of fortune actually exists. When things are really good, we should prepare for that day when the bad will come, because it most certainly will. When things are bad, then we should all look up with joy, because a much better day lies just ahead of us.”

“We will all have to, for the time being,” spoke the lady. “We will have to just endure until we can uplift ourselves and decide exactly what the right moves are for us to make that are most advantageous to us and our situations. Any drastic action demands a proper amount of fore-thought. I don't want to just rush out in some sort of heated irrational haste.

“The only ones who make those sorts of decisions are the Ziminoa. Now do I look like a Ziminoa? Do I look like a short, puke green, gargoyle baboon?”

“Well, maybe a bit so,” I said jokingly.

“Oh, come on now! Let me tell you. Down next to the beach, over in old Alemannia town about three years ago or so. Do you remember that big hurricane that they had back then?”

“No, not really. I never heard of it. I am not from here, you know. Tell me about it,” I replied with a laugh.

“Well, anyway, a category five storm was barreling toward this town from the high seas. It took some five days to reach the shore. Well, you know, the town sits below sea level by thirty feet or so. The dikes that held the water back at that time were constructed over two hundred years ago, with not many repairs since then.

“When any of us said that they had better be packing out, these pathetic ignorant beings claimed that we were just full of fear, and that nothing at all was going to happen. Maybe we were planning to come in and rob them when they left, they said!

“Can you see just how stupid and imperceptible these zunderlings are? I mean, the thought of it all, like they really had something anybody would even want!

“Well, the storm hit and had moved up to a category seven, by that time. The old dikes collapsed, and forty thousand of them

wound up dead, of course. But you know what I heard them saying after it all happened?

“No,” I laughed. “I can only wonder about it.”

“They said that the government must have warned the *Ueiskuning* Nephilim about the storm, and then labored over time to help them get out at the expense of their numbers who perished. The government had planned this terrible atrocity and designed it to cause so many of their deaths in an effort to wipe them out, they all claimed loudly!

“ I mean, come on man! There comes a time when people have to see what is going on, and then use their God given minds to take action and neutralize the situation.”

“Yes, no doubt about it!,” I agreed with a slight laugh and a nod.

“Too bad we are forced to live around them, that is, unless we go into the northwest territory of the country. Maybe parts of the mid-west have very few, or it did so last time that I was traveling

through. It all might be worth our time to investigate the next time that we decide to travel out on vacation.

“I guess that you might say that I have been doing that, looking for a new home, for a wide variety of differing reasons. The greatest prevailing reason was employment opportunities and general rise in quality of life. Lots of places these days just seem to be in a state of deterioration.

“We complain about the social deterioration, but we also have an economic deterioration to go right along with it. Then we have all of these repressive laws being passed to steal away our individual freedom and economic opportunity as individuals. Everything is getting to the point that it is just not worth it to live anywhere in the States.

“Like I said earlier, I want to investigate the Northwestern States. Maybe it will be worth it out there. But I agree with you, it is sure not worth it here, in this part of the country anymore, for all of the reasons above that we have spoke of,” I smiled as I spoke to her.



“So, tell me now. How long are you in town for,” asked the smiling lady as she casually lit a cigarette with her right hand?

“I do not know. I have not set a time. I just kind of act on the feeling. If it feels like I need to move, then I move. I don't have a plan set on paper, or in stone.”

“Oh, I see. You're not gypsy, now are you? They tend to come here, and then do like that. I see them all of the time while doing this business that I do,” said the lady as she continued to smile, glancing away periodically to blow a cloud of pungent smoke.

“Oh no, I am not gypsy by no means, but I am just looking for a place in which I feel comfortable, I guess, and I am determined to just keep moving until I find it,” I quickly informed her.

“What if you move until the day that you drop dead? When are you going to settle down? Do you have a family? A wife? Any children? Any parents?,” she continued to inquire.

“Well, I have parents, but they certainly do not live anywhere that I want to live. As far as the rest, I do not have any of them. I

don't have any children that I know anything about,” I said with a laugh, just trying to break the ice. “What about you?”

“Well I have my parents, and I have children, but they are all grown now. I am both sad and glad at the same time, if that makes any sense to you,” she said as she drew a smoke from the cigarette that she held in her right hand.

“At least you admit the possibility that you *could* have children *somewhere* out there. Most men would never admit it like that.”

“Yes, I figure that those are the men who get those midnight door knocks from strange people, only to find out that the person is telling them that, he or she, is their long lost child from who knows where, and when,” I said with a slight laugh, and another smile.

“That's right,” shrugged the lady, “that sort of thing happens all of the time. I mean, I hear it all the blessed time doing this business. People come in here to tell me all of their problems, like they do not have any body else to talk to, you know. I listen and

most of the time, have very little in reply to tell them. I just listen.”

“Well, sometimes that is the best thing to do, just sit and listen, you know,” I said with a slight chuckle

“I hope so,” the lady continued to say as she smiled.

“So tell me something, right now..?, I suddenly asked bluntly

“Alright, I am all ears,” she replied with the same smiling face.

“How many men come in here and tell you, that you are the most attractive thing that they have seen in a long while, my lady?,” I asked her as I eased closer toward her in a serious kind of motion.

“Well now..,just look at you there! I don't have lines thrown at me like that often nowadays, that's for sure!”

“No now, it wasn't just a line. But answer another question, if you can do so?,” I asked again.

She turned and looked at me without smiling this time. Then her face suddenly burst with a broad smile.

“Yeah, I guess so. I guess that I can answer some more questions.”

“How many men come in here and tell you that they see something in you, and think that you have potential for them as their woman?” I inquired bluntly again.

The woman suddenly got a serious hard look on her once cheerful face....

“Just wait a minute here, now. I am no-body's *woman*! I am my own, and only my own. Always have been so, and always will be so.. We need to get this matter straight right now!,” she snapped with a sudden streak of anger.

“Yeah? Well that no-body must be some sort of a lucky man.”

The woman hesitated with a hard glare, then suddenly burst out with laughter again, lifting her head to look directly into my serious face.

“You kill me, you know? I have not been here talking to you but an hour, or maybe two, or so, but you are already getting to me. I don't know what to think about it all, just to tell you the

truth. So do tell me now, indeed, what should I think about all of this talk?"

"Hmm., now talk? I never said anything about talk. You said that, did you not?," I laughed.

She burst into laughter again, hanging her head as she did so, then she lifted her face to meet mine. This time with a solid serious look on her face.

"No seriously, now. What *am* I to make of it," she said as she gazed directly into my eyes?

"What do you want to make of it? It's up to you. *You* can make something of it, or *we* can make something of it. I am telling you, it's all your call.

"I am going to be in town for a while. I don't know when it is that I will exit out and move on down the road. All that I do know is this much. When I do exit out, you are free to come with me, if you like."

She paused, continuing to fix her gaze intensively on me before speaking again.

“I am going to have to give that matter some thought.” She began to smile once again.

“Yeah, well you do that. Give it all some thought., and then just maybe I'll still be around to give you a decent response.”

In my right hand pants pocket I kept a nice gold plated railroad pocket watch. It was not an original, but a really high quality wind up reproduction, complete with an alarm and all of that on it. It opened and closed up in an elaborately decorated twenty four carat gold case all of it's own. I glanced down at it's face.

“Yes, well I guess that it's getting time for me to go now. I want another drink. You want a drink on me? I think I am going to get a gin and tonic on the rocks myself.”

“Naw,” replied the lady. “I am going to go now. You are right. I think that it is time for rest.”

The lady then arose, carefully crushing her cigarette into the dish tray on the counter, glancing over at me with a sly look in her eyes, then casually walked off. I only gazed toward her as she did

so. I lifted my right hand in signal to the bar maid, who then briskly walked up to take my order.

“Yeah, I'll have a gin and tonic, please. Make that, on the rocks, please!”

“Sure sir, coming right up,” she said as she walked away.

I sit back into the seat cushion, just savoring the relaxing feeling and the revolving lights from the dance floor. I had been so engrossed in the conversation that I never even bothered to notice the music, the dancers, or how full the room was with people. I soon tipped up the glass and consumed my last swallow.

A short skirted bar waitress soon walked up, then paused before me.

“Sir, have another? What may I get for you?”

“I'm O.K., but thanks anyway.”

“Yeah, well just let me know what I can get for you, and I will.”

“I am O.K., for the moment, anyway,” I replied.

I continued to sit in the seat watching the dancers and thinking of the lady. I do not know why it was that I gave her any passing thought, but only that I did. I did not really even particularly like the lady.

The truth is I thought that she was attractive, very attractive. She was an O.K. conversationalist., only O.K. at her very best. She did not appear to be intellectually inclined to any extent at all. She was not a rattle head, as we used to say. She just did not seem to have any intellectual qualities that attracted me to her.

All of that being said, somehow I just could not get her face out of my mind. I hated that fact about myself, that I had so much trouble avoiding the potential for what I knew to be forth coming trouble, especially when that trouble came in the form of some sort of personal weakness that I felt a present compulsion to indulge in.

The beginnings of trouble for me was always one of the two or in some form of one or the other, and those two were women and



liquor. I am forced by circumstance to admit it, I love them both on equal terms.

Even though I have partaken of each, thousands of different times and tasted several hundred flavors of each, I still could not get enough ,and I knew all too well that fact to be so. I honestly did not want it to be so, but deep down I knew that I would be visited by a somewhat undesired, relatively attractive, slightly jaded angel, sometime in the middle of the night. I just knew it. I hated the fact, but I knew that it would be true. And sadly, I would never be able to say no.

I soon arose, walking from the booth and the dance floor, and through the double doors leading out of the bar room. It was like I was out of myself and walking beside myself, as my poor empty corpse just ambled along. Before I knew it, my hands were placing themselves on the knob of the door that entered into the small efficiency room where I was presently living. I opened the door somewhat hesitatingly., and guess what I found laying right there in my own bed?

“So.. sir, I thought that you would never make it here. What on earth took you so long?,” the lady glanced up and spoke in my direction.

“What are you doing here? How did you get into my room?,” I snapped with firmness in my voice.

“I do not see you bothering to throw me out. Now, am I not right?,” she slyly spoke.

“Yeah, well it appears to me that you have indeed, made yourself, shall we say, so available?,” I replied not knowing to be angry, happy, confused, or what.

“That may be true, sir. Yes, it does seem that I have somewhat.. made myself available, as you say, but the final choice is yours. You could just turn and walk out of here. Is that not true?”

“Oh yeah?, and where the hell am I going to go? Just tell me now, where am I going to go?,” I asked her, now becoming a bit angered by her questions and her presence.

“Well, there are lots of places, like...”

“Oh yeah, like where?,” I snapped.

“Well like., the club, maybe?”

“I have already been to the club, I am tired of that. I don't want to go there!,” I interrupted and snapped.

“Well, you could go for a walk out on the sidewalk in front of the hotel here. There are still a few storefront businesses open right now.”

“Well?, what now brown cow?,” I snapped, no longer caring if I sounded hateful.

“So see?,” she interrupted. “As I was saying all along, the choice is yours. Your final choice could be to simply just throw me out.., like a Tarzan man, or something. You could just pick me up and throw me out of this room, right on through that door there. Now that's just what you could do!,” she snapped with a concealed smile.

“Yeah, and I should do that, I tell you! I should just up and throw you right out that still opened door in front of us there!”

I hesitatingly walked over to push the door too, then slowly removed my outer clothes, while dimming the lights as I prepared for bed. I really was more tired than anything else on that night.

I didn't even want to argue with this broad. All that I wanted to do was feel those clean, soft covers on my body and face, then just shut my eyes, and fade away for the night. That is *all* that I honestly wanted to do.

“See, you made the move to get into the bed, did you not?,” she said with a sly smile, as I lay there beside her.

“Yeah, that much may be true, but the very least that you can do is just be quiet, and let me sleep here tonight. I am tired, and just want to sleep.”

“No problem, no problem! Then just close your eyes and go right on ahead to sleep,” she said as she turned over with a smile.

I shut my eyes ., and *BOOM*, morning was already there. It felt as though I just closed them What made things worse was that I felt as though I had lay down to retire for the evening only a few

minutes ago, and here it was time for me to begin this long day all over again.

I felt that I had only dreamed of the job that I had done all day; the following night was the same pathetic dream about the labor during the course of the prior day long, over and over. I hated that when it happened. It was a sign that I had labored way too intensely during the course of the day. My daily intention was to labor steadily and intelligently, not begrudgingly.

I quickly leaped to my feet and out onto the floor beside the bed. I walked into the bathroom and stepped into the tub, carefully adjusting the water knob to the luke warm setting. I snatched off the remaining tee shirt and underwear shorts.

It felt really good to let the warm water spray over my nude body first thing in the morning like this. I can see why the Indians used to leap into the river every morning before starting their days. Doing so just lights that certain spark ,that fires one's motor for the entire remainder of the day. I could go on for ever, so I felt at the moment.

I stepped out of the tub, being careful to wrap the towel around me as I entered into the room. Strangely enough, the lady had suddenly up and disappeared! As far as I could tell, she was nowhere to be found at the moment.

The covers that had once graced her body were all laying there in a heap on her side of the bed. But that was alright, for the moment. I didn't have time to look for her. I had to grab a bite in the local cafe, and then make my way out onto the job.

In the cafe where I occasionally ran into her during past morning hours, I silently hoped to see her again. I was somewhat disappointed when her smiling face did not appear from within the crowd. This time, it really seemed as though I would not ever see her again.

I do not know why it was that I even wanted to see her at all. For some strange reason, however, I caught myself with this raw uncomfortable urge, this magnetizing draw to her smile, and that gentle appearing face. Her very bubbling personality seemed to captivate me.

I wondered to myself in silence, if feeling this way was all a big mistake of some sort; a mistake that I had made on a number of times in the past years of my life , and should have learned a lesson from by now.

I went on to work that day. It was an intense day, laboring in the mucking mud and the shattered stone of crumbled concrete. It had rained for most of the night, so it appeared from the puddles that morning on the job site.

The gasoline motorized pumps snorted and ran continuously, the electric sump pumps hummed, and the flow of the pumped water sloshed over what seemed like a horrible alien landscape from another world, somewhere way out in the outer void; but the work still had to be completed.

The company contract was nearing the deadline, and if it fell behind, then it would be forced to pay the customer money, and not the other way around. That meant that we had to get into the mud and build those concrete forms, according to all proper blue print specifications.

The supervisors were especially strict now, with the deadline nearing. The reason that they were so strict was because the customer was beginning to notice every small detail, as though they were questioning the competency of the company in completing the contracted task.

Every now and then I would glance up from the hole that I was working in and I would see Blair engaged in what appeared to be some heated arguments with strange people, whom I had never noticed around there before. Of course, all of them wore white hats, so I could not tell the status of any of them, except that I knew that they were not tradesmen in job title. I also figured that they were members of the customer corporation.

I wore some very well worn boots on my feet. This meant that my shoes were full of holes, some very large, especially at the toe ends of the boots. This was a result of my belief in using something completely up before getting anything new.

I have always found a way to survive the day during these types of situations. I looked around at the others, most of whom



appeared to wince and whine when their boots filled with the putrid water. As I looked around, I glanced to the side on the ground, spotting an old green trash bag tossed haphazardly to one side. This was it, this was the solution to my problem that I was searching for!

I walked over to the plastic bag, picked it up, and then proceeded to slice it open. I cut it in half. To the side, on the top of a cinder-block pallet, I noticed an ignored roll of duct tape. I wrapped both of my feet with the plastic, then taped them tight around my jean covered shins with the tape. This tactic would effectively seal all moisture from my feet and the inside of my boots.

Now I could walk in mud and water knee deep, without any fears of getting my flesh wet. What amused me most was when I glanced around and noticed others doing the same thing that I was doing, as though they could have never thought of the trick themselves, all on their own.

It seemed that the ones who moved the quickest to imitate me, were the same ones who appeared to be complaining the most, when I glanced around earlier. To be quite honest, I got mad somewhat about this, mad that grown adults could not think for themselves to figure such simple matters of life out.

At the same time, however, I felt proud that I was the one leading, and not feeling as though I should be following someone else's lead. In a strange sense, I felt as if I held some sort of authority over the others around me when they imitated my lead in this manner.

Before I knew it, the day had ended and I found myself going right back to the room, getting cleaned up again, and making my way back to the cafe once more. I got the usual, a plate of spaghetti with meatballs and a large glass of fresh mango juice.

I looked around and it did not seem that she was there anywhere. After a while, I quit glancing around for her, and proceeded to continue on deep inside my own thoughts.

Why was it that I even cared? Who was she to me? She was only a lame broad who beat me to my own room, who may have thought that I had some money, or status in life, and was out for a free lunch. That was the way that it usually was, they all behaved as though they thought that I had some secret store of wealth or something. Why was I expecting this occasion to be any different?

When I completed my meal, I headed back down toward the lounge. In the distance as I walked down that seemingly long corridor, I could hear the soft thump of music, and the now soft chatter of evening talk engaging in socializing conversation.

Maybe I would chance to meet some interesting character, who was an adventurer just as I am. I had a deep craving to meet such personality types, since there seemed to be so few and far between these days.

Most people, so it seemed to me, just accepted their fates as they were, never daring to challenge anything, just accepting whatever fate that the ruling authority had to throw at them, even if it

did insult their very manhood, or individuality, let alone tradition..., and especially any sort of blood tradition.

The elite few in charge of the system must be laughing at the weakness of the people at large, and their ability to believe in self-destructing lies, the largest of these lies being the ones that they swallow down hardest first. It was really all shocking and at the same time, very disgusting for me to bear witness to this base deterioration.

What disgusted me most was when I witnessed men who once stood tall in their local church, publicly denouncing the sins of Sodom and Gomorrah as being insult to the God in high heaven above, now telling people to be tolerant of these types when the elite threatened to terminate him from his job for being so outspoken.

In one case, I even know of a man who went as far as to *encourage* the men of his very church congregation, to marry one another, when the Federal government threatened to terminate him from his job and confiscate his retirement for the purpose of

researching cures for those plagues that suddenly pop up from amid those nefarious population groups, who were subject to this most base of perverted demented debauchery.

Then there were the Ziminoa, who once were the scourge of the entire population..., and those weak, ever so pathetic human individuals, who once spoke so loudly to condemn them among the beasts of the field. Now were seen carrying horrid grandchildren who were combined of the two bloods, with one appearing as a relatively well behaved, somewhat attractive human; and the other, a grotesque pointy eared, puke-green skinned, gargoyle baboon-like beast monstrosity, who possessed the personality and intelligence of both a dog and a decrepit baboon combined, with the general manners in every situation encountered, of a filthy mud wallowing pig.

How disgustingly horrible it was to bear witness to this destruction, not just of a culture born from a gift in individual liberty, but the complete demise of the most consummate in blood; and of an entire supreme race of people at large, with those

of whom had so publicly denounced the scourge the loudest being the ones now speaking so favorably of it, bearing such newly invested fervor.

The most sickening fact was discovering that the motivation for this great reversal in direction, was simply fear of losing employment, or some sort of retirement savings.; or worse, fearing to offend a newly deceived majority of their gathering coworkers , and the negative opinionated condemning label that this gathering might abruptly choose to hang on them, pulled from the thin air surrounding.

Where was the mass denouncement of such property seizures as being in violation of our sacred constitution? Where, then, was the sacred cry for revolution, that same cry heard by the ears of our blood forefathers and carried forward into the minds, hearts, and even on still forward into the very souls of our future generations?

Why did we close our ears to the hallowed call? Were we so weak as a nation, as a collective constitutional people, as a single

united blood, once destined to dominate but presently condemned into the waste-bin of past glorious movements; now eternally faded into nothing but a base, putrid, waste water sewage depository? Why must we as a collective group, stand silent, and cater to those base, most destructive of foreign alien interests?

So it appeared, such was the way of the masses in majority and all that the remainder of us could do was tolerate the circumstance, and accept their most destructive tyrannical, neo-national socialist systemic transformation, or so they would have us to believe.

I passed through the large double glass doors of the lounge, taking the same seat that I did the night before when I met with the lady at the table. Maybe I would chance to meet her again, I thought to myself in silence. I looked around, but failed to spot her forever smiling face from among the milling crowd.

The talk increased amid the crashing of glass bottles, and the pour of invigorated liquid. People, strangely enough, now seemed

more willing to converse, and more free with their speech. I guess it was all due to the invigorating drink.

I focused my gaze upon the gathering crowd in the center of the dance floor. Soon I spotted her hair bundled up as she usually keeps it. Sure enough, the more I looked, the more I was convinced that I had spotted her.

My feelings were mixed, suddenly going from wanting to see her very deeply, to not being sure that I wanted to even see her at all. I could not understand why this feeling stood as it was. Maybe deep down, I really did not want to see her at all, but somehow I felt obligated to just say hello, or to simply chat a bit, for some unknown reason.

Soon her eyes lifted to meet mine. Her hand waved above her head as she started to walk my way.

“Hello, hello!,” she yelled as she neared my seat. “Hello! I had a feeling that you would make it here tonight. Why did you not come on in earlier?,” she asked as she screamed above the loud thumping music.



“I have just got off work,” I replied. “It was really a tough day, with the rain last night, and all. I had to work in all of that mud from the rains and everything. We were falling down on the contract, somewhat slipping, and soon to be behind, if we are not careful, I fear. This means lots of overtime. We may even go to seven days straight,” I replied.

“That would suck,” she said with a laugh.

“Well, It would be lots of overtime. So it would not be all that bad, I guess in the end,” I replied.

“What about the weekend? What about all of your friends? What about the drinking parties? What about all of the dance sessions, like this one? Where will you be?,” she said with a laugh and a smile.

“Looks like I will be at work,” I laughed. “But there will be more time, more time to play around. This overtime stuff will not last forever. I can tell you that much, and the money will be really good. That's how I am looking at it.”

“Well honey, I say that we don't live for ever. So we had better enjoy any extra time that we have, and live for the moment,” she replied.

“Oh yeah?,” I snapped. “Is that why you just appeared in my bed room the other night? You were just living for the moment?”

“Oh, well my oh my,” snapped the lady. “What have we here? If the man does not want to apply glue and tie some really big strings!”

“No, I never said that,” I snapped. “I never said that at all. I would never think of such.”

“Oh no?,” she replied as she placed both hands on her hips. “Well what you said sure as hell sounded like it to me!”

She paused and stood with a rigid glare, as she spoke in very firm words.

“Well, look here fellow. I ain't no man's woman! You got that? I am my own woman, and that is the end of that thought! You got me, man?”

“Yeah, I got you, and you can just keep on being your own woman, right on up until the day that you die. Then in the end it will be just you, only you to remind yourself or every wrong direction that you have ever chosen to take was all your own responsibility, and no one else..! You got that now? Do ya hear me?,” I suddenly spouted, almost with a new anger at her stubborn difficulty.

She hung her head, then began gently weeping, shaking her head as if she did not know what direction to take now with my response thrown so suddenly into her unsuspecting face.

She placed her face into her hands, then suddenly ripped them from their place, thrusting them by her side, and racing forward in my direction.

“You know, Bennie, I just don't know what to do,” she screamed as she stood before me, weeping bitterly. “That is my problem in life since I first began. I just never could decide exactly what to do.

“Indecision is a serious weakness in my personality. This weakness is one that has kept me from accomplishing many things by hesitating, and the opportunity just passing me by! I guess this time you are offering me an opportunity and.., I suppose.., that too shall just.. pass me on by as well!”

“Well that decision is up to you. I have never been guilty of pushing anybody into anything. You are of a free mind. You are your own woman, remember?,” I laughed as I spoke.

“Yes, I remember, but a woman who is bound to miss opportunity.., opportunity that I cannot afford to miss any longer.”

She rushed forward into my arms as I stood by the table. In all honesty, previously I really did not know whether I would wind up standing alone, or if she would race into my waiting arms after all. It was a gamble, one I did not worry about, but one that was bound to be taken. One that must be taken.

As the music played we danced every dance, especially the slow dances.., seemed as though she loved the slow dances best..

Seemed like my head was caught up in the spin of the world as our bodies whirled in circles on the dance floor..

Seemed as though a gray haze fell before my eyes, and there was much that I did not see on that night, but the really sad thing was, that I did not even care about seeing anything much on that night. All that I was concerned with was what was occurring at that very moment...

Indeed I was guilty of the same sin as she herself was.., just living for the pleasure in the moment., in fact., living with no plans at all for the future.

Every night we were to meet., at the grocery store after work, at the local church, at the corner hardware store, where we would then ride off and go out in the surrounding countryside. If we passed the home of a friend of hers who had some sort of outdoor gathering, then we would just stop on in unannounced.

Most of her friends were just as we were and guilty of our same sins, so in the end it all felt as though it really did not matter much.

Soon a month passed, then two, and soon three , and four. Then she finally asked me;

“Do you want to visit my folks? We can stop by my folk's house, if you would like?”

“I do not know, are you sure?,” I inquired. I honestly didn't care to meet her family, to speak the truth about it.

“Yeah, they'll not ever care. They are pretty cool, you'll see. There are few people on this earth with folks like mine. You'll see.”

“Alright then, lets go!,” I spoke complyingly.

We rode for about thirty minutes down a long country road, or should I say, wilderness road. Soon we came to a large soybean field, some three hundred yard square. By the roadside sat a worn out clap-board shack, with a ragged wooden door.

“Stop right here. Here it is. Here is their home. You can see, there are no other homes around anywhere, so that means their home will be really easy to find from now on.”

“You live here.,with them?”

“No, but sometimes I will stay, especially when my mother has problems. She is diabetic and she will have problems at times.

“ Then, I don't like her fiancée. He has a real attitude. I don't see why she or anybody else, would ever even consider marrying him. Sometimes she and him will fight and he will walk out on her. That is when I may drop by and pay her a visit, just to comfort her, and tell her that all will be well soon.”

We get out and walk up to the old shack. She steps up to the door and knocks sharply.

“Mother! Mother! Are you home? Are you awake?”

Soon I hear footsteps and then suddenly the handle snaps, and the heavy wooden door creaks open, revealing a pallid, very wrinkled, ragged haired lady, who was really not that much older than I myself was at the time. It was just that the years of hard living were beginning to catch up with her, only to wear her down where one could look at her and tell it.

She seemed to struggle to raise her arms, just to catch the neck of her daughter. If she had recently awakened, I could not believe it since it was around twelve o'clock noon time by now.

“Hello child,” she said in a low rumbling voice. “Your mom had a rough night last night, let me tell ya”

“Yeah, well I thought that, since I called and could not get any answer,” she replied. “Where is Johnny? Did he leave? Did he walk out on you again?”

She hung her head and began to weep.

“Yeah, he got so mad last night., just because I did not have his supper cooked for him when he came home after work! He proceeded to tell me that I was no good for any thing, and that he had out-right whores who could take better care of him than I ever bothered to. He said all of this right before he stomped out on me last night. Besides that..., I think..., I think he's seeing another woman!”

Sharon then hung her head, glancing back up into her mother's beholding face.



“Well did you tell him to just go on back to one of those whores? That is what you should have done., just tell him to go on back. He is good-for-nothing anyway. You deserve better than that, mother.”

She then began to weep once more, hesitating to look up into her daughter's face.

“Well, if I should ever tell him that, then he might just walk out and never return.”

“So what, mother, just let him go. Then go out and find a real man! They are plenty of them out there in this world. I can tell you that much!”

Her mother began to weep, then glanced over toward me.

“Who is this? You never did introduce him to me.”

“Yeah, his name is Benjamin, I just call him Benny, as do all of the other people. He lives in the hotel where I work. He is working on the meat processing plant just down the road there, you know which one. He does carpentry work, I think.”

“The same job where, Kieth and Allan, Pete, Po-dock, and all of the others around here are working. It is a pretty good job, so I hear. I wish that I had the health to work like that. I would do it with joy, you know.”

Her mother fixed her gaze on me once again.

“Johnny works over there. He is setting columns with the iron workers. He says that there is really nothing at all to it.”

Maybe so,” I replied. “If that is your line of work and your thing to do. It is not mine, however. I have seen what those people do, and that is just not my thing to do, I can tell you.”

“Yeah, it is different strokes for different folks, I guess,” her mother said, with a seemingly intoxicated laugh.

The day felt as though it passed by quickly, and as we motored on down the road I asked Sharon..

“What happened to your mother? Why is she like the way that she is?”

She hung her head slightly, then lifted it and said;

“Well, my mother was once an alcoholic, and strung out on drugs. Then she begin selling it. She can make some really good liquor.

“Everybody and his brother comes by to buy the shine and the dope. She sells to everybody, from the destitute loser, right on up to the county politicians. There is even one state legislature person who buys from her. What they all like about her is that she will cheerfully accommodate all of even their most outlandish needs, if they make them known to her.”

“Like ..what?,” I asked. “Like what kind of needs? How do you mean that statement?”

“Well, some of these people come here, and they do not want to go back home for the evening. They want a room here, and then want food when they wake up after a nights' partying. So my mother accommodates all of this for a nominal fee.

“Some of them want a woman for the night, so my mother can find that, since there are a number around here that are self

employed, and in-the-business. All of this is done for a package fee., all inclusive.

“She can even cut your hair, if you would like. She does that to, both men, women, and even for tiny babies.”

“Wow.. she sounds industrious,” I laughed.

“ She is very business minded. She is a survivor and does what she has to do, just to get by in this old world.”

We motored on down the road, soon reaching the driveway of the hotel building back in the edge of town. As we were turning in, I kept thinking to myself that all of this business of going with the flow of things, has me suddenly caught up in a flow that is headed in some sort of direction, but doing so without *my* control.

Suddenly I had moments of both fear and intense pleasure that surged inside of my veins, like sudden flowing bursts of liquid flame. We stopped the car before the door of my room.

“How do you feel about preserving the cherished Anunnaki blood, and the sacred history that goes with it,” I asked her, as I gazed deeply into her eyes?

“Oh, I was raised to deeply cherish the honored flag of Saint George, and the great circle of gold. The twelve shining white knights are our valiant conquering heroes, you know. I long for the return of the rule of the golden circle, especially since it was our ancestors who fought, died, and labored to raise this nation into its new predestined glory.”

“How do you feel about the direction of it all now?,” I asked her.

“The direction that everything here is headed into, is definitely a negative one. It is like the Federal Government is attempting to destroy us as a superlative blood group. Our individualist economy is being wiped out by their stupid regulations, and their embrace of this sickening alien socialist system, one ever so foreign to our nation and blood traditions.”

“I truly do value the purity of our sacred blood,” she said as she looked into my eyes on that clear star filled night.

As we sat in the cab with our windows down, the night air began to stir the leaves in the distance, and I heard the ancient

phantom murmur on the wind repeat her words, while it whispered in a voice that sounded as the slow moving tinkle of a field side creek...

*“I truly do value the purity of our sacred blood . I truly do value the purity of our sacred blood.. I truly do value the purity of our sacred blood and our most treasured traditions.. I long for the return of the flaming holy cross and the twelve glorious knights who stand so intrepidly around the eternal circle of gold..”*

Time passed, I do not know how much..., certainly weeks, maybe months, I just cannot recall. We had traveled about to many diverse places.

I liked Savannah Georgia for one of my favorite mini vacation spots. I liked the atmosphere, the air of antiquity, and the still present feel of a living, though faded past glory, and extreme wealth.

I recall vividly our walk through the garden of good and evil. With my senses now in fine tune, I could detect the presence of phantom ghosts throughout, who blessed our physical presence. I

could not tell if those ghosts were ones of mischief, or those of pleasant secular harmony.

I truly loved the weekend tour that was offered. Not only were the gardens included, but there were three huge mansions of families who collectively amassed an elaborate, bedazzling wealth.

These places were places special to both of us, those special places that created that particular aura in atmosphere to hypnotize each other into years...or maybe a lifetime, of pleasant bliss that endlessly embellished each others company.

Then there was the trip to Charleston, South Carolina, another one of our favorite places to abide and thrive in one another s' company for what felt as though it could be an eternity. This enchanted place bore a spiritual connection to a long lost time honored immaculate glory, that had once reigned supreme in Savannah and Beaufort as well.

I guess that was the reason we enjoyed being there so much., our gentle gait by the seaside., our arm in arm enchanted elope

through the breezy spiritual splendor of the sacred battery park.  
What more could a man ask for?.What more could he waste his  
precious mortal years hoping for?

Thinking back, it seemed as though the very ghostly winds we  
so adored has transformed our scenery.., and whisked us away to  
Nassau island! In the center of the island stood a majestic palace  
resort hotel. Only to merely walk though the hallways and  
corridors allowed our spiritual minds to separate from our secular  
bodies, and our ears and hearts to behold those feelings and  
sounds of an ancient Grecian glory now resurrected within, but  
enchanted dazzling wealth somewhat faded without.

This same spirit existed in both Savannah and Charleston, and  
in a number of places we had explored along the way. There was  
the illustrious artwork inside this palace at Nassau, the water  
slides among the rays and eels.., and sometimes, sharks. I was not  
afraid, but she was and refused the slide to my laughing, shocking  
surprise.



Soon it came though, the spirits saw to it that it did so. I cannot discern now if it was by angel, or demon induced. I fear it was the demon, however. I fear that it was the demon because of the way that everything turned out later on.. The push did come, the urge, this powerful urge that propelled me to move forward, to set aside any fears of a possible negative future.

I chanced to ask her.., and she did accept. To my potential future deterrent, she did accept. She agreed that we should proceed forward in the world as a single unit joined in flesh, that we should consecrate our sacred vow with that eternal ring of gold. So we made our pact on that night inside the Atlantis palace bed chamber, while enshrouded within in the light of the moon beams, as they radiated through our misty curtain veil.

Again the angels whisk my mind forward through the foggy mists of time long since faded, and now I find myself standing before that most venerated robed one, with that huge corridor chapel behind me, with the same massive corridor chamber before

me and the precious golden cross of the holy sacrament hanging behind us.

A massive crowd of nine hundred souls were in attendance, to bear a witness to our holy union on that blissful blossoming decorate day. Though the atmosphere was right for blessing angels, thinking back, I wonder if those cursed demons were not present., to sway our union into the saddening depths of deep, soul wrenching despair.

I could not peer into the future; the passing of time forward, I could not glimpse into. Indeed I possessed no crystal orb into which my appeal could be made. No blessed mirror to request that forthcoming knowledge be given over only by those unseen hallowed spectrum..

In the euphoric melodious tinkle of the gently flowing water without, my ears can still perceive that haunting phantom voice as it repeats its command...

*“You may now kiss the bride.. You may now kiss the bride.. You are now man and wife, to walk about in the world as one.. You may now kiss the bride..”*

I can still see my hands in my minds eye, as they removed the virgin veil from her face, exposing those plush lips of succulent ruby, and the breathing ardor of the living blood. I bent to kiss them.. I stooped to make my seal on the leaf of the sacred covenant.

The vow had now been made, the promise sworn into forlorn sacrament that could never be torn a sunder. We had stood before the angels in heaven above, and repeated those most cherished of words.; promising to honor one another for all eternity, promising to forsake all others in homage to our desired spiritual blessings..

We were taken by the four winds into a mansion by the seaside.., to live within the company of each other., to enjoy the time of our life's passing in the company of a special splendor known only by those whom live their lives in the company of the saints in heaven above.

Soon came the blessing of our son, our beautiful, flaxen haired son. I will never forget that wonderful, certainly most blessed of days. He was born just before the passing of our first year together. I vividly recall how I raced throughout the community showing him to all of the neighbors, and those most scattered of family members.

I even recall taking him to the grave of my grandfather, after a long arduous journey, to a somber distant graveyard on a melancholy hillside tucked away in a distant oak wood-stand.

Later that night, my grandfather's ghostly spectrum visited me in my sleep, to tell me of the joy that he had found in my son being born. I walked while in my sleep, back into that house yard tucked away amid those tall majestic oaks, and ancient dogwood trees.

I saw him step out of the woods beside his home, as he always did once upon a time, and walk over to me in hopes of holding my precious son. He spoke of his joy and the contentment in

seeing his great-grandchild. He held the babe in the strength of his deeply sun-browned arms.

The following morning I felt as though I had surly experienced this event. The scenes of the past night did not feel just as a simple dream, but had an eerie feeling of suspended reality, a feeling that caused me to desire a return back into.., a feeling of good times now lost to all eternity.

My son, Lynn, grew, and we languished in the joy generated only by his mere presence. His laughter, the smiles, those times that we experienced as he grew, I shall always cherish and never forget.

I can still recall him following me out into a nearby corn field, struggling to step over the rows into which the corn was planted. I might have been only two rows ahead.

“Daddy, Daddy.., don't leave me.., don't leave me here all alone!,” He yelled as he cried.

I would pretend that I might leave, but I was quick to come back when I saw that my actions were upsetting him. I did this

sometimes out of playful jester, and without any malicious intent. Afterward I felt badly about it sometimes, so I eventually quit as a result. I still took him out on long walks, however.

I can recall those days hunting rabbits. Many times I would slay five or more, bringing them home to fry up. He always enjoyed seeing me eating that fried meat, and would ask me for some more, even when he suspected that I may not have any on hand. On many occasions we had rabbit, fried squirrel, and most often times, we had deer, and many types of fish.

I taught him the techniques of collecting this valuable meat for the table from the surrounding wood-stands. I taught him how to construct shelter, and fish hooks from the surrounding brush. I instructed him in the techniques of building fire from friction, and simply collecting dry twigs. He knew the method of boiling food without bowels, and constructing traps and tools, with only his bare hands and the materials found around him.

It seemed in no time that he possessed the ability to move through the timber stand like a hillside ghost, or foggy mist. Soon

he could go where the game was, with no one ever knowing that he was there, and he could collect any game there that he so desired, without ever being caught.

These were the time honored traits of a true master woodsman. These were holy traits that only few were in possession of, and the remainder of the population would only read about, wishing that they could use.

I taught him these skills with a certain pride, a pride born of an honored tradition, the same pride born from the blood of my ancestors, steeped in shining glory and eternal tradition. He learned those precious skills with an eagerness of early youth that would never again be found in passing years, to my sad shock and surprise.

We eventually relocated to a community near the school where my son was to soon attend. The school was new. I had actually helped construct the school. When the meat processing plant had been completed, I began work on the school where my own son was to soon begin in attendance.

It was a nice school that sat where once had flourished a field of green leafy tobacco or soy bean plants. The atmosphere was very positive, the instructors very understanding. This atmosphere allowed my son to grow in both strength of body as well as strength of intellectual mind.

Since his mother had breast fed and was very studious in the nourishment she consumed, his intellectual capacity had superseded the average child by leaps and bounds. Very soon he was placed in a special advanced class, and rose even to the top of that class. I was shocked to learn later on that he was ranked among the genius class of intellectuals. Such was the result of being born into a superior blood-line, since without a doubt, intelligence is surly an inherited trait; though a further developed trait via positive exposure and rich life experience, as are almost all other traits.

Personally, I have this belief that once-upon-a-time man kind did truly exist as a perfect being, in the sense that he was basically disease free. He was in possession of a superior intelligence and



his body was as an ancient sculpture in stone, a true manifestation of superlative physical and intellectual perfection. What do I base this personal belief on? Well, genetic science has proven this belief as fact for me, as it indeed should for all other intellectual individuals.

Consider the facts: The *tendency* to develop certain diseases is absolutely genetic. In other words, the specific gene for these tendencies, in many cases, has actually been located. In addition to the above, the prevailing tendency to catch diseases has *definitely* been identified as being genetic, with the actual specific gene in many cases, being point located.

In every case above, the causing factor for disease itself or the innate tendency to catch the disease, was due to a single corrupted, mutated gene. The fact of this negative genetic transformation even being in existence at all, is proof beyond question, that the gene once existed in absolute perfection, free from any disease or blood tendency to develop disease. The prevailing question that I now ask is; *what element did some*

*distant individual come into contact with that so negatively mutated the gene in the first place?*

In answering the above question, I feel that we can reduce the possibility into three realms. Obviously past family individuals were exposed to some unknown element that transformed the genes in a negative way. There are only three possibilities that can be deduced to provide an adequate answer:

- (a) They were exposed to environmental radiation of some sort.
- (b) They were exposed to environmental chemicals of an unknown element.
- (c) They were exposed to tainted alien blood-lines of some unknown type.

Environmental radiation exposure could come about in only a single form primarily in ancient times, at least as far as is presently known. The most common place element in the environment that emits radiation is the sun in the heavens above.

It is possible that over the course of the millennium, that the continual beating of radiating sunlight could cause a negative metamorphosis of the genes in certain blood factors, thereby

leading to the introduction motivating a negative reaction in the blood to this strange alien mutated gene, known as a prevailing genetic disease.

Initially, the individual who had now assumed the position of carrier, probably bore no disease symptoms, but when the corrupted gene was passed on to his offspring, it then manifested itself in the form of debilitating disease. This possibility is highest of them all in probability, I feel. Thus, the first person who developed the mutated gene also became a carrier from that point onward, spreading it effectively throughout the generations.

Then a sudden unnatural exposure could come about via supernova, and such is indeed known by science to have occurred in the distant past on earth, affecting animal life alone, but is unlikely to have caused the widespread varied genetic metamorphoses that I have spoken of earlier. However , it is nearly a certainty among scientist and scholars, that such an event has indeed occurred during the times of mankind's existence here on earth.

If these scientist are correct, then thousands of carriers could have potentially been created. The genetic mutating affects could have also have been varied, depending on the reaction of the blood types in specific individual persons, so in this manner several varieties of diseases could have been infected into the human blood-lines from that point onward. Contrary to some scientific feeling on this matter, I am still of the personal opinion, that this sort of event is very unlikely to have occurred in a manner rendering it the sole corrupting factor.

The next likely introduction could be through an environmental, chemical exposure in the far distant past of one sort or another. Maybe the blood introduction was through snakebite, or an insect bite of some sort. It could have even been introduced into the blood stream via mammalian bite or scratch.

Exposure to elements deep inside the earth itself could have introduced some strange chemical into the blood that could indeed bear the potential of negative genetic transformation. Also, and much more likely in probability, would be introduction to

chemicals via the water supply that negatively transformed the genes over the course of time, and eventually led to deadly disease or deforming mutation passing from generation unto generation.

Finally, the thirdm and least likely initial corrupting element, could be introduction to corrupted genes via contamination by a foreign, alien bloodline. While it is so very probable that an alien blood-line introduced corrupted genes into a translucent blood-line during those distant ages past, the supreme question in this matter brings us right back to the original question that I asked in the beginning of my micro discussion here. What introduced element corrupted the alien blood-line in the first place?

My process of deduction, again, tells me that the most likely culprit is continual exposure to sunlight and chemical reactions inside the body brought on by this exposure to the radiation, and/or the continual consumption of water tainted by chemicals from deep inside the earth. Without a doubt, there have been cases

of both these elements combining to corrupt the genetic blood-lines via chemical reactions within the body itself, although this most obvious fact has not been proven, as far as I am presently aware of.

The statement above being said however, back in the days when mankind existed in isolated related family pockets, scattered throughout the countryside, it is so very possible that the corruption could have initially occurred only to certain individual family groups. As the years passed, these groups would then, motivated by necessity or the desire for exploration and adventure, migrate out of their home areas and into areas bearing those of lucid blood lines.

When these groups cross bred, then the spawn among them would become transporters bearing blood-lines and corrupted genetic mutants. In direct contrast to my above statement in paragraph, I hereby declare that such is the primary corrupting agent, in this day and age. In this manner man is a genetically

degenerating being, born from an ancient superlative, and not the other way around.

So there you have it, my justification for the claim that most human factors and conditions *are* brought on by genetics. It is for this prevailing reason that we among the superlative, gifted intelligentsia, should all avoid family groups in possession of traits that are not conducive to general success in life and health of body; such as unfaithfulness, general disloyalty, addictive personality types, those groups and families given to slothfulness and fornication, criminal activity, inability to effectively organize, and/or do not possess the ability of foresight, etc.

It is also for those obvious reasons that strict segregation was once the rule of the land., to retain the productive, creative, intelligent superiority of the master blood-line! Any contrary establishment was to destroy those supreme characteristics in blood-line that manifest themselves into positive outward group traits.

Keep in mind that segregation can be based on habit and performance, among many other basis..., all born from a precious right earned via blood sacrifice, to financial and creative success and the expressed desire born among the most translucent in elegant freedom of choice, to surround one's self with those of an identical inclination proven in both life directional embrace and supreme genetic stock.

In both body, sanctified spirit, and soul, and in intellectual capacity, my dear son continued to grow and develop. Soon the nature of his reasoning capacity and his grasp of subject material astounded not only his direct instructors, but even many psychological experts, whom had never stood before such radiating genius in tangible mortal flesh.

The example in him was surly of the type that these experts had only read about in books during the mentioning of names such as Plato, Socrates, or Einstein, or Johann Bach, or some other brilliant sort from far distant ages past. What exactly were they all to make of him and his bright, fine flaxen hair, his crystal clear



eyes of ice sapphire, the clarity of his untainted fair skin born  
amid the most lucid example of mortal elegance and the  
transcendent hallowed majesty of the supreme master blood-line?

I observed that the integrating decadent politicians had already  
corrupted the minds of the masses in this town by the time of my  
son's birth. Already many had grown to despise the incandescent  
sanctity of untarnished blood, or even the mere mention of it's  
existence. I reasoned that this was so, only to justify their own  
failure to remain true to it's cherished preservation.

These individuals felt ashamed of their base spiritual character  
weakness, and their abject failure to even their own ancestors and  
time honored traditions. In honest conclusion, these pathetic  
beings no longer felt that they themselves were worthy, even of  
dear life itself, on the face of the mortal earth. As a result of this  
dark blame deep within themselves, they resorted to attacking  
every element that represented any sort of glory in past honor, and  
especially, superior blood.

As a direct result of the above fact, I sensed a certain seething jealousy in the hearts of many judgmental professionals, and even average individuals, toward my dear son. Many of these so called “professionals” intentionally underrated the achievements and the general observations of my son, or his endeavors in his own achievement, even when it was obvious to any unprofessional that he had performed to a brilliant radiant excellence!

I was constantly doing battle on his behalf, battling what I could see as it stood so plainly before me, was a deep seated resentment that he was a superior representation of that purest element in honored blood-line, and not representative of some blood of the base Ziminoa, or some perverted, corrupted, watered down, puke green monstrosity version of it created in some gross combination of the two bloods.

What these individuals neglected to accept is the absolute fact that no such representation could *ever* stand on the plateau of supreme achievement, when the blood-line has been so completely corrupted by such base elements in humanoid species

as that of the Ziminoa, and a number of others that bore more resemblance to a species of primate now living or extinct, or chimpanzee, than to any proud, humanoid star-child genre. Such species will only effectively live to give service to the most superior in humanity, in eternal perpetuity, and never the other way around.

As the sacred Madonna had once warned, any other arrangement, especially if that arrangement is born out of sympathy in the hearts of their *Ueiskuning* overlords, will only end in a complete reign of poverty and eternal destitution. That is why any land controlled in totality by the Ziminoa always ends with a complete disaster in quality of rule, all combined with vanishing economic prosperity of the subject people; and the general peaceful contentment and establishment of order among the masses shall thus, *always* come to a catastrophic end.

Even when lands are controlled partially, with the Ziminoa sharing reign with the *Ueiskuning* Nephilim; still, in the end that rule is dramatically subject to intense corruption, since the

Ziminoan temperament knows no reservation in morality, nor for the purpose of attaining a superior achievement via any sort of well planned strategy.

Like the beasts of the field, they live only for their own momentary gratification. That is why one fails on so many occasions, to explain the wisdom of objective in foresight to them. In many cases, to do so only ends in heated, even violent confrontation, with the necessary plan at hand ending only in a putrefying stagnation.

In spite of the adversity, my son was growing into a shining example of gifted adulthood. I behold it in him when he walked, when he paused to read any script, in his general speech and mannerism.

Quickly, in a matter of mere days, he grasped the concept of music, teaching himself not only to write music on sheet, but to play music on keyboard, or on any stringed instrument. He seemed to love the stringed instruments the most, such as the

guitar, for example. He excelled, however, on the violin, the lair, as well as the Cello.

He also loved the piano upon which he was witnessed to play for hours, soon to play not only those time honored classics of Mozart, and Beethoven, but those classical pieces of his own design. He even designed his own sonatas, his own opera pieces complete with the acting characters and the music, all of his own design.

It appeared that he was possessed by a holy angel of heaven that was definitely not of mortal design. He astounded not just academic professionals with the clarity of his immortal wisdom, but even his own family who was always surrounding him. Most could not figure out how to conduct themselves while standing in his mere mortal presence.

By the time that he was nine years of age, he had already figured the proper method to achieve outstanding wealth, and was well on his way to accomplishing this glittering goal. By power of

only a child's superior deduction, he had reasoned that he could acquire wealth via the trading of certain specific wares on e-bay.

So he ventured out around the surrounding community, and frequented the yard sells, and those items that the people in general, leave beside the curb for others to obtain; and he often put those items up on the web via e-bay. He also went into the thrift stores and local flea markets, being very careful to acquire these certain specific items for resell on e-bay.

Most of the time these items were tools that he knew he could resell at good prices, but on other occasions he would pick up musical instruments, and on a few opportune occasions he was to discover valuable collectable paintings and other valued products. All of these items he resold at very strategically comfortable, predetermined prices.

In other words, the prices he calculated to post at comfortable rates for the purchaser, but at the same time, not detrimental to the original investment; and done always at a strategic, predetermined profit, say..., no less than thirty percent.

Soon the wealth accumulated, and he had accumulated over twenty thousand dollars..., and was only then nine years old! With this he desired a more solid investment, with a steady rate of constant return. The only element that he logically determined would generate this sort of return was real-estate.

So I rode out with him and helped him with the paperwork via my signatures, since one must be eighteen to own real-estate in modern day America. He himself chose the homes, him and myself walked through the homes, and he made the final determination all on his own. I was just there to perform what he could not legally accomplish.

The feeling that he gave me with his accomplishment was a wonderful mixture of joy and shinning pride, combined. It felt like only a few weeks had passed, and I guess that was the way that things were, in all honesty.. Indeed it was, only twelve weeks or so that had actually passed..

Before I knew what was going on, he had twelve homes and was collecting rent on each of them. After a year and a half he

had built up equity in the twelve homes, and I rode with him to sign the papers for the loan that allowed him to collect this accumulating equity. Such action was better than selling, he reasoned, because one did not have to pay taxes on equity gained.

This fact was true because the authorities could most easily determine the place of origin for the money. If the authorities were to ever ignore the place of origin for any sum of money, then it would be a very simple matter for tax free cash to be promptly invested.

With the equity gained on half of the homes, he payed off the remaining half. A year and a half later he would purchase four more homes with both the new equity growing, and rental cash earned. By the time that he was sixteen, he had twenty rental homes...,all bought and payed for by his own industrious endeavors. This singular splendid accomplishment was literally astounding to all of whom beheld it; indeed to the child and adult alike, both the professional as well as the non-professional.



Though he was caught up in the act of profiteering accomplishment, he was very much aware of a huge deterioration going on in the world around him. What he saw very much concerned him, since the extortionist tax demands were increasing by the month.

According to his calculating determinations, he was losing more than half of his earnings to authoritarian extortion. As he observed, such crass extortion ran contrary to long established constitutional law. Kind, innocent industrious people as he observed, were subjected to some of the most brutal authoritarian repression.

According to his own telling, families that he personally knew to be law abiding, kind, moral individuals, had their doors kicked in and their hearts terrorized by authoritarian gun barrels being shoved into their trembling faces., all because they failed to hand over a mere five percent of the demanded sixty percent in extortionist tax fees.

What was it all coming to?, he looked at me in shock and asked. What happened to reign of constitutional law? Why was there this so very obvious rush toward socialization, while the corporations were strategically moving to seize the systemic reins?

To him, it appeared as if both moves were in the process of converging; both moves being the corporatist move and those of the power seizing socialist. Then to him, being the genius that he was, the painfully obvious chicanery in each of these movements masquerading to appear as one representing the interests of the people, betrayed their own nefarious intrepid intention to seize absolute collective power before the citizens could organize to resist.

The only remaining choices were obvious to the clear headed who possessed the fortitude to act.. Move to isolate one's self from within the limitations of the state, or *move to dwell outside of those state bureaucratic limitations and geographical boundaries.*

He made these observations, not as a rebel against the state system, by any reason of the word; but only as a true patriot who perceived the need to resist on some level, for the same motivations that had propelled his for-bearers into outstanding battle achievement., that motivating need being political regulatory demand made without representation to the collective masses.

The people had now, obviously, lost their representation as a result of their so called, “*representatives*,” selling them out to the highest campaign contributors, who were all corporate heads of state, or even the heads of huge mafiosi styled and well organized criminal organizations. If the collective masses of people did not stand and demand their prompt representation and voice in bureaucratic decisions rendered, then how else were they to ever get it back?

The obvious collective Fascist conquest of America in the very faces of even the educated masses, shocked and astounded him into a complete numbness! Where were the minds who resolved

to resist tyranny? Where were the ones who had once shook their heads in abject denial at even the very thought of imagining any sort of systemic alien conquest of American shores?

Even as they shook their heads “No”, the dark veil of tyranny was seizing them as they spoke the very word. The question was now no longer “if” it was happening, but how are we going to respond?

Since resistance was rendered futile by the lack of fortitude in so many majority multitudes, then the only wise response would be to simply exit the national borders. The method in accomplishing that end would need to be deduced, based on a set of real, tangible mitigating circumstances. As I could readily observe, there really was no way of determining his own personal conclusion in lieu of those mitigating facts at this key specific time.

As I continued to observe, all that I could presently do as an individual, was to continue along on my own predetermined daily course. My son was very effective, in spite of his youth, in

determining his own mode of response, but I could never deduce the mechanics of his direction. Maybe this matter was not for me to determine at all; at the present time.

The truth is I was marginally contented in my own daily direction. I could effectively criticize the leaders of the land in whining complaint, but in the end, all that I could honestly do best was to just continue on in a day to day basis and do what I could to keep the household going along.

Every Sunday the wife sang in the chapel quire, being always very careful following the singing session, to kneel with intense contemplation while in the prayer section. When an individual of any questionable moral constitution was betrayed by their own advantage seeking, inconsiderate actions, she was always the very first to speak out in loud, ringing criticism...especially if that individual was a fellow female from those well known streets deep in the heart of her familiar community.

If any evil community action was made public among the chapel congregation, she was always the very first to condemn

with a chiming, vibrant voice. Even as she did so continuously, I was to remain very comfortable in this setting, never even allowing the mere thought of question to enter into the realm of my mind.

In the summer for the span of two months, we would exit the area for the local alps. High up on a smoky hillside, sat a comfortable cabin tucked away on a towering comfortable ledge. This cottage would be our contented abode, thriving with six or more other couples and their families, among whom it was that we were in friendship with.

We walked through the surrounding countryside as a happy collective group, taking our comfortable swim in the cesspools within that enchanted wood-stand at the base of the many steamy waterfalls. Multicolored blossoms seemed to thrive by the edge of these cesspools, our easy walks made me feel as if our bare feet stirred an invisible intoxicating mist that arose forth from those opened honey suckle flowers, causing a feeling of giddy euphoria to flow thickly within our blood.

The effects of this feeling soon became immediately noticeable to any of whom made the effort to observe. This effect, in combination with the sweet smoke of our cooking grill, and the flow of the nectar from the rim of our ice cold cups in hand; really generated a most memorable, lasting effect in the minds of all our company.

For example, I can vividly recall the incident of my son catching the many beautiful insects that seemed to float in the air around us. He appeared to take great pleasure in petting these many flying bugs and beetles.

I carefully instructed him of the lack of wisdom in doing so, but he refused to listen. He only learned this lesson only when the bug caused him to *feel* his dissatisfaction at having my son's index finger stroke the yellow and black fir on his back! I was sad for my dear son, but tis true, he never again committed this horrible offense..

...Then I recall the many blissful walks in the rumbling, flashing blue fire and rain showers that fell at the dying light of seemingly

every day. In our minds at the time, all that the falling water could do was to wet us; and with the return of the glowing golden sunshine, very soon our clothes would become dry again, with a new heavy humidity hanging in the air surrounding our bodies.

I can recall standing on the span of a local white timber bridge as it stretched across the tinkling, spring creek; as we tossed flat rocks into the water while in the company of the many accompanying youth. The splash of the stones seemed to cause the fish to leap forth from the water high into the air.

I saw the huge five pound bass and the purple eared, red breasted brim, as they leaped forth from the flowing water that appeared to hug the boulders as it moved gently along. Our lives were those of consistent blissful contentment that continued on as though it would truly never end, back in those joyful days of our perfectly contented, cherished youth.

With the fall of night, the blue fire began to streak vibrantly across the darkening sky. The force of the wind increased with a



new found intensity, soon carrying heavy loads of streaming water with it.

The force of the falling water became so intense, that even if we had chosen to to walk about, our eyes would have become hammered by the stinging force of the heavy droplets, rendering us incapable of continuing forward to any degree. As was always the case, this experience caused us to seek shelter in the evening.

On one occasion I can vividly recall walking high into the mountains during this time of day; myself, the wife, and four accompanying youth. With the coming of the evening rain torrent, all of us sought shelter in the caves that seemed to dot the local hillsides. Such choice in close shelter encouraged deep, though sometimes challenging, conversation.

I did not regret any of these times; no, I came to closely cherish the past experience, endlessly longing for similar times to come at some unforeseen future date.

On what wind did ride away those glorious days of our precious lost youth? What sharp corner did fate choose to round

at our individual expense? Where did the vigor of energetic youth fall as it slipped through our tightened grasp, even though we held on as if it were even possible to keep an unmeasured portion on reserve? What caused that heat of our flowing blood, the same heat that prevented our nude bodies from feeling the cold of winter chill, to simply slip away until we were left with an increasing chill on the inside, even during the humid curse of midsummer's' heat?

Surly I shall ponder the answer to these questions and many more, even as I mull over the crooked course of my mortal life. On the high seas, I have endless spans of empty time to waste in such directionless, wondering amusement.

Yes, those days of our early marriage were full of bliss and endless comfort. There were no reasons for discontentment or any sort of grinding resentment, but only those reasons for eternal joy in our situation.

Our jobs that we held were very productive and profitable, though we both struggled to attain them. I labored as a carpenter

with a well established company; she labored as a secretary in a secure company adjacent to our home.

The benefits offered by the corporation were lavish and rich, our son always possessing the very best in potential health care, and many other fringe benefits. He had membership at the local spa, as did the both of us; all of us at no cost, courtesy of the corporation.

When we chose to take vacation, we could always take the local rental company car rather than drive our own vehicle, allowing us to avoid destroying it slowly with the grinding wear and tear. This ability was also one of the fringe benefits handed out by the company in gratitude for our pledge of a lifetime in loyal support. It had been a horrible struggle to secure this realm of employment, as I had alluded to earlier, but in the end we had succeeded in the endeavor, in spite of the odds stacked against us.

By now we had moved again, from the center of town to the edge of both the town and the countryside. I had chosen to purchase a small farm cottage that had been around for a while

already. Such a choice reduced the initial investment to the point that paying the entire mortgage off was possible within a matter of two or three years. I comfortably succeeded in this endeavor, rendering myself now free from the ball and chain of financial commitment.

I could, at long last, sink my wealth back into building the home up in it's outer appearance. I could now virtually rebuild the home, transforming a once appearing well worn ancient dwelling that needed to be abandoned, into a seemingly brand new comfortable modern house!

My house garden, complete with flowers and vegetables, could be crafted into a euphoric, thriving, blossoming transcendence, since I now held both money and more free time to invest. In addition, we could easily purchase additional acreage to go with the single acre tract that we began this adventure with.

Our lives back in those days, continued about in a daily, dreamlike, swooning fog that felt as though it would never come

to an end; and the both of us wanted it to remain that way for all eternity.....

But then one day in the cold, dreary month of late December., came the hint of a future destruction. It seemingly floated in on the chilly winter wind. It was all my own fault for doing what I had done, I always felt.

I had developed a keen interest in divining the future, though I had always felt that I naturally possessed this talent to some small degree back in my childhood past.

In my back yard I had constructed a fire site that consisted simply of a well rounded hole, some two feet deep; with a smooth flattened bottom and a circle of old scrounged chimney bricks. At night time it had always made me very happy to stack the wood scraps of oak or hickory into a small tepee, then light my flame to the small stack of sticks in the center of the hole. On top of this I would stack more sticks, until very soon I had a nice crackling flame that both comforted me and at the same instance, provided a glowing warmth to both my body and soul.

I delighted in this experience, but sometimes had feelings of premonition as I gazed forward into the crackling flame, while surrounded by the silent, gently stirring, mid night air. The flames appeared to swell as I gazed in to the heart of the fire, distorting the portrait of the world around it...until it took on the appearance of a rolling mist with the glow of the flame in it's center. Then I could faintly detect the picture..., this sensation of some unforeseen future occurrence in an undetectable vague portrait, that I could not clearly discern. I needed a better form to perceive this hidden message in it's entirety.

The following morning I motored on out to the local flea market, and I walked into a flower shop that also doubled as a shop that specialized in a vast assortment of mirrors, and opium paraphernalia, including manufactured opium, heroin, hash, tincture of opiates, and various formulations and flavors of absinth. Such a place was a precious delight, at times..., at these times when some hidden knowledge was sought.

I rummaged through the assortments of mirrors in search of one that was constructed of a brass encasement and stand, but with a midnight black backing. I soon came upon the perfect specimen, complete with a brass, tripod stand; allowing it to sit a yard high, I would surmise.

I purchased this time honored relic.., for a mere tenth dollar. I also purchased three candles, one midnight black, and the other two white as the driven snow. I knew the deed that I was about to complete.. I knew well the task into which I was about to engage.

Before exiting the shop, I made purchase of the liquid opiates labeled *laudanum* in oriental hieroglyph code. I had been instructed beforehand on this matter at a much earlier date. This element was extremely difficult to obtain, except in certain oriental flower shops in which the owners travel frequently back into those distant lands of their origin.

Then if one should make a request.., and only then.., shall the owners satisfy the customer demands at some distant future date.., when it is reasoned by justified feeling, to be safe and somewhat

worth the risk and effort spent. All of this I purchased for a mere three hundred dollars in cash bills.

I hurriedly made it back into my country cottage estate. My wife was out for the half day, and half of the night, I thought. The sun was falling toward the horizon edge; so I went ahead and set up the tripod in the home office where I labored daily to seal contract, or engaged in some form of creative endeavor.

This room would become dark as pitch when all light was sealed from the open areas around the windows and doors. After the fall of night, this task could be completed in it's entirety by use of thick heavy, charcoal black canvas curtains. These I would hang from small screws above all of the windows and doors..., just as soon as night fall arrived.

The feeling had to be specific, the mood an established one that engendered deep, serious concentration. The appeal must be honest, the request direct, and the wording straight to the point of the request, minus any prior summons for attention. The fear that pervaded my breast, always and in every case, was the knowledge



that the appeal could be for the best in unseen power, or the worst in horrifying spectrum; and there was, honestly, no method of preventing the negative from overriding the forces of positive in this case.

The allure was way too powerful, the desire for unknown knowledge possessing a forceful, magnetizing inducement, almost to the point of hypnotizing myself as I proceeded about in my occultist efforts.

To my right side I positioned the brass tripod, bearing the mirror and the brass figurines of an unknown spiritual portrait graven into the brass of the encasement. I reasoned that these two figurines were that of the spectrum unto which I would make my appeal for secret knowledge, but the truth in this matter, I knew not as I scrambled about in my labors.

Into three brass holders welded into the brass of the tripod legs, I placed the candles; the black candle in the center and the two white candles on both sides. The flame given forth from the two outside candles was white and the flame from the center, blue,

creating a sensual effect when the two light radiations combined into a single dancing, radiant, near lightning hued glow.

The psychological effects born from this light, the force of the opiates, and the perceived force of the phantom cohabitation; generated a mood that bore the tendency to hypnotize, compel the creative innate intellect to perceive that which is not perceivable by the conscious mind..

Indeed I possessed a mixed feeling of giddy euphoria and intense dread, causing me to hesitate mentally in my continuum, producing the unexplainable urge to cease in my inquisitive endeavors. I was bound to resist, however, now compelled far beyond my mortal ability to forebear.

Anxiously I awaited the arrival of darkness, which came with the herald of flashing blue lightening streaks across a perfectly motionless sky. The mood generated by this combination in light; the lightening streaks, the dancing light of the candle and gentle clap of the rolling thunder.., would thus be eternally extraordinary and most exceptional for the moment.

With the gradual arrival of pitch black darkness, my trembling right hand struck the match, carefully though somewhat hesitatingly, setting the dancing flame to the waxed candle wicks. In the thick solitude of heavy silence, the sound of my breathing increased.

On the very inside of my breast, my body trembled. I even hesitated to complete the task, but the deep inward desire for hidden knowledge urged me to proceed forward in my initiated endeavor. I indeed, must discover the very end of it all, the outcome of my personal life, and that of the world surrounding me.

As I sat gazing into the flame, feeling the developing mood seize my lusting intellect, I was abruptly interrupted by the sound of a car motor behind my cottage..., even so I continued on with my task.

I was so engrossed in my endeavor that I never heard her as she walked up to my office door, snatching my closed door open as

she yelled my name. She snapped on the light of the office room, gasping as she witnessed me gazing into the mirror.

“Ben!,” she yelled in complete shock and surprise. “What on earth are you doing?”

“Divining the future,” I replied in calm response.

“Well, what you don't know is that to do so is really a bad thing. You are opening up a window portal to these evil spirits, and one's body can literally become possessed. I know what I speak of! I have bore a silent witness to this sort of thing in the past! I know what I have seen. This is how these spiritual forces lure people into their dark grasp! Stay away from business such as this!”

She quickly seized my brass tripod, throwing it upon the floor in what appeared to be an unexplainable, consuming violent rage. The glass shattered and the brass encasement parted, effectively destroying any possibility for ever making use of the tool in any manner.

Not only could I no longer divine unknown knowledge, I could not even use it to view myself for the simple purpose of combing

my own hair! Under my breath as she screamed, I whispered to myself that *I* would *never* be possessed by any sort of hostile, spiritual apparition.

.....An hour or so later that night, I walked out into the garden behind the house to build my evening fire in the brick lined pit. Soon the flames were crackling and the wood slowly rendering itself into glowing, winking coals.

I thought again, whispering aloud unto myself that, indeed, I knew well that I would *never* be possessed by any negative spiritual force. The night wind suddenly increased into puffing bursts; and within that burst I perceived a whispering voice that sounded like the rustling of leaves in silent wood-line trees...

*“Yes., you will never become possessed, but your wife shall be, and in the very worst of ways..! Your wife shall submit to the forces of darkness, and in a way that you shall instantly recognize as being born from the midst of those forces.. Your wife shall submit, and she shall turn on you...,and submit.. She shall submit., turn on you, your dear son, and your entire family..!”*

My jaw dropped in complete shock. Did I perceive those voices on the rustling wind? Am I mad? Are those voices the creations only of a sick, demented intellect, that is in the process of corroding and incapable of any normal faculties?

I cannot believe what I have bore witness to, that I have interpreted the voice of ghostly unseen spectrum forces. What am I to make of it?

I simply refuse to believe..., until I behold the phantom with my own eyes. Maybe my ears heard sounds that did not actually exist and were generated only via some unknown psychological deterioration, but were mistakenly interpreted as actual voices in fact! Maybe it was the true absinth speaking that I has so eagerly sipped?

The days passed without a single perceived change in any personality or constitution. The days soon turned into weeks, and then the weeks into months.. But then one day I came home from work and my wife was not home, as she usually was.

To begin with, she was only thirty minutes late. A month later she was an hour late, then soon two hours. Within a week she was calling me to inform me that she was staying at some female friend's home for the night, and saying that she just wished to let me know where she was. I was suspicious, but said only, "*O.K., thanks for calling to tell me so.*"

I would carry our dear son to my best friend's home and hang out there, since his mother would not come home for an entire night. Yes, I was suspicious, but what could I do, since the court system demanded me to show absolute proof, lest my true words be rendered into unsupported lies?

On Wednesday nights the local church held a banquet fellowship service and feast. Both my wife and myself along with our son, would attend. Then I saw it., I beheld the demon's eyes as they shone forth from those of her own!

With the fixed glow in her own eyes, she would suddenly arise from the eating table in the sanctuary.., and fix her gaze directly into my eyes.., as she walked across the floor and rounded the

corner into the rear maintenance hallway. As I sat there observing, within some fifteen minutes, a strong voice in a sharp distinct whisper said “*Come*” as an invisible, forceful tug pulled me toward that hallway.

I eventually arose only to follow this unseen forceful tug. I was shocked at the manner in which this phantom power, truly led me around the corner, and down the hallway. Soon my feet came to pause before a certain solid, windowless supply room, sealed by a tightly closed heavy wooden door. Seemingly, this force had really caused my feet to stop, and I strangely, though sickeningly, felt most comfortable in standing before that door.

On the inside of the room, behind the closed door, I heard her laughing voice and the low rumble of *his* own. Soon the door opened, and both of them walked forth from the inside of the room..; she upon her exit, carefully straightening the wrinkles in her evening dress, and her hair that had somehow become ruffled and messed..



They both stared at me in complete shock. He quickly walked on around the corner and disappeared into the hallway, walking on passed the room and far away..

Though she might have been shocked, none were more shocked than myself. I simply could not believe what my eyes were beholding.

Her with all of her self righteous speech and worshiping gestures. Her speech about the sanctity of blood and tradition. She had betrayed me in the very worst of ways. She had not just insulted my person as a single unit, but my entire family name, and in the worst sort of way!

She deserved what ever evil was to fall upon her at that particular moment, in my mind. She had indeed committed the very worst offense, the very worst of dark insults. For the creature that she, in fact, was with on that worshipful night, was a most disgustingly appearing Ziminoa.., with the worst in weathered, wrinkled, puke green flesh, that emitted the foul odor of both old garlic, rotten eggs, and stale beer! Just seeing him

standing before me nauseated me nearly to the point of vomiting in total disgust!

I simply could not believe it! I could not grasp the manner in which she had so rudely insulted not only me, but my entire family, and even our innocent son!

The situation just wrenched at my heart strings when my dear son broke out into a run from me, or rejected any loving approach that I made toward him. I longed deeply to just bring him into my very breast and hold him for the rest of my life... The lies that she fed him, telling him that they were “*only friends*” and that my problem with it was that I just did not like the Ziminoan culture or the specific creatures themselves!

The least that she could have done was to find a Ziminoan who was attempting to work himself into some sort of material wealth and decent style of living, if indeed such a thing even exists.. Retired military, maybe, retired state worker., or to be something besides a rejected waif living underneath the town bridge, like a

troll despised even by the most loathsome beast of the field and timber-stand!

Nobody wanted this *creature.., this Zoodis..*, that she had seemingly taken up with. No indeed, not even the other Ziminoa, for crying out loud!

But then, that was the seed of the entire problem; she did not want to simply just move out and take up with him, she wanted to *continue staying with me*, but have *me* allow her to see him, this *THING..!* This sub-human *BEAST..!*

She even demanded complete liberty in her life to commit any grievous deed that might chance to arise in her distorted, twisted mind. This she demanded, in direct spite of my command that she cease in her dark, wretched endeavors! She might as well have taken up with a dog for the same purpose, as far as I was concerned.

I guess that I had committed a serious fallacy in judgment when I had taken up with her, but not just had I chosen to take up with her, but had in-fact, went as far with the mistaken deed as to

marry her! Even so, at least my mistake was an honest mistake, committed in the complete innocence of the fleeting moment.

How many other mortals of the world had committed a fallacy in logic just as deep as I myself, if not much deeper, with some even sinking all the way down into the very rancid, black sewage sludge of the system itself?

With the passage of time, I observed her and this Ziminoan demon engaged in some sort of contriving conspiracy, that I logically reasoned to be against me.

“Come with us and have a drink of the enchanted nectar, will you? We know where lots of free food is and free nectar to indulge into. So feel free to come with us to the luscious party! All of the people there would just love to have you around! There will be good company there.”

....Never mind that the house sits right smack dab in the center of the largest, most filthy and wretched Ziminoan ghetto in several counties! The trade in illegal herbs ran deep in the streets that meander through that greatly impoverished, crime stricken area of

town. People were murdered there on a daily basis, for even the most trivial of acts; like walking into the wrong area or being a stranger that appears to live on the opposing side of the neighborhood.

Or maybe one could be murdered just for sheer devilry among the members from the dominating group in that area of town. Such criminal groups love to commit these base acts of savagery to horrify the local individual citizens.

On many occasions, innocents are burned at the stake, or in a barrel of diesel fuel for all of their delightful amusement. Heads are discovered on a routine basis laying around on the street corners there, that have been effectively removed from their natural seats! Women and their small children are found blindfolded and riddled with bullets, laying dead in the streets on a daily basis.

This filthy place is a virtual battle zone..; and this is where they are wanting to carry me, and give me uninhibited liberty at the

nectar drink? Little do they know that it will take a much better planned trap to catch this jack rabbit!

Obviously something very horrible was amiss and in due course of development. All that would need doing would be to get me filled with drink, then throw me out on one of the most dangerous streets there. The local group in charge would take care of the rest; and not only enjoy executing the evil deed, but carry with it a most valuable intimidating effect as well, if I was only foolish enough to go along with with their enterprising ploy!

I did not to their shock and amazement. I did not bite the bait! My gut instinct had given me sufficient warning enough, and effectively kept me out of any potential trouble.

In all reality, what was one to make of all of this regressive action taken by her against me? What logical process was involved that demanded this type of conclusion from her concerning me? She could have just left the home.., just left, and I would have had no systemic recourse of any kind to use against her.

On the contrary, the system would have actually rewarded her at my very expense! How ignorant of her not to deduce this truth from her knowledge of the systematic process alone. Sometimes I actually laugh at her base ignorance and stupidity, even today, even though it has been slightly more than ten years since these events occurred.

On the other hand, I sometimes still hang my head in sadness, contemplating what I have lost in time that could have been spent with my precious son. Had she not entered a third party into the picture, I would have made up with her just to preserve the marriage and prevent that time lost to our son; but such was simply not to be so.

I also hang my head as I think of my dear son once more again. How has all of this negative experience, at the tender age of seven years, affected him psychologically? If it indeed had a negative effect, then how will he respond to it all in the future years? I certainly hope that it will not be in a negative way.

Deep down, what I strongly wish is that he will transform any negatives into positive action; and make a glowing, most brilliant lift in the general apex of his living standard and surrounding community status. Still though, if there indeed are any negatives, I cannot help but to have blame and contempt for her.

I had the best of attorneys standing in my defense. I was destined to win, but following through on a pre-established course of action sure was tough to accomplish. I had to continue living with her., but the objective was so very necessary for the purpose of securing legal custody of my precious son.

All periods of time do pass, as the saying goes., then at long last that gracious day came. I was free. I was free! Most importantly, however, I had my dear son with me. I had my truck, my tool box behind the cab, my steel traps, tents, and most of my clothes; but most valuable and important of all, I had my son with me!

With all of this, I rode out to the local hotel, renting an efficiency apartment by the week. I put my son in school, always



being very careful to be certain that only I could check him out, and never his mother nor anyone with her.

I was forced by the system to allow visitation, so I did so, very consistently, very measured, and efficiently managed by me. I was an effective manager of both time and money. I was not one given to ineffective waste, continuing on even in the face of looming disaster.

His mother could never see the light, somehow, and even if one pointed it out to her, her seemingly distorted mind lacked the ability of logical evaluation and foresight to deduce proper direction to effectively turn the course of events. This lack of systemic psychology in direction toward a valid conclusion was really most amazing to observe in her.

The situation really is tough to accept that people exist, grown adults, that will walk into a raging hail storm with their eyes wide open! The mind of such individuals function more like those of *cats*, rather than minds born from a fully evolved human species.

What else are we, who exist as intelligent, fully developed humans, to expect? The local daily news reports are full of people who lack the ability to deduce consequences, and simply act on impulse of whimsical desire! Many humans truly are psychological and intellectually on the level of beasts, rather than of developed humans.

Then of course, we have the innocents who are so wrongly convicted. I would effectively deduce some thirty percent of the condemned population as being wrongly convicted, due to the prevailing tendency for systemic dis-regard of factual premise. But in-fact, such occurrences arise due to a systemic dysfunction rather than an intentional attempt to point finger and condemn.

The only time a problem is created is when the leaders in the condemning system refuse to admit that they indeed possess that systemic dysfunction, out of a well earned fear that they shall be held responsible for this judgmental miscarry of logic and justice.

When such fear takes hold and the invalid conclusion is not promptly addressed, then at that point, the mistake becomes

intentional. The logical course of action should be that a superior ruling body preside over the miscarried decision and promptly act to hold those at fault accountable; but in-fact, such almost never happens.

Time continued to pass, with each day rolling into the next. My life, though once traumatically interrupted, had now began to gain some sort of logical routine to it. Days now soon turned into weeks, weeks soon turned into months, and then a year passed, and very soon, a year and a half. This fact of time was already tough to believe.

I vowed that I would never again marry. I told all of those with whom I spoke, either by phone or in person, that if I did marry again, I would find me an exotic lady; a supreme oriental daughter of their ancient prince, Anak, maybe..., or even a sheik belly dancer, all the way from Iran or Baghdad! Almost anything would do, other than another one of these corrupted locals that I constantly ran into, I said.

The thought in possibility really exited me when I allowed it to transpire. What was a real man, like myself, to do? To remain single all of his life, to only co-habitate?

I was not entirely against it, but in reality, I would much rather have a real wife. Reason in justification is that when one co-habituates, there exists the silent thought that the relationship is always expendable. If all else fails, they reason in silence, they can always just simply turn and walk out.

In legal marriage, the act of parting ways is just not that simple without suffering loss of both pride, and loads of revenue. Most times, the loss amounts to thousands of dollars, either in actual revenue or real-estate of some sort. By far and away, for just as long as the relationship can be tolerated, it is much better to remain married to each other, than to break up.

During those days of my ex going astray, in the dark of night I fell upon the bed pillow weeping, weeping for the return of joy and contentment, and the pleasure of security and peace to thrive at home once more again. In the midst of my despair I would

whisper my prayer upward to the ruling island Madonna, even though at the time of my prayer I dwelt not on the island itself.

Heavy in the air that surrounded my bed at the time, I detected her sacred invisible presence. I perceived her haunting phantom whisper, repeating itself over and over in continuation;

*"Cease in your despair, my child.. There exist no justification for despair.. Cease in your despair.. Despair ends in naught. Your day will come.. Indeed.., your glorious day shall come, oh thy child of my yearning heart..!"*

Whilst consumed in the midst of my general prayers, I casually dropped what later on would become the body of all my future prayers in my request for a fated spouse. I made this appeal by requesting that the Holy Madonna find and deliver the spouse of my dreams and desire, since I had failed so miserably in doing so myself.

As I was consumed in the midst of this prayer, a soothing comfort gradually moved throughout my entire limbs and body. I then knew, without any thoughts being tainted by doubt, that

somehow in the end of this horrible experience, I would step out to shine in radiant successful glory.

The following week I had put in to do maintenance work with a local municipality. The work was along the lines of that in which I was already employed, but with the added benefit that I would not be forced to concern myself with sudden layoff, as I had to while being employed in the construction industry.

The benefits were really worth the consideration, as an additional bonus and reason to remain employed with the entity. I was contented.

My son was now well taken care of, and I was certain that with the following morning my life would continue from one day into the next.

Time passed, not much extraordinary happened, just the same old routine; then the unthinkable happened. The word was announced that the employing entity would soon sub out all maintenance contracts. The people with less than six years of full time steady employment there, were to be the very first to go.

Unfortunately, I would be in this group when the time came for them to downsize. My choices were only to be, accept employment with the new sub-contractor at reduced wages and without any benefits what-so-ever and even less job security; or I could take some sort of action to secure another line of employment that had, at it's very worst, the same benefits or maybe even better.

As predicated on that decision for action, I soon resolved to enter into the local university. I enrolled into a teaching program. My resolution came about, since my brother was a teacher and numerous other people whom I knew.

The employment was secure there, since teachers would never be downsized out, or shipped offshore to some strange foreign shore. There *would* always exist a need for teachers, since there *had always* existed a need for them from the very beginning.

When my ex wife and myself took our small weekend vacations, on many occasions we would go into the old riverside plantation homes, taking the tours and looking around the homes

and the farm. According to what the tour guides told us back then, the children were educated by tutors who traveled door to door and were payed by the day or the job.

So teachers have always been around in one form or another. Surly the work would be guaranteed and permanent..

Time continued and passed, as it always does. Monday rolled right on into Tuesday, then Friday came seeming very quickly. Before I knew what had happened it was Monday all over again.

Nothing major happened during this time, all just seemed to go along smoothly. Before I knew it I had completed the college courses for a career in education.., was soon certified, and I had secured employment in the public school system at a school some seventy miles from my residence at that time.

The school in which I had landed my new employment in was a somewhat unique school, in many respects. This particular school had a reputation as consisting of both students and faculty, who possessed an addiction to violence.



According to the local news, a violent riot had erupted involving both teachers, students, and parents. No force could bring a halt to this raging fury that had overtaken the campus.

In the news papers word of a raging mob consisting of thousands, raged into a heated, flaming fury, so shocking and traumatizing to the managing principle that he collapsed right there on the evening news screen. He was seen falling as he was addressing the personnel body in concern for the proper approach to use in allowing them to neutralize this growing negative situation before it soon got out of hand.

There had even been talk of bringing in the National Guard. No instructor in his right mind would want to work in that environment, I was told.

I went there into this school with the thought in my mind, that I was there to succeed, in spite of the personal situation that erupted on the campus the year prior to my coming. That situation was irrelevant to my presence there at the time, I reasoned.

Bearing this thought in mind must have manifested itself outwardly in a radiance that the people surrounding me could immediately pick up on. I never had any type of problem during the entire time that I was employed there. The people always treated me with great respect.

Following the first six or seven months, I had come to feel that the school did not deserve the reputation that it had acquired, and I soon felt comfortable in my situation and presence. The only factor that I did not enjoy well was the long drive that I had to get to my new place of employment. If I recall right, the drive was some sixty miles one way!

When classes ended, as I walked down the hallway I met her, this new island angel from the out-lands somewhere in the midst of surging distant seas. There she stood to greet me as I walked past her.

She was somewhat tall, but slightly shorter than myself. Her skin tone was somewhat swarthy; her straight hair, just as black as new coal dug fresh from the earth..

“How are you today?,” she said in greetings as I passed.

“Just fine,” I would reply.

This small greeting in passing continued on for the span of a week, maybe two, I cannot recall exactly. Soon I had the time to stop and pass in pleasant conversation.

“Where are you from?,” I would ask.

“Oh, the island paradise of your dreams,” she would reply.

“Like ..., where?,” I would reply.

“What island paradise is it that you dream of?,” she would ask with a bright eyed smile.

“Well..., there are a number of them that would fancy me,” I said with a slight laugh. “I am going to give it another two years, or so, then I am going to get out of this place. Which one did you say that you were from?”

She gazed at me with that same bright eyed smile, pausing momentarily in thought, then she moved to speak.

“If anybody ever asks you, then tell them that I am from the land of *Nevermore*. I say that because once people go there, they desire to go anywhere else..., *Nevermore!*”

“What island is that on?” I asked with a slight laugh. “I have never heard of it before.”

“Well look..., I have to ride on,” she said. “I will be seeing you sometime in the next few days.”

“All right, I'll be seeing you, then I guess.”

We continued to run into each other for one day a week, or maybe two, I guess. Then suddenly two days became three, then three, four.

Soon It was every day of the week. Every day of the week we would stop by her home and spend time in visitation, enjoying each others company and speaking of the time passed in experience. What were we to make of it?

The time continued to pass and eventually some six months had elapsed, then a year..., then a year and a half. Nothing extraordinary had occurred, as of yet, except those events that

happen as usual during the course of a romance. Other than that, nothing else of importance. But then seemingly on the spur of the moment, she asked the great question, made the huge request..

So we proceeded to plan the situation out.., a rustic cabin by the seaside, and a cathedral with the sound of crashing waves behind it. The colossal cathedral chapel was extraordinary, the congregation full with people, a huge sign of the cross in the foreground before us and behind the black robed, venerated bishop, who then proceeded to ask us those most cherished of binding questions.

I simply could not believe where I was now standing.. I could not believe the words that I now spoken! It was not the words themselves that I did not believe in, but the fact that I was now saying them.., all over again after what I had endured! I was shocked at my own reality, as I experienced it.

As I gazed around in my complete but silent astonishment, the surrounding scenery took on more of a hazed watery surreal appearance, than one of the actual reality. Seemingly a thin, but so

very obvious sapphire, smoke like mist hung about in the air throughout the entire contours of the cathedral, especially when observed from a distance in combination with streaming rays of sunlight as they reached through the multicolored stain glassed windows.

In my mind I attempted to deduce a subconscious meaning in all of this matter, but after a while, I failed to make a conclusion that suited the situation effectively.

*“Do you, Benjamin Bellheimer, take this lovely woman to be your wife..? .To have and to hold....Till death shall you both part?”*

Without my conscious control, my lips moved seemingly by the force of some unseen phantom presence; although at the same time, deep down inside the pit of my very soul, I wanted them to move by my own choice in free will and strength of force...

“I do,” I replied.

*“Do you, dear Lady, take this man, to have and to hold, in forsaking of all others, till death shall part you both.”*

“I do,” she replied in her thick foreign accent.

*“By the honor and authority invested in me, I shall now pronounce you both man and wife.”*

From the right side, the brides maid walked forward with the ring of gold on a white pillow trimmed in red and gold cloth.

Gingerly I stooped down to reach the ring with my right hand.

With my left hand I seized her left, being very careful to place the ring on her left ring finger.

We both then stood side by side to face the standing congregation. The sight of the crowd radiated the feeling back to me more that of a murky dream, than a clear reality, but I proceeded onward in spite of my somewhat surreal, if not supernatural state of being at the time. I felt as though the events were telepathic, and I had been transported into the present realm from another distant dimension of existence.

*“Sir, by the authority invested in me, you may now kiss the bride!”*

The thin veil fell like a feather mist, covering her face as it gently spread over. Gingerly I eased my hands down upon both sides, as if it had fallen upon her shoulders; first only seizing the veil by the edges, then slowly raising it to expose her wanting lips of dark ruby red. I stooped to lovingly kiss those lips, those lips of cherished blood., to caress her lips with those of my own..

Upon completing the sacred kiss we then turned, facing the congregation once again as the venerated bishop repeated his fore-statement.

*“Ladies and gentlemen., I present unto you., on this day of July, 19--, Mr. And Mrs. Bellheimer!”*

The congregation stood in ovation and clapped as we both proceeded to walk down the isle and back toward the heavy opened entrance doors of the cathedral. I can still recall the dream like surreal state of mind that I was in on that day, that feeling as if I had been transported into the events that had just transpired telepathically from some distant place of origin, rather than



actually experiencing the event as it had happened. What had I just done, I asked myself in the silence of mental voice?

I carefully walked back toward my pickup truck with my new bride by my side. While we entered into the cab of the truck, showered with rice and glee, we eased out backward and then onto the highways, heading out toward our new destination for the next two weeks.

Like the wind of a midnight fantasy dream, we were whisked into a ship dockside, then before we could ever hope to recall, we were boarding, heading out at sea into an unknown destination.

The veil of night fell to cover us and we soon found ourselves dancing about in elaborate ballrooms, to tunes unknown and melodies in which most have only fantasized about or read about in some enchanting classical novel. I was there to experience it all... she floating about the majestic floor in some long, ankle length classical satin lace...; and I, donned in a midnight suite with, a neat tight black bow-tie.

The fellow dancers were donned in similar fashion, though all of them knew that the night was our wedding night. I am almost certain that there were others who were in the same state of experience as ourselves, but of them I was aware not.

Of the passage of time I was not aware. I had no measurement as to whether long hours had passed, or was it entire days? Her contented smiles told me naught.

The perpetual darkness of the ballroom dance-floor, the endless circling of multicolored lights.., the fellow dancers who were always moving about, each couple floating around in graceful circles.. Oh, indeed the sweetest of rose wine.., the intoxicating opiates lavished within continuously.. All of us present certainly wished that the sweet euphoria would never end.

When the morning finally did arrive and we then decided to awake, we would spend our days on board deck, gazing across the rounding horizon into the far distance. In silence, at least in the beginning, we both would attempt to get a possible glimpse of

some distant island paradise in mere shadow form, but we were only to behold an endless expanse of indigo water.

Then one day the indigo water transformed into crystal ice blue water, like that more of a man made spa, and the rolling action of the waves stilled until the water that held the ship up had the appearance more of ice blue crystal clear glass than of water far out at sea. Deep down I sensed that we were nearing land fall.

I could not wait to behold the adventure before us. We had to be nearing a new place, I felt, and the call of the leafy palm breezes were almost more than I could stand and bear.

What adventures were there to await us? What new found discoveries were there for us to indulge in? Indeed, I sought a new experience unlike any yet experienced by me or anyone else that I had yet to know. Without this lust for new excitement, what reason was there to go on living? Was not excitement the true spice of life?

I say that it is. I say that without any fresh experience and thrills, that the mind becomes stale and stagnant.., only to

eventually stalemate and erode. Those were the elders whom exist only in body, whose minds have long since vanished or were vainly lost somewhere in a distant past known, and experienced only by themselves. These were the people who once were alive, only now to exist.., and would then perish without ever having lived, I fear.

What a horrible fate! What an end to avoid. There indeed lies my greatest fear., to die without having ever lived and experienced the earth around me, like the beasts of the field. What a horror to only arise in the morning, eat, work the same old boring job, come home and eat, wash, turn on the tube, then lay back down, make love in the same old position, only to repeat the same methodical process seven days a week.. What a terrible existence for a human being!

Soon the boat came to dock and all of us were exiting the ramp. My feet longed for the sand of those gentle island shores. I absolutely could not wait to find out what ever there was that was new for me to discover.

My body longed only to lay in a hammock stretched between two coconut palms, swinging about in the tropical island breeze, sipping on an ice cold coconut filled with juice, and rum. This mixture seems to be one of the favorites all about. They call it *agua De loco*.

I get it when I can do so. I have always loved an ice cold coconut that has the inside juice spiked with smooth strong rum.

The soft island music was soothing, generating a feeling like easy rolling waves..like the swing of the hammock that I lay in for a duration that seemed as hours.

I could have continued to dwell there for a life time.., or maybe even more; but soon the rolling swing found me floating back on the soft palm breeze, onto the ship deck for more dance and celebration of just being alive.

Before I could grasp the events surrounding me, we were back out at sea once more again. Soon I was surrounded by crystal clear blue water and clouds of flying fish, a flock of seagulls

passing, a school of dolphins following as the ship eased along on the crystal sea.

Off in the distance I witnessed a pack of friendly seals as they swam along, hoping for a generous morsel of some type. When they came close enough, I would not hesitate to toss some handful of beef or roasted salmon overboard, keeping the portions only fist sized so as not to be spotted by the sideboard cameras.

Below the sunning deck where we presently lay, was the dancing deck and the mess hall. I watched as the local island band set up their homemade musical instruments, soon ringing out their wonderful island tunes.

I loved the nearly nude flower girls best, who always appeared to be the lead singers for the band, tossing their neck garlands of iris and lilac, even some born of the tropical orchids, among the dancers as they swooned and turned upon the deck floor of the ship.

The huge cups of free flowing wine assisted in the smooth flow of the dancers as they floated about in their sanctified embrace,

consumed in the hypnotic entrancing euphoria emitted from the large opiate invigorated wine crystals that each of them held in their right hands by the back of their lover's neck..

Time passed quickly.. I do not know how much; do forgive me for saying so, but I cannot recall the passage of time as if my mind did not then possess the capability to do so. Soon seemingly the very island wind had swooped us up into it's warm embrace, transporting us onto another tropical island oasis.

On this new island the hallowed specialty was the same soft rolling island music, tropical fruity food, sweet intoxicating creams, free flowing wine, and drink of all varieties. Some among the passengers claimed that the fruit was actually true lotus, such a claim was due to the forceful intoxicating power born in the fruity cream itself, but of this claim I could never verify.

I can verify the effect thereof and the feeling that consumption generated, was that of total contentment in swooning a euphoria. The feeling was much more intense and desired by all, than any induced by the consumption of the wine alone.

Many among our group honestly did not desire to return home, so our consumption thereof was cut by the island authorities hours before our actual departure time. From that observation then, maybe the claim of the fruit being true lotus was a very valid claim indeed.

I can say as well, that I surly struggled with my own personal desire to remain, even though the hours had passed since I had last partaken of the lotus.

The music and the time continued on for both day and night. We only slept where we collapsed, be that in the deck chair as we relaxed backward, in the secluded bed of our cabin, or in some hammock breeze as we savored a new island swoon. Each island held it's own specialty, but all of them had lots of luscious fruit, sand, sometimes nude flower dancers, and graceful song.

I hated the day that I gazed ahead of the ship bow, only to behold the returning port. I did not want to go home, I only wanted more of the lotus and the tender relaxation.. All too soon



the island winds blew their soft pleasant breaths and we were exiting port, back into our car, and headed home.

I simply could not believe it, the passage of time. I was now married again, coming home from another honeymoon. What were people to make of all this? What was I to make of all the past just recently experienced?

I had declared that I would never again marry, but just *LOOK* at me now! Here I was, already bound, on another honeymoon, and back again..., just like that! It was amazing, even to me, myself!

I can only imagine how the others felt who must have witnessed me in my choice of recent actions. Sometimes I even felt that someone should explain to me just how the recent events had transpired. Was I mad for asking myself this question? How did what had just happen, even happen to begin with?

The day following our arrival at home, we relaxed from our vacation, while knowing that labor would resume on the

following day, as usual. I completed my lesson plans, indeed with the assistance of my new bride.

I had at last found a new contentment, a new happiness and a reason for being. She loved my son and I loved her daughters, and her even more for loving my son. Maybe this second time around, I will get life right and see a fresh glow of radiant success in our new lives together. Maybe my son will now have the family that he has lost, due to his mother's lack of foresight.

I guess that in the end, it just might not even matter, since he has now almost grown up.. At least I have done my best by him, in-spite of the situation.

Such is the way that I have always tried to live my life, so that in the end, I could always say that I have given my all, and was determined to succeed.., no matter what the past had forced upon me to endure.

In the end, I would be certain to prosper. Anybody else who was honest with themselves and other people, could only say the same in regard as well.



## Chapter 6

### *The Accusation*

The day to arrive at work finally arrived, and like the night winds during a deep illustrious dream, I soon found myself back in the office, and the classroom at work; except this time, at least I had a new lady in my life.

Upon my very initial arrival that morning, I eased into the teacher's lounge, carefully pouring a fresh cup of steaming coffee.

At the table sat seven Ziminoa females, filling the room with their pungent, disgusting body odors.

The odor emitted from their bodies reminded me of spoiled offal, and half rotten onions combined with garlic. Even though I love to eat onions and garlic, this combination really made for a very sickening mist that continually hung low in the air throughout, and contributed dramatically to our general abhorrence for their surrounding company.

All of us *Ueiskuning* present were deeply offended with their drooling, diseased appearing, dull greenish faces, and their disgustingly foul language; all complete with their pointed ears flaring as though they were attempting to eavesdrop in on our most personal conversations, in obvious assumption that we were speaking in regard to them personally.

The Ziminoa bore hard, sneering facial expressions as though they felt that they were owed some sort of debt or special privilege, as a result of some mythologized obligation indebted to them by their fellow coworkers. Most only glared at us, remaining

in their own cliques, and seldom ever taking any type of step out their circle to interact.

Besides their disgusting odors and appearance, we never really trusted them. They were known to only turn coat throughout their entire history. First it was them turning to take sides with the Empire of The Overlords, then they took sides with whomever the invader was that dared to enter into the sacred Fatherland, including the Federal Government, who only played them for the fools that they all were in honest truth, and indeed, still are. But these facts were not the end of it all.

After the Federal Government laboring for the interest of the banks and corporations, destroyed our precious extraordinarily prosperous economy, doing so while using the Ziminoa only as shock troops; following the collapse of our golden splendor, these ignorant rude beings then thought that they could just settle in among all of us, and everything would then continue on as it always had, with never a glance back from the ones so gravely offended.

They obviously thought that the now nearly bankrupt Federal Government would have their back, after they had committed their savage crimes against the majority population. Oh, how ridiculous, indeed!

That sole protrusive fact is why the Ziminoas were destined to future suffering. In reality.., such is the true reason why those blessed children of Ares made a vendetta war on them.

Behold thou intelligentsia of mortal earth, these ludicrous beasts brought all of the evil that they had endured upon themselves; and not the other way around, no matter how much it is that any person wishes to believe otherwise!

The initial attack, however, was only to demand that they live unto themselves, and not steal precious benefits from the fruits of Annunaki efforts to reconstruct. The Ziminoas could build their own world, since they wanted freedom.. Doing so is only an ultimate epitome in freedom. Just keep away from those whom have struggled on a systemic plateau high above that of only

physical labor. All of those among the unadulterated blood-lines wanted that much only..., and nothing else.

Why then, did this Government now *force* the *Ueiskuning* to interact with these brutish, irrational, most disgusting of humanoid primate creatures? We had freedom to choose with whom it is that we wish to interact on a daily basis.. Such conclusions are deduced via supreme accomplishment and purity of honored blood! Individuals bear that sort of personal freedom in Asia as well as Latin America, and in most of the free world without..

Indeed all of us were horrified, as well as outrageously offended, upon our observation that these damned imps were now instructing the zoo-mister via outrageously absurd, even insulting demands, in the proper method of organizing and managing the zoo... Imagine that situation for a moment!

I stepped out of the door after I carefully poured my cup of caffeine.

“Who are they?,” I asked to one of my passing co-workers.



“They are newly hired teachers!,” my co-worker spoke with a gasping breath of astonishment. “Can you believe that?”

“This sorry Government just *inserted* them, by right of politics, into that honorable professional position.; and some of them, so I heard, did not even have any credentials to back themselves up!

“Just look around you, for Pete's sake. Their filthy, ignorant, poorly behaved nits are filling up the school buildings! And just wait until you try to give these bastard gargoyles chachama instruction..

“They will not listen, they will not conform to any organized protocol. They have quite obviously not been given any type of formal structured home training, or any other types of training at all. Just wait until one finds that he must deal with this disgusting horror in *his* classroom.!”

“Yeah..” I replied. “I heard that the Government was going to slow the schools down, just to accommodate this Ziminoan trash.

Can you believe that? I am still in the greatest of shock about this matter.

“ Then just think..., your sons and daughters are being forced to attend class and interact with them.. It is just a matter of time before all of our children begin the breed with this base, genetically defective anthropoid scum..! What then, for heaven sakes, will be the future of this once great nation?”

A gentle lady who was my co-worker just sighed a deep drawn out sigh...

“Just what is this world coming to? What are these people trying to do that we keep putting into office? Forcing us to breed with trash like this is certainly not an upgrade in any of our blood-lines, or anyone's at all; or even society in general, for that matter...,except the scum that the ruling elite are trying to force us to breed with.

“So we can all rationally deduce that they must be obviously attempting to down-grade us and our splendid accomplishments. But those monsters in there *are indeed* teachers in legal theory as

is stated on their submitted papers, and all of us are commanded, even at the peril of our own jobs, to believe and accept them as such.”

“Yeah,,” I replied as she walked away. “But just watch your back..I saw their glaring stares back there in the lounge. Something is up.., so just watch your back.”

“I agree,” she said while looking backward toward me as she walked around the corner of the wall.

I walked on into my classroom, being very careful to close the door behind me following my entrance inside. This position should allow me plenty of privacy, I smiled unto myself as I worked.

On my desk stood stacks of papers that I immediately began to grade through and to synthesize. I clicked on my computer in order to log those grades into the electronic grade sheet.

I usually get onto my job two to three hours early. It seemed that in the past few years, that all of us teacher have had much

more work to do, at the ever threatening peril of our precious hard-won jobs.

Many say that the increase in work load is due to the authorities hiring all of those incompetent, dysfunctional Ziminoas that they are allowing to masquerade as teachers and other various high ranking professionals; instead of hiring competent, honest, hard working instructors.

The Federal Government committed this fallacy of logic as a gross appeal for support back during the Reconstruction times as well. The official euphemistic label to this authoritarian endorsement of incompetence is *affirmative action*, if indeed, I have heard the word right.

“Yeah.,” said one friend and fellow instructor of mine, who popped into my classroom just momentarily to say good morning.

“All of us should really tremble in our boots. I went into the hospital recently and it appeared some twenty percent of the surgical staff was Zimonoa! I mean..., true horror of horrors!”

“Well.., its just the way that everything is headed. Competency is being watered down, right along with perfectionism, professionalism, and solid work ethic. Common sense tells one that productivity and quality will soon dry up and fade away, right along with everything else that is positive in favor of the abject negative,” I replied.

“So what will we all be left with then, a violent ghetto mongrel slum of some sort or another?,” my friend asked in both a serious tone and one of dark sarcasm.

“I can tell anyone this much..; indeed, there is a motivation behind all of this systematic negativity that we are living witness unto.

“I mean..., just think about it all for a moment. First they force us to interact socially with this sub-human trash that cannot even function by it's own sense of forward direction, and never could do so, as is so self evident via a hard examination of their past history.

“Next, they then send the backbone of our economy outside of our national boundaries, so that the corporate heads can contract their labor to the bondage stockades that exist in those receptive nations, and nearly avoid any sort of labor and benefit cost. Then at the same time, they over regulate our business economy here, stateside, to the point that doing individual enterprise is not even worth one's time and effort any more.

Now a piece at a time, they are even dismantling our individual rights, even those that are guaranteed by blood-won constitution. They have removed our basic constitutional right to representation in congress by allowing the corporations to make bribes that are euphemistically labeled *campaign contributions*, and we-the-people presently do not even possess any sort of check on any potentially oppressive authority of the government.

“ But that is not all., do you remember the *patriot's act*? This legislative law effectively allows the president the authority to declare a national emergency at his own discretion, *without* going through congress to do so.

“So what this means is that the president could literally declare martial law at his own liberty, and thereby all of the constitutional liberties of the people would be immediately suspended, and the ruling military law would hold the literal power of life and death over the heads of the average people,” my friend replied.

“That's right,” I retorted. “Just take a look at the facts that we have just lined up, and you can then clearly see the suggestion put forth by those facts, allowing you to deduce the direct conclusion to what is happening in reality; in direct contrast to the prevalent lies that we are all being fed by the corrupted fascist, indirectly government owned media.

“First we have the forced blood mixture with a lower humanoid primate sub-species in the evolutionary time frame, if that is, one believes in evolution at all to begin with. Then the system is “dumb-ed” down to accommodate this lower sub-species.

“At the same time, the ruling elite, who is in reality the same elite that dominates and controls the large corporations, socializes

the system to accommodate the lower species and to force a repressive tax base that essentially prevents any singular rise into prosperity, while at the same time, redistributes wealth and income.

“You see, money is power, so if the masses do not possess wealth..., then they are powerless and at the mercy of the elite few who do. Now we have a new constitutional mandate that allows the president the potential to hold unchecked authoritarian power.

“ Can't you see? What we presently have actually in reigning authority is a collective-Fascist form of government, with the near future potential for mono-Fascist power in reigning governmental authority.

“When this type of government develops into being, then we truly have the tyrannical type of government that everyone has been taught to fear with intense disdain and consternation....but when this climax materializes, my dear friend..., then it will be way too late. The ignorant masses should not have tuned out the



chiming voices of the wise and observant! We'll all be done for then, my friend..

“Think of it this way..., because our genes for intelligent reasoning capacity and calculating forethought have been so thoroughly and methodically corrupted, the overwhelming majority of us will not even comprehend what is happening when it does happen. We will only respond to applied stimulus and direct commands, like the barnyard beasts of the stables and fields that the Fascist elite desires so lustfully to deteriorate all of us into..

“So isn't that nice? Isn't that thoughtful of them to plan it all out so well like that..?”

“So what you are saying is, that if we are among the intelligent few who can see where all of this business is headed, then our best bet is to simply leave now, while we still have in our possession that ability to do so,” my friend replied in earnest.

“That is so very right..! Get out now while there is still time left. Time will indeed not last forever! I tell you this much...when

you bear witness to them dissolving your blood won right to own firearms, and distribute condemning information that will raise the alarm, then all of this will stand as the dreaded precursor to the most shocking, destructive horror to come.

“ There is a methodical reasoning and conclusion to all of this negatively repressive business that is going on, I tell you!”

“I agree,”spoke my friend, “an intent and a self serving conclusion.”

My friend then exited my room and I continued on in my labor at hand. After some thirty minutes or so, I received a call on the intercom to come stand before the principle in his office. I could only wonder as to what was up with this. We had only thirty more minutes or so until the students were to arrive in class, the address could not be very much, I reasoned.

I soon put my work aside and made my way into the hallway to stand before the principle. When I reached his office, his door was wide opened. I paused at the opening.

The principle was gazing down at some paperwork, but soon glanced up in my direction.

“Well hello, Mr. Bellheimer,” he said with a smile. “I have been expecting you for some time. Come on inside and have a seat, where we can speak,” he spoke as he pointed to the chair before his desk.

“Yes sure, what may I help you with?,” I asked as I took my seat.

“Well sir, there have been a few issues that have been brought to my attention recently, and some few more that have been made mention of earlier.”

“You mean..., issues involving the quality of my work?,” I asked inquisitively.

“Well...,yes..., I guess that you might say...,” He hesitated as he spoke.

“Like what, specifically?,” I asked him as he hesitated.

“ It has been brought to my attention that all you want to do around here is drink coffee, and sit up at your desk while hiding

in your room there. I had some people make this claim quite some time ago starting, and these claims continue right up until the present time.”

“Well., they're not true,” I snapped in reply. “While it is true that I drink coffee, it is not true that I do not fulfill my work duties. So please tell me, good sir, who in fact were these people making these claims?”

“That is not important!,” snapped the principle in a sudden angry sharp tone of speech, that in fact betrayed his belief that I did not even possess the right to question any claim that he chose to force upon me to accept.

“Alright, I can accept that,” I replied, “but how are these people qualified to quantify my work duties, or my general choice of actions around here? I, as the accused, do possess the right to ask that direct question and that right is, in-fact, guaranteed by constitutional law.”

“Look fellow,” yelled the principle through clenched teeth, as he pointed his right index finger directly into my astonished face.

“I am not going to go around in circles with you in regard to this matter now! I told you what the deal was, and that was it! So..., end of this discussion..., now!”

I only sat and calmly smiled at him as he yelled, right up until he completed his statement.

“Well sir,” I said in reply, “your choice in reaction to my simple question betrays what I perceive to be the true facts in this situation. In other words, my accusers are my co-workers, not any type of people who hold qualified authority around here over me or anyone else.

“My co-workers are *NOT* my supervisors. My co-worker's job is not to micro-manage the work place at the expense of my own contentment, or anyone else's, thank you. What I am dealing with here from them is, in-fact, false accusation with the intent to harass, I tell you.

“*You* did not come here to be harassed by the invisible man. No *one* else did around here, and neither did *I*, for everyone's information.”

“Look fellow,” spoke the principle. “I am wasting my time here with you, just going around in circles about this. I can see that you cannot accept the obvious; the obvious being that you are not performing your assigned job duties.

“ Can't you see where all of this is leading to? That's what I am about in speaking with you.. And furthermore, I am simply *NOT* going to speak with you anymore, I am just going to act..; so *END OF STORY, HERE* , and right *NOW*,” he stated as he punched his right index finger directly down into the top of his desk!

I sighed and then simply smiled saying;

“Well, what I am saying is that I can prove the validity in what I am claiming, simply by asking a few basic directional questions. You have yet to place the verification on any of these claims before me, so this leads me to question if, in-fact, *the claimants even offered you any sort of verification to begin with*; and if indeed they did not do so, then *why did you not demand it*?

“Indeed, what are you basing your convictions on, if they did not do so? What causes you to be so convinced of their validity?

“ Furthermore, I am well aware of the analytical thinking process and I possess a functional aptitude margin along the parameters in the established process. I am just the teacher, for crying out loud here!

“How is it, then, that you hold the position of principle manager, in-fact, and possess no functional aptitude margin in critical analysis? And judging by the expression on your face at present, I will further say in extension..., that you are completely ignorant of any sort of analytical organized thought, let alone the official process that has been in existence now since the time of Plato and Socrates!”

The seething anger then commenced to swell from deep inside my breast, causing me to conclude with my inner convictions.

“On what pretense were you hired, then sir, if not on the pretense of functional analytical thought? On what basis then, were you expected to critically analyze the system that you presently preside over, and make determinations as to *where* the

weak areas lie, in fact, then *how* to apply exactly *what* corrective measures *where*?

“ I can tell you this much, what ever the hiring pretense was, yours is not working and you will always be doomed to arrive at the same, invalid conclusions.”

“Look man, its like this...,” I continued to speak with a heavy sigh. “ Can't you see the reality in what lies before you here....? Man (I slightly laughed as I spoke)..., they are playing you for a real fool...! The old saying once was *get along on the job by using the man as a tool. We accomplish this by playing him for a fool!*

“*Please* understand here, *any* claim that is made, if it is to hold its validity, demands a supporting premise that consists of a set of developmental facts in direct concession, each fact suggesting the one that comes afterward, then the final conclusion put forth in suggestion from those facts is what the claim rests on.

“Without that sole element, then the claim is *always* rendered invalid and is to be held in complete disregard. When we receive invalid claims in continuum from the same individuals or



individuals associated with the original claimant, what I am telling you is that there *always* exists a *self serving motivation* in doing so.

“They are trying to manipulate you into doing their bidding, which is to play supervisor and harass on the basis of personal bias, since these individuals are not qualified to make any other analogy, sir! That is the real situation that you are dealing with here....!”

.....“Get out of here...! Get out of here now!,” the principle screamed in heavy raging protest.

He quickly seized several large books laying about on the surface of his desk, throwing them toward me while consumed in this raging fit of madness that is brought on always out of a grinding, consuming ignorance.

”Just get out now from in front of me! I do not want to hear any more of this nonsense talk! If I had of wanted an intellectual speech, then I would have surly asked for one! Just get out! Get out now....!”

“Jacques, my lowly assistant, call the resource cop immediately and remove this man from my presence!”

I could not help but to burst out in a laughing response of disbelief at the volume of ignorance I was beholding. In fact, I nearly collapsed onto the floor as the fits of laughter continued to consume me, even to the point of tears.

“I just cannot believe it. I cannot believe what my eyes are beholding before me..,” I said as I continued to laugh in complete astonishment. “Just tell me then, please somebody..., on what pretense where you hired in as principle authority here?

I continued to roll about the seat consumed in complete laughter.

“How many years experience did you have, man? Maybe one., two was it not now,.? And they hired him in here over you, Mr. Jacques there? And Mr. Jacques, you told me, that you had twenty years worth of experience in positive work performance, I think that it was?”

I continued to laugh to the point of tears.

Jacques sat silent, never saying a single word, but had the hardened expression on his face that betrayed direct understanding and agreeing with the observed obvious conclusion. He valued his job, so he just remained silent.

I, on the other hand, was way past the point of even caring. I have a duty unto my own honor and self value.., and that was to simply speak the obvious truth when it needed to be said; and this time, it certainly was in need of being spoken aloud, I felt. There were many employment areas that I could find work in. I came here from a job., and I would surly leave here going to a job. That much was a complete matter of fact.

“My word man, what kind of place do I live in, and what kind of system is it that I am employed into here? I cannot believe it. I just cannot believe it..! A place operated *by* fools, *for* the fools, and then the fools wonder as to exactly why it is that their students are so undereducated upon their exit from the system.

“I simply cannot believe it. It is like a story that one reads and says, can never be reality, only this one most certainly is!”

I continued to roll in laughter, now all about on the floor. Soon the door opened and the resource cop appeared. I am still rolling about in consuming laughter on the cold tile flooring beneath me....

“What can I do for you here? Is everything alright? What is going on....?”

“Just get him out! Get him out of my presence here and now! I can't stand it! I cannot stand it any more! I want him out, now! Get out.! Get out of here with all of your talk to me about analytical process, and such babbling nonsense..!,” screamed the principle as he leaned over toward me, shaking his right index finger wildly..

“Alright, alright,” I said as I continued to laugh involuntarily. “I'm getting up. I'll go now. I just can't help it. The jester wears a hat band that is obviously way too tight; and I swear people, he doesn't even know it!”

On that particular day, class had already began without my presence unfortunately. So when I walked into the room, the

students were alive and very energetic...; only, not towards completing their assignments. They all begged me in unison to allow them to read books or listen to music through their head phones.

I glanced down at my watch face, and upon seeing that I only had fifteen more minutes of class left, I agreed to allow them to read their books, under the condition that they remain silent until the bell rang for them to change class.

Upon getting control of the classroom, I then took my seat at the desk and began organizing my material. It was a real mess on top of my desk, and acting at the proper time to correct the mess would allow me to gain immediate control of the class when the next period began.

The course of the entire period rode on the first seven minutes, lose that, and the instructor has lost control of entire class, and maybe even the entire day of instruction, and especially if he is performing the service of instructor in an already highly undisciplined environment.

As the bell rang out announcing the end of the first period, I began stacking my last collection of notes and books on the right hand corner. My papers, I stacked in the center of my desk where it was easiest to lay hands upon.

I accomplished this last feat as the students were walking into the room. I then quickly walked to the outside hallway and stood by the door. In a minute or two the bell rang for class to begin. I quickly walked inside and shut the door behind me.

The moment that I walked inside, the students silenced completely.

“Well, good morning class,” I said in my usual smiling address.

“Well, good morning, Mr. Bellheimer!,” replied the students.

“Are you all ready to study and learn our subject material?”

“No.., but we will do so anyway!,” they replied.

“Ah, well, that was not exactly what I was expecting; but sometimes, I guess, we are just supposed to take what we can get and go with it,” I said calmly with a smile.

“So...,on that note, then..., lets begin with it! Open your science books to page ninety, please. Take a look at this section. This is really important here. The title of the section is genetics. Quickly scan the section right underneath the chapter heading of genetics, and you see the section on genetic mutations. Do all of you see this?”

“Yes...,” the class replied.

“Well then, what I want you to do is to carefully read the section, and as you read, pick out the main idea of the section. Remember, the main idea tells what the entire section is about. I will give you ten minutes to do this.

“After you read and decide, then write the section name, the heading, and the main idea. Label the main heading roman numeral one, the section heading capitol letter A, and the main idea in each lower case letter a. Can all of you accomplish this request?”

“Yes...,” they all replied in unison.

“Alright then...”

I paused as I wound my timer clock and set it on my desk.

“Lets begin now!”

The entire period continued in this fashion until the last five minutes of class. I then announced to the class that what they presently hold in possession is, in-fact, a study outline. What they then needed to do was review the material after class.

For homework I wanted them to change the headings into questions, and then take some five inch by five inch index cards, being very careful to write the question on one side, and the answer on the other. In this manner I could teach them a really effective study technique right along with the subject material.

Very few instructors, so I observed, ever made this effort. Most instructors simply opened the books to the questions at the end of the chapter, and then put the kids to work, or simply put on a movie and sat idle at their desk...; some even possessing the audacity to absorb themselves with unmentionables right there in broad daylight on the classroom computer! Some others I even observed, were laying their heads on their desks and sleeping.



In the silence of my mind, what I could never figure out was *why no one* even bothered to address this miss-conduct to them, since all of it was painfully obvious to anyone who bothered to simply stroll past the opened doors of the class rooms.

In the end it was always the kids who suffered most out of it. One kid from the math department even went as far as to tell me that the entire math department was failing! I did not teach math, so of this fact, I was not aware. I was truly shocked by the announcement.

“I can prove it to you,” she said with a smile. “Wait right here.”

She disappeared and in five minutes returned with a large spiral ringed notebook.

“Just look at that. The grades of the entire department...all ending in failure.”

I flipped through the book and was shocked to behold the truth in what she was telling me. I then walked before the class as they silenced to give me their attention.

“See, we told you so,” spoke the class.

“So just tell me, then.” I asked. “Why is this failure true? I know that maybe four or five of you could possibly have something wrong in terms of numerical perception.., but certainly not the entire math department here! What is wrong?,” I asked in total shock. “What do you feel that the problem is here?”

One of the students smiled and then answered.

“Well... the teachers just don't teach, to speak the honest truth about the matter. They can work it out on the board, but they cannot show us how to get the answer.”

“Wow...,” I said. Something is really wrong here.”

“Yeah, they’re not teaching us anything here. That is what's wrong.”

I continued on throughout the course of the day, with each class going on in the same manner as was described earlier. As the day wound on down, I thought about what the student said.

This reality was truly a repressive pattern of socialization at work that I was bearing witness to. The process was suggestive of a negative conclusion being well planned out in advance.

Corrupt their perfect blood so that they are inbred with defective genes from a sub-human element in the humanoid primate species. Now neglect their education so that they do not possess the skills to obtain any sort of employment opportunity, and thus, never build up any sort of revenue base.

This sole action forces all commoners down to the same level, and rendered powerless without adequate revenue to access the legal system, or gain a political constituency via any sort of campaign contributions.

Once this measure in the plan is accomplished, then a moronic ignorant majority would gladly sign over any cherished property holdings with a jaded promise of eliminating all property tax demands, to the ruling authoritarian elite, who could then force the numerical minority to pay the taxes that they were no longer collecting from the now property-less majority; thereby effectively doubling or tripling the tax rate on those who refuse to sign their ownership rights away.. This sole action would

eventually force that minority number to simply sign over their property as well.

Any armed resisters would then be offered a span of time, say ninety days, to lay down their arms in surrender and given the option of having their insubordination sins against the nation/state, forgiven. The few remaining holdouts would then simply be branded as criminal enemies of the state and promptly liquidated with a determined exact efficiency, all accomplished with the blessings of the now overwhelming landless majority who had been effectively duped into believing that they still held the rights to their property. These condemned souls would only discover the folly in their lack of deduction when it was way too late to take any sort of preventative action to secure their own pathetic position.

All of this conclusion is crystal clear to me. Why do my words seem to shock so many educated, otherwise intelligent people? Do they, in reality, agree with me, and then just cannot psychologically accept the obvious outcome? Is it that they had

rather ignore the obvious and continue on, going about their daily activity in comforting oblivion?

I guess all of it is a matter of the hypothetical hungry farmer sitting at the picnic table to have his steak, and refusing to see the obvious crouching tiger behind the motorcycle sitting in-front of him, watching him eat. Everything appears to be just that crazy.

Whether they pull their head up out of the sand or not, the monster is still coming to consume them all., and coming very fast at that!

On my job I continued, with one day rolling into another. Nothing major happened. First a week passed, then two weeks, and then finally four.

Two more months passed.., and then I was called into the office again. I will never forget it., it was at 1100 hrs on Friday, November 12 19--. I drew a deep breath, then lay my work aside upon the top of my desk. I walk down the hallway toward the office.

“Oh., just where are you headed today?,” several Ziminoan “instructors” smiled with a sneer as they passed me in the hallway.

I never even bothered to answer, I just kept on walking down the hallway. In the back ground I could hear them talking among themselves and laughing when they thought that I had passed far enough away from ear shot. Soon I rounded the corner and walked into the office area. I paused at the opened door....

“Well, come on inside here, Mr. Bellheimer, and have a seat,” spoke the principle. “We have lots to speak about.”

“Alright,” I said with cheer in my voice. “I am all ears here and ready,” attempting to break the ice.

“I've had so many claims against you that it is pathetic. Something just has to be done about all of this. Honestly, it's driving me crazy. But I tell you this much., look at me, fellow, when I speak now.; something *is* going to be done., today., and rite now.! You hear me?”

“Fine...,” I laughed with a muffled laugh. “Just make the address suggested by the facts that support the claims. That's all that I have ever said or asked from anyone, anywhere.”

The principle then clenched his teeth in a seething anger, raising his arm, allowing it to rest on the top of his desk. With his right opened hand turned sideways, he pointed across the desk top directly at me, causing his body to lean forward as he spoke in a gnarling bitter voice.

“Look here, don't give me any mambo jumbo about facts., and claims needing supporting facts..., and all of that ridiculous stuff. You hear me now, son.? I don't want to hear that! I'll tell ya what I am going to do..., and I am going to act right here..., and act today! Do you hear me?,” he roared.

“What are the claims?,” I calmly inquired.

“You want to know the claims? I'll tell you the claims, son. You've been talking about me, haven't you? You've been talking about me! You said that ignorant son-of-bitch, dumb ass of a principle doesn't know what he is doing. Now didn't you, boy?”

“What are you talking about? Who said that?,” I asked.

“Don't you dare try to lie to me now, boy!,” the man abruptly roared. “I know you said it! I know you said it!,” he said as he pointed at his chest emphatically.

“Who said it?,” I asked again.

“That's not important! That's just not for you to know, now is it?”

“You want to hear more, now? You want more? Well, you just sit right there and I am going to give you more. How about that all you do is sit and read while the students work out of the book? How about..., that you sleep during your planning period? Or that all you do is watch movies in the classroom, or play on the computer? Hmm? Now what about all of that?”

“Well., it's just not true. None of this is true! Who said this and how are they qualified to observe and analyze my work? Where is the supporting evidence? What time lines did they give for this supposed observation? Where are the briefing papers? Did you not ask them for them? Why?,” I asked in firm reply



“You let me tell you something..., and tell you right now, son. I have already checked with the board on this matter. They have given me the go-ahead to do whatever it is that I feel I need to do!,” He said this as he pulled out a folder of papers from the drawer on his desk.

“You see this signature right here? I am signing your termination papers, son. I don't want you in this establishment here. Yes., we are a public school, but you are just not fit to employ here. Here., sign on this line at the bottom of the page.”

As he gave his command, he thrust a vague handful of papers in front of me.

“I refuse to do it!,” I snapped. “How do you justify this action?”

“How do I justify this action? I will tell you how. I just need the decision to take action, that's all! I don't need a reason to give to you. I just need to decide that you should exit these premises, that's all!”

He stepped over to the copy machine and ran copies.

“Here's yours for your records and here is mine,” he said as he tossed the stack of papers in front of me.

“Good day, sir,” he said with a smile.

I simply lowered my head.., and began to walk off of the premises. Honestly, I did not want to work in that establishment any more, as it was. But at the same time, I did not like the way these people had went about their business.

I needed to get a lawyer to review this situation, I thought in silence to myself. I will take these people to court and sue them for everything that I can get! That is what I will do!

Quickly I left the school grounds and headed down the road toward the court house. I turned out onto Grimm street, making a right turn on the opposite side of the road onto Tom street.

Two blocks down the road on the left, stood an old antique wooden mansion house. Up on the top floor was the office of Ebenezer Stuttgart. According to local street legend, this man was the best attorney in all of Nam DE Mortier.

I stepped through the large wooden doors that were always opened. He never had to fear anyone sneaking up and entering the building, since the house sat on a somewhat sloping hill and the door must first be entered by stepping up onto a somewhat high porch.

All of this walking forced one to make a certain amount of noise as he ascended the stairs, and walked across the old weather bleached wooden planking of the porch. I rounded the corner, instantly coming face to face with an attractive, though a trifle young, blond receptionist. Before her sat the latest in computer technology. She smiled broadly and very pleasantly as she turned to face me.

“What can we do for you today here at Stuttgart, Lewis, and Rommel?”

“I need to schedule an interview with attorney Stuttgart,” I said in direct reply.

“Very well,” smiled the lady as she spoke. She picked up the phone before speaking again. “Just let me see if he is in yet. He may be with a client.”

A couple of moments passed, then she spoke into the phone.

“A potential client is here to speak with you.”

She put the phone down immediately before speaking.

“You may go directly up. Second room on your left at the top of the stairway.”

I walk up the stairway, and onto the planked, sagging flooring of the mildewy old mansion house. I walk up to the second door on the left, and rounded the corner.

I immediately see an older, gray haired man with shoulder length hair, and a chest length beard typing into a computer. He was dressed in a long sleeved black satin suit and tie. He lifted his head to look up at me with a very weather-worn, ruddy complexioned face. He spoke with a raspy, nearly hungover tone of voice.

“Hello sir, what may we do for you today?”

“I have a problem that I need help with.”

“Then proceed on. Tell me about it, that's what I am in the business for.”

“Well the problem involves a labor issue. I am a school teacher and this Principle is always calling me up into his office to announce that some anonymous person has presented a claim against me. Well this mess had been going on for a while, and today he terminated me, with no basis to support any claim presented. I just don't think that this move, on his part, is one that is legal. I have rights,” I said emphatically.

“No.., you do not.. Not any more! Labor issues involving individual employees are not to be contested in court here in present day America..; that is, unless it is a clear cut biased issue..

“ But then, you are of that most cherished *Ueiskuning* heritage., and so; you do not have any rights as an employee, even if the situation is a kindred issue. Only the Ziminoa are

allowed those types of rights, especially in regard to proceedings on the job.

“Think about it.., that's why you almost never see a Ziminoa get terminated from a job, even if he is the sorriest, most pathetic, incompetent employee that you or anyone else has ever observed! In general, all that the Ziminoa ever do is belly ache and complain, then if their imaginary problems are not immediately addressed; they walk around all over the job site and harass the other employees, who then have absolutely no legal right to grieve about the matter.

“Have you ever seen a Ziminoa terminated?...And he is always the last to get laid off as well, since the management is terrified of being subjected to the same job terminating invalid rule of logic that the employees are !

“I will add that the only exceptions to this rule might be the Levenwolves, or some of those Zinkscabino from the raging barbarian tribes of the far southern extremities; but even that

possibility is subjective if the ones whom the directive is toward stand among the Ziminoas!

“If you are from some strange alien nation, and worship some way out, imaginary fantasy God that we here in America know next to nothing about, then you would have rights on your job.

“ I also forgot to add, that if you were a lover of other men, then you would *surly* have rights to complain about virtually anything and everything at all on the job.. *AND*, you can be certain that the authorities would make a prompt address to it, as well as being sure to condemn the accused., all supporting premise be damned!

I might add as well, the larger the corporation, the more likely that it is he *will be* completely condemned. This is allowed by the authorities to enrich the Ziminoas at the expense of all other groups, especially those wealthiest individuals of Annunaki *Ueiskuning* heritage; since supposedly, the Ziminoas have been so despised and abused over the live long years by this specific kindred group!

“I would like to add as well here in my conclusion with this subject matter at hand, that the employing entity has *every* legal right to terminate your employment *at their complete liberty* in general! This termination may be done for any reason or absolutely no reason at all.

The legal definition for this description of circumstance is called *at will employment*. It means that your job may be terminated at their will. All job security is a thing of the now, more increasingly, distant past. You have no individual rights here now in America, son ,, you have no job security..!”

That night whilst I lay in my slumber following this meeting, I heard a phantom banshee voice scream as it repeated those hard direct words, that the attorney spoke to me during the light of day...

*“You have no rights.. You have no job security.! You have no rights..You have no job security..! I can do absolutely nothing to help you.! You have no rights here in America any more! You have no job security!”*



The next morning I did all that I could do, and that was to motor on out, and just put in applications for a new job assignment. I put in at seven private schools, but when they discovered my termination record, they then simply denied my employment based on assumption of non-performance, and without any further question.

What am I going to do? I cannot work. They will not allow me that basic sole right to employment, I thought to myself. I have bills to pay, I can recall thinking in silence to myself.

Finally I ran into a friend on the street corner and he told me of a school that was hiring, and they were desperate for instructors, so he told me. The only problem was that every student and staff member on the campus was either a Ziminoia, Levenwolf, an Ultramite, Sodomite, or some Zinkscabino . The *Ueiskuning* were a very small minority.

This fact did not generally set well with me, since these beings were extremely difficult to work with, or at times even to just interact around. The tendency for them was to be directionally

antagonistic, rude, and very unsophisticated in both thought and general mannerism.

The Ziminoa, in-fact, had absolutely no manners, at the eating table or otherwise and were very disrespectful toward everyone, even to those within their own group. Their language is filled with the worst of profanities; nay, I dare say that indeed the very worst of profanity is a language within itself very common unto them!

I was shocked the first time that I heard a group of them speak! One might hear such speech on a construction job, or on the back side of a wilderness field; but certainly not in an educational establishment around children or among professionals!

But anyway, I needed a job, and they needed an instructor, so it seemed.

I motored on down the road, being very careful to turn onto Rommel street from the main road. On the left, there sat the school building. I parked my truck on the left hand side of the school building, in a parking lot that sat on a slight hill side.

The school was called *Tabernacle Of The Gothomites*. The name sounded as if it might be a christian school, or something; but I soon came to understand that there had once been a farm there where the asphalt and concrete was, and a weathered wood framed church building had once sat in the very spot where the brick building does today.

The family name that owned this farm was “*Gobemouche*”, believe it or not, and the old chapel eventually was used as a school building until the new, present day red brick school building, was constructed.

I walked up the hill and across the sidewalk, until I soon arrived at the front door of the school building. I opened the double glass doors and entered inside, with an unexplained feeling of reluctance.

To the immediately left was the office, and the desk, behind which sat a very fat, very green, almost like the green of a diseased tree frog, Ziminoan woman, who spoke with a breath that was more like a heavy invisible mist of rotten eggs and the

looming odor of her general ill hygiene, filling the entire room with that putrid sickening foul odor.

On top of that, I detected the prevailing repugnant odor of her now rancid monthly issue, as though she had consistently neglected to flush with a douching neutralizing agent-; at least with vinegar and water, that is commonly used by women during these generally loathsome times. The prevailing filth was so heavy and noticeable, that I honestly hesitated to even walk up to her, in order that I might write my signature into the log sheet.

“May I help yoow?,” she said as she moved her head from side to side to the rhythm of her speech. “What are yoow doin' heah?”

“I would like to fill out an application please,” I replied.

“Fo a job?,” she asked.

“Uh..., yeah..., a job,” I replied to her.

She reached underneath the counter where she sat, and snatched out a paper stack, slamming it down hard onto the counter top before me.

“Heah..., fill this heah out completely.. And I'll go ahead and tell ya..., we have had many people already come heah and drop one of these...; so you just might not get the job,” she said with a hard angry look on her face.

Why was she angry at me? What had I done to her? I tried to remain calm about everything.

“Well I'll go ahead and fill one out anyway. Who knows, I just might get a call after all,” I said as I laughed slightly, just to break the ice.

“Ha Ha Ha,” she sneered. “Maybe yoow wont!,” she said as she jerked her head from side to side to the tune of her rude, dry, antagonizing manner of speech.

“Just wait right there,” she said with the same angry look on her face. “The principle may want to interview.”

I sat down in the couch that was positioned before the counter where she stood. I waited for about fifteen minutes, staring at the peeling paint on the walls, and the large holes found in the ceiling

above my head, not to mention those found all around the office walls in general.

As I gazed upon the floor of the building, I noticed that there appeared to be a coating of thin wet mud wreaking seemingly with the strangely faint smell of fresh sewage, that slime-ed everywhere for just about as far as the eyes could see.

The air within the entire building had what appeared to be a literal cloud of house flies that buzzed everywhere and kept annoyingly landing on everybody within. Bread crumbs were scattered all over the floor, but especially back in toward the office.

The farther back into the office one went, the more filthy the building appeared to be, and the more disgustingly putrid the general smell of the air within.

Soon I heard the a door open in the back of the office, and out walked this most pathetic example of Ziminoan apathy and filth, with his rounded shoulders thrown back, as he tucked his shirt tail into his pants with both hands. He seemed to be rubbing the

wrinkles out of his clothing, being careful to reach down and feel if his zipper had been pulled up tightly enough.

His assistant stepped out of the office soon after his exit, brushing her face as she rubbed the wrinkles out of her clothing. As she walked she wore a slight, somewhat contented smile on her knurled, wrinkled face.

Her hair was a dirty, somewhat ruffled, false red. Her teeth yellowed from the thick doses of tobacco smoke and coffee. Judging from the smell of her breath that I could vividly perceive from the distance across the room, the prevailing obvious fact was that she seemingly never brushed her decaying teeth.

The odor emitting from her body wreaked of over consumed beer and stale sea born carrion, all in combination with the same prevailing disregard for any type of hygiene.

I could not believe what my eyes beheld as *it* walked nearer to me.; and *this* facility was a school., a place of intellectual academia! I honestly questioned whether I even wanted to stand there until it walked up any closer. I felt just like turning and

running back toward my truck, with all of my might! They could shove this job if I had to come into this place five days of the week, and function positively in the company of this filthy dung of the universal castaways.

This principle authority approached casually with his shoulders thrown back on his four and a half feet tall body, his carbuncle covered frog green face hard, and his greenish brown rug-like hair matted with thick grease, and combed backward on his ridiculously appearing egg shaped head.

By just laying eyes on the manner in which he carried himself, one could readily discern that his ounce of authority had gone straight up his posterior, and directly out the top of his head already. He attempted to comb his mustache in such a way that it would enhance the air of authority that he attempted to radiate; but instead, it betrayed more an air of ridiculous incompetence and abject absurdity.



What an insult to the idea of education being a benefit to the young! The local youth would benefit far more from sparing their eyes the sight of such gross filth, and radiating imbecility.

“Yeah, so what yoow want heah...,” he asked, as he walked up to me, seemingly staring me up and down as he spoke in his approach.

“I put in for this job,” I replied.

“Yeah? To instruct?”

“That's it. I put in to be an instructor,” I replied with a forced smile.

He glared at me, then he gazed at the application in his hand.

“Tell you what, fellow., you come on in fust thang in the moan-in, and we'll see what yoow can do! How bout dat?”

“What time do you want me here?,” I asked.

“Seven thirty, shop!,” he replied.

“Well then, I'll be here at 0730.”

“See ya then,” he said as he reached outward to shake my hand.

I honestly did not want to shake his hand with the foul odor emitting forth from his body as it did, but I did so anyway as I hung my head in a vain attempt at deflecting the repugnant emulating mist before my face and so readily detected by my olfactory glands, just out of basic courtesy.

Honestly, even though I am reluctant to admit the fact, I was most thankful for the potential of landing this job. Even so, it was all that I could do to refrain from vomiting in general disgust at the entire experience of the day. Outside of the local area, few would dare to believe the story due to its general outlandishness, but the solid truth regarding today's America, really is shocking to all that honest, hard working, industrious people value.

I turned and walked out the doors of the building, and back down the sidewalk toward my truck. Well, I had a new job, I recall thinking. It wasn't much of a job, but if I could survive for just a year, then I could put in to work somewhere else, with this place as a new established reference point.

I hated to admit it, but this nasty, filthy place was where the opportunity lay and not much to be had anywhere else, especially for me, since I had been terminated from my last job. I hated the fact that I literally had no leverage to contest my termination, but such was just the way that the job environment exists presently..

There are barely any jobs at all., and simply no job security. Opportunity, especially with benefits and job security, was a dying thing of the increasingly distant past, with just a few exceptions ; and such was just the situation that everybody was forced to simply endure.

Come 0600 in the morning, I awoke. I jumped into the shower and proceeded to soap my body down. I rinsed the soap from my body, and stepped from the shower.

I headed into the kitchen and loaded my coffee pot up with those most cherished of grounds, and put the soup from the bones in my six quart pot, into a reheating pot on the stove, and then turned the heat up. In about three minutes the mixture came to a rolling boil.

I broke two eggs and dropped them into the pot. I broke two handfuls of spaghetti pasta into the pot. With the mixture coming to a boil, the eggs instantly cooked.

This was my breakfast. The soup first thing in the morning tasted really good, and nourishing.

Soon I went into my closet, and chose my dressing uniform for the day. I enjoyed wearing a suit and a tie. I walked over to the mirror and carefully combed my very short hair back on my head. In combination with my glasses, this look was really professional in appearance.

Believe it or not, as uncouth as these beasts were, they really admired and respected a well groomed professional appearance. The feeling was almost hypocritical in nature, these beings were as foul and nasty as any ever were; but yet, if one bothered to dress in a fashion that betrayed an in-depth dedicated effort on part of the instructor, toward appealing to the very best interests in the system..., in spite of the foul uncouth misgivings..., then this

sole effort commanded a certain air of respect, even among the most uncouth of these outlanders.

Honestly I never could figure it all out, why a male being who looked like absolute shite and smelled like absolute shite, not to even mention the ignorant shite that he conducted himself as..., would know to respect any sort of professional appearance.. But these beings were most apt to function in ways that astounded the common sense logic in individuals prone to make such deductions. Why was this fact so true.?

I have yet as to figure it all out to a degree that I can offer a proper adequate answer, even to my own question, except just to say that the feeling presently engendered within me is that these ignorant brutes judge others with a longer yardstick than the one that they made use of to measure themselves with. This conclusion is most apt, from the standpoint that it would precisely align with their general hypocritical nature at large.

I headed out the door and on down the slight hillside, right toward my weather beaten truck door. I glanced down at my

antique watch face. I was almost late. I raced out the drive way and onto the road before my house. I made a left turn and raced out for two and soon, three miles.

There was no one else on the road that early in the morning, so making a quick ride was not all that difficult. Before I knew it, I was coming to a park in the parking lot beside the school. I almost hesitated going to this school and nearly dreaded the future experience, for some strange unforeseen reason. It was almost as if providence did not desire me to complete the day....

Looking backward..., I nearly wished that I had listened to my instincts, and turned around to go home. At my very worst, I would have been written up at the board for doing so, but indeed, what transpired on that day would have never happened at all, had I done so. I hang my head in shame for not listening to my gut instinct. I will honestly never forget that day just as long as I shall live on this mortal earth.

Just as soon as I signed in, the receptionist told me the location of the room. It was in an old wood framed building, that was an

outdated army barracks, that had not been used by the military since way back during world war two, or maybe even the Civil War. This old building had been moved to the school yard and had been used as a class room, at least since the early seventies. It took me a few minutes of walking around to find the ruin of a building outback amongst a number of others, but after a relatively short time, I soon found it.

I walked up to the door of the dilapidated barracks and opened it. To my shock and surprise, the door was unlocked! I hesitatingly walked on inside.

On the desk, the papers were in an astonishingly unorganized heap. There were no class assignments for me to give to the students. All was up to my own standard and invention at the spur of the moment.

I called the office just to verify that no plans were made available, but all was reconfirmed that I was the individual in control, and that my job duty was simply to take the bull by the horns, as they put it! I was delighted by this announcement. In

this type of environment I, in-fact, functioned at my very best in performance.

Some fifteen minutes following my arrival, I had glanced over the books on the desk and those in the classroom, and I had deduced that the prior assignment had ceased on chapter four and at the third heading. I deduced following this revelation that the proper place to begin would, therefore, be at the fourth heading.

Before I even knew it, the nits were racing over the steps and pouring into the classroom. I patently stood by the door in anticipation of getting control of this class that persisted in an environment known for complete disorganization, and unhesitating lack of organized structure or general discipline.

I had at once taken immediate notice that all of the faculty and staff were some sort of bizarre outlander. Not a single Stern-kind *Ueiskuning* among the students or faculty, was represented among any of them.

What I presently cannot figure out, is why I was shocked that the student body was one hundred percent grotesque outlander,



with a remaining ten percent being some sort of Zebranic Anti-bane.

I literally dreaded the day, to tell the truth about it all, especially since the Ziminoa were so very undisciplined, and in possession of such a general low rate of intellectual capacity. The Zebranic Anti-bane tended to vary as to their intellectual capacity.

Believe it or not, there truly were some very few among them who were of an extraordinary level in general intelligence, especially endowed with a natural inborn talent for music and dance.

All of the Ziminoa, in general, possessed a natural talent for athletics and any sort of physical sport engagement, just as long as any completion of the craft did not involve use of strategy via intellectual deduction, or general capacity for strategic anticipation and forethought. When up against any well organized, strategic effort, the Ziminoa were virtually *always* guaranteed to fail.

I know that it may seem difficult for most to conceive, but such a lacking in intellectual capacity, and a great propensity for irrational reaction had actually been *bred* into them many years ago, and was not really the total fault of lucid nature itself. I highly suspect that once upon a time there truly were very intelligent Ziminoa scattered throughout the entire species, in the same percentages as that of any other species left to the forces of natural selection.

The problem came about because of a breeding program that went back some five hundred years into the distant past. For three hundred and fifty years of that time period, the Ziminoa were kept in a state of grinding servitude, to endure in the same state as that of mere livestock.

The literal owners of those servants initiated a breeding program in which they sought out those among them who were naturally inclined to lack the ability of forethought and strategic deduction, that effective conclusion made via intentional

placement of selected individuals in complicated situations that necessitate strategic navigation.

It was also very important that these individuals lack the ability to reason in a creative strategic sense born from a basis first deduced from logic in analytical forethought.

The individuals who were in possession of these desired qualities, were then cross bred with those individuals who were in greatest strength of body, but yet most lacking in the virtues of deduction and logic. This breeding produced an individual who could labor according to given instruction and accomplish those assigned task without question; but at the same time, did not possess the capacity to give resistance.

In other words, all that they could do was to simply follow assigned instructions and just accept their perpetual situation. Escape, for them, stood outside of the realm of their ability to question.

The trait of irrationality and the propensity for unsupported irate emotion, was carefully bred into the species as well. These

emotions, let the note be made here, are inherent weakness in character that have the potential for manipulation by any skilled strategist seeking to dominate any situation presented at hand.

Thus, if rebellion was ever attempted by the Ziminoas through some leader who managed to rise via use of the power in suggestion, all that the skilled strategist must accomplish was the task of frustrating that leader; by first stimulating his inbred genetic tendency to anger, then attacking his formations at their weakest points thereby consequently overlooked.

Further frustration could then be engendered by use of a deception that allowed him to anticipate an attack at one single suggested point, then initiate attack at an exposed predetermined weakened position. The irrational anger generated by their leader's constant frustration would then expose him to even more weaknesses in his formations, and a well organized strategic attack on these points would ultimately cause the entire defensive and offensive resistance to completely crumble before the well organized strategic advance.

The problem in all of their Ziminoan past experience for the present day American, was that the type of controlled breeding program initiated during those days of Ziminoan servitude, created a new species that must now conform to the regulations and lofty expectations of civilized, educated, accomplished humanity.

Furthermore, the average present day *Ueiskuning* American in most cases, had no other choice *but* to interact with this bottom feeding species on a daily basis, and even in their regular places of elite accommodation!

This forced interaction meant that the prevailing standards in education, morality, religion, general table mannerisms and those among well educated accomplished *Ueiskuning* elite, political outlook and opinion, as well as prevailing opinion in economic organization; must be consequently *reduced* just to accommodate this particular species of base humanoid primate beast.

Such action meant that it became absolutely necessary to place literally foolish, mindlessly incompetent Ziminoan and general

out-lander individuals, in positions of importance and authority, just to give inspiration to those youth among their own wretched ranks; in hopes that they will aspire to a higher level of existence than that of stray cats and dogs on those wretched streets lost somewhere in distant dark, rank, crumbling alleyways, on some dreadful side of a dilapidated, huge, decaying city metropolis!

In addition, this placement that was done in complete disregard for any measurement of functional competency in the area of critical analysis, suggested the false idea of equality among all individuals throughout the general population.

The above statement should shock the reader into a surging numbness.; but just pause for a moment and consider., if there ever did exist such an analytical measurement as stated above, then placement of the Ziminoa into any sort of managerial capacity or position that demanded any level of functional reasoning ability., just simply would have never even happen to begin with!

The part of the meaning here, as it applies to the general *Ueiskuning* population, was that not only did those dreadfully disgusting, most incompetent of beings, hold positions of authority in all the places just mentioned., but they were also placed in positions of.. medical professionals for example.. Oh horror of weeping horrors, how indeed dreadful! They were even placed in positions where they were allowed to reign as absolute authority in management at the local schools, even honorable schools where those unadulterated Annunaki *Ueiskuning* children born of even the very best in breeding, were in attendance..!

And an even more terrifying fact is.., that they were even placed in supreme position of judgment throughout our once blessed court system, even though there exists no measurement in functional reasoning capacity, as stated above!

All of us should indeed pity the poor, falsely accused wretch who is forced to stand in front of them. I say, all that they are capable of is simply fallacy of assumption, which as I might add,

is the basis for the inquisition that is surly destined to follow their most despised rule of law. (*remember the holy Madonna's curse*)

All action of this was, of course, authoritarian sanctioned for the purpose of forcing interaction and eventual inbreeding, with the prevailing intent of reducing the entire population into that of a servitude level.

Since a hundred years of freedom completely unto themselves had proven, beyond question, that which was already highly suspected by the intellectual elites., being that the Ziminoa simply could not function in a truly free society, as a free people within the ranks of free individuals. To hold that base emotion of jealousy at bay, which the Ziminoa are so given to when they gaze forward upon brilliant *Ueiskuning* Annunaki glory in all of it's glittering success., the individual liberty of all was consequently erased by the forced imposition of a socialist reigning order upon the population and a collective Fascist government favoring the corporate Nation and socialist State,



with the entire population destined to eventually be held in a literal perpetual servitude.

As I stood by the door of the old barracks building, these bizarre students literally filled the classroom. Soon the class swelled to forty students, which I might add was in reality, against the established State regulations governing classroom sizes.

The students were in constant motion, nearly all absolutely refusing to seat themselves. The air inside the small twelve by twelve room filled with the pungent odor of fish, rotten meat, and molded garlic mixed with a general disregard for any sort of personal hygiene. The very instant that the door closed I could hardly breathe, many times nearly gasping for breath.

Finally the bell rang and the class still refused to seat itself. The chattering noise from the continuing talk was near to the point of being unbearable....

“Class..., let's take our seats..., lets please be seated!”

Even though I yelled with all of my voice, the noise from the incessant chatter drowned me completely out. Through the walls,

even though there was distance between the buildings of some thirty meters, I could perceive the yelling, demanding voices of other instructors, and that awful incessant ringing of disrespectful chatter from careless students who do not value any sort of instruction or instructional material, or any sort of basic knowledge acquisition at all.

No indeed..., in all appearance to me, these students felt that the teacher owed them a passing grade..., that labor on their own part, was never a requirement. What else was the instructor to ever expect from such students who had parents holding high positions of employment that were literally handed to them by the socialist government elite?

If they did not hold these positions of employment, then their entire lives were subsidized by monetary entitlements ( *courtesy of an extorted fifty percent from those laboring industrious segments of the population*) that masquerade as gracious gifts from a loving. Illusory, over-lording brother to the so called poor and needy?

Oh..., please do pity me, but such was the reality at hand, and my only choice was to simply make the best of it. Now, if I could secure discipline in an environment that was known broadly within and without, as being completely hostile and undisciplined, then I would come out glowing as an island of extreme capability in an expansive sea of undisciplined ignorance and unbridled incompetence! So I continued to repeat the class instructions with a new immediate emphasis.

“Class! Now please do sit down! Sit down! We have lots of work to do, so please do sit down! Let's take out our books and turn to pages eighteen through twenty seven! We do not have much time left, so please..., let's all get started on our assignments!”

The students continued to roam about the class room in total disregard for any instructional material. I felt as if I were an object sitting by the wall, a flower in a vase maybe, or an unseen banshee phantom spirit screaming into the wind tunnel void at an unsuspecting group of individuals on the other side of the dark

abyss, who were completely unaware of my presence among them.

What then was I to do? They were completely ignoring me! I honestly had never experienced this type of reaction before. Where was the respect? Where was the yearning for knowledge?

I yelled a few more times for them all to seat themselves, but I received the same identical results. Maybe the reaction is due to the situation of the hours still being early. When this forty five minute class is over, then maybe the next class will be much better, I reassured myself. *Maybe then, all will be well; because in the end, it was all well indeed*, I tell myself with positive foresight.

My present class finally ended, but I had no luck in gaining control. The kids, called *nits* in some circles among those freedom loving, independently enterprising elites born of the truest in sacred blood; never even bothered to take their seats, let alone try to manage their assignments.

In my frustration I simply seated myself behind the desk as I contemplated my next move. I looked about on the top of the desk, soon finding the grade book. Carefully I flipped through the pages..., and true to my prevailing suspicion, I discovered that all of the students were passing with high marks in every subject!

Most surly this fact stood as proof of a government sanctioned fabrication designed to give substantiation to the claim that these zoodis are intellectually incapable of becoming highly educated. Unfortunately, however, the Ziminoan's lack of perception, *that they were being manipulated by a play on their own general ignorance of all facts, and their virulent tendency for a particular brand of greedy covetousness, that always morphs into an unabashed, unreasonable, totally unmanageable, extremely obvious self-centeredness,* was only a part in the tool that the ruling Fascist elite was making use of to steal the prosperity of the entire general population and reduce them all into a level of abject servitude. The concluding attempt being to hold them all in service of course, to the corporate nation and socialist state!

This final conclusive rule applies to the Ziminoas themselves, as well as to anyone else among this entire demographic spectrum! *As always, throughout their entire history..they were committing the evil unto themselves and **no one**, not even the few wise among their own ranks, could ever succeed in telling them so!*

It is so very certain, even as I pen these very words, that future generations will be literally astounded by this glittering fact of history in observation. ***Let my very words, right here, stand forever in history as the first literary mention of that prior statement.***

Time, even in this pathetic condition, passed seemingly quick. When the bell rang the nits stormed out of the opened door in highly disorganized fashion, as is always true to their basic nature. Some five minutes passed and I seized advantage of precious breathing time. Maybe the course of events will be very different this time around, I resolved.

As the hand of time neared that moment for the ring of the bell, I firmed my jaw in determination and cleared my mind of any

negative preconceptions generated by my recent past experiences.

*I will move forward to win, leading my way into a new coveted glory among the intellectual ranks,* I told myself in the silence of mental voice.

In almost no time flat the bell rang out to shatter the prevailing silence. A time passed.., I am not sure exactly how much.., maybe three more minutes; but the inward racing mob of students soon stormed into the opened door of the old barracks building. I effectively allowed the students time to calm down and become seated. It was hoped that all would do so by the time the beginning bell rang.

“Lets take our seats now. Please get seated! Lets get seated, now! No walking about in the class room now.. **PLEASE!**”

The students continued to run about the classroom in a totally disorganized fashion, as certainly they were so very used to doing on a daily basis. Soon the air within the classroom filled with a cloud of paper balls, pencils, and wads of chewing gum.

One of the kids cried that she had been struck in the head by a pencil. Another claimed that a student had struck her with his fist on the shoulder. The room was packed with screaming nits that seemed to bounce off the walls.

I remained very calm as I struggled, contemplating my next move. What was I going to do?

Soon three kids walked up to me requesting to go to the restroom. At first I snapped at them, telling them a resounding “no”.

After a while, however, I allowed them to go, since I reasoned that I could not sit still and hold the need inside, if it was me who was needing to go.

Soon three or four more asked to go. I hesitated, but soon conceded, allowing them to go on as well.

I glanced over at the door on the far side of the room. I noticed that as the students exited the room for the rest room, three or four additional students made the exit with them. I figured that maybe



the restroom was where they were heading, but the latrine certainly was not the only place on their mind.

I raced over to the chair that was positioned before the door across from the classroom. I took a seat. In my mind, I knew that my being so effectively positioned there would prevent the students from exiting the classroom without my permission.

I hung my head in despair at my situation. Just what was I going to do now?

I was certain to be written up for lacking control of the classroom. Instructors had been terminated from their job posts for failing to gain control of the class. In my mind, I still reasoned that if I could gain a firm control and maintain discipline in this well known, very hostile environment, I would be certain to wear a brilliant badge of respect for doing so; since virtually no one else could manage it, including those of whom were renown in the accomplishment.

I would continue on in my struggle for excellence, I firmly resolved.

“Please class, just sit down and begin your work! Stay focused on your assignments! Lets get to work here, and promptly! Do it now, before I call the office personnel!”

In my mind I hesitated to call the office personnel, since doing so made the instructor appear incompetent. What I really desired to accomplish was to succeed in securing control of the classroom in spite of any odds thrown before me.

I will keep trying to do so, but my goal, at this immediate moment, was to simply survive the class in hopes that the following class would go along more smoothly. Certainly there would be a time during the course of the day when the students would just settle down, and determine to complete their assignments, I reasoned silently within myself.

The crazy play and general disregard for information or assignments continued on. Before I knew it the class had ended, and the next one was beginning. The prevailing problem that I had at hand *was that the situation did not change*, no single action taken changed it, in fact.

I even called in the management and the students quietened somewhat during the time that he was present, but they still did not calm down to a significant extent. By the time that the lunch block arrived, I had resolved that my greatest desire remaining was just to *survive* the day unscathed; and then I would find employment in another school location.

Completing my term here was out of the question, considering the extent of undisciplined behavior, as this classroom presently stood as being. I could see well why this school could not keep instructors, especially truly professional, highly competent, instructors.

What self respecting professional person would allow themselves to be abused constantly in such a rude fashion by both students and sometimes even the staff themselves, among all of the other prevailing insults to honest professionalism?

When the lunch bell rang I simply just screamed to the students, telling them that it was time to line up for lunch. The

students ignored my command to line up while continuing to play, and racing about the classroom.

When I glanced back down at my clock, I noticed that the time for exiting the classroom and taking lunch was nearing. If I did not have the kids at the cafeteria on time, no matter what the reason, I would be severely reprimanded, written up in such a manner that assigned a broad dysphemistic label to the notation; then promptly terminated from my position of employment, now bearing a fallacious folder containing a notation that will simply be assumed at face value by the next potential employer, with absolutely no check in existence to appeal the situation to.

Obviously the intent here behind this ridiculously falsely incriminating idea was to simply destroy my potential, ever, of a future career in education, if not even my life in general; by taking advantage of the fact that there existed no checks or balances in this so called, “land of the free.”

The reason for the kids being late mattered not in socialized education. The instructor was *always* held at fault, no matter what

the situation, especially in an environment where there existed a blatant, legally endorsed disregard for all individual rights.

The kids, especially the nits, were *always right* and the instructor held no right to give them any form of reprimand; certainly not physically, nor even verbally, to break down the truth about the matter.

We were only told to simply tolerate their abuse and their disrespect, but if any of them failed, even in the smallest of undertakings, then the instructor would be held responsible and their station of employment laid at stake as a direct result.

The curriculum placed before us by the heads of state, consisted of a set of abstract facts distorted in a manner that allowed these “facts” to appear to support the secular humanist agenda of our collective National Socialist government. Our duty, as instructors, was simply to act as robots programed to regurgitate this mendacious information as it was fed to us, and to concern ourselves only with our job in repetition, and the proper distribution of a highly manipulated socialist agenda.

The end results were not our major concern, we were payed to follow through on repetition according to government mandate only.; so the actions of the state betrayed the real truth in their intentions, and a hidden, manipulated agenda commanded back to all of us instructors.

A poor child graduating from one of these State controlled schools possessed absolutely no trade skills of any type, nor could he even write the cherished cursive, or even do basic multiplications.; not to even mention a general ignorance of history and English composition, among a number of other deficits to go right along with his lack of general manners, and a horrible foul attitude incurred within the internecine establishment existing way beyond all possibility of written description.

All that the poor, wretched student did possess upon graduation, was a paper notation verifying that he had followed through on a motion, with a loud voice from the media ringing in

his ear, that *somehow* he was now properly educated (*in reality, indoctrinated*) and something to be honestly admired!

An overwhelming mass majority fell for the horrible ruse, even though the truth was ever so painfully obvious to the clear-minded, observant.

When the nits refused to aline by the classroom door, eventually my only option was to simply open the door, and allow them the ability to roam at will in their usual disorganized fashion.

In what felt like an instant they were gone, screaming from the room as they raced onward. I was the last to exit the building. As I slowly walked down the stairway, I closed and locked the door behind me.

The kids had already raced so far ahead of me that they had disappeared from the school yard. I walked up to the door of the primary school building, opened the door, and simply walked on inside. I ambled down a somewhat narrow, musty smelling

hallway, until it led me into a very crowded, noisy room full of chatter.

I witnessed adults who were instructors, and many who were not., struggling without success to keep the nits in order. I even witnessed a few local police who had entered into the room with hopes of intimidating the students, but even this effort ended in imposing failure.

There was no hope, one could only just accept the situation as it stood. I was ordered to serve for a twenty minute time period in assisting to maintain order in this ultra unorganized cafeteria setting, and then I was free to walk back into my classroom.

As I walked back toward my classroom, I could not forget those most disgusting sights that my poor virgin eyes had beheld during the time that food was being served.

I bore witness to food being thrown by these undisciplined students to the point that the air was thick with it throughout the seating area of the entire cafeteria.



I saw the cook wiping her nose on her shirt sleeve, and spitting what appeared to be black tobacco juice into the garbage can near the stove where the food was being prepared.

I witnessed one cook preparing biscuits with her right hand, then pausing to dig vigorously into the crack of her posterior with the same right hand...and then continuing to prepare the food with that same tainted right hand!

Truly I shall declare with unabashed utmost honesty, right here on this written page, that the zoodis in general, and the Ziminoa most specifically, surly must be the most undisciplined, most ignorant of proper manners, disgusting to behold, of any being that one can label as existing within the realm of primate species.

In many cases, even the forlorn beasts of the field possess more in the way of general order, manners, and personal moderation via discipline, than those within this base species of humanoid!

How dare this depraved authoritarian elite push *US*, those ones who are most gifted by the eternal God in high heaven above,

born with the very best in creative talent, and the ability to independently hold our own in a truly free society without the weight of public assistance.., to breed with this *zoodis* perversion of the very worst nature in base hominid-kind, and beast of the wide fields without!

That very thought sickens any intellectual to the bottom pit of his very stomach. This observation alone betrays the concealed fact that the ruling Fascist elite is attempting to reduce the functional capacity of the population at large.

With the capacity to excel in a free system effectively removed, then the majority will readily accept a new, totally dominating socialist order, and resolve to exist peacefully and in the most perfect contentment, even though they exist at the detriment of their own prosperity and in perfect altruism payed in homage to an ever domineering, manipulating, ruling authoritarian elite.

Such fact stands in perfect atonement to the statement that *ignorance is perfect bliss*. I shall add to this statement, however, that the same is true with lambs as they are led into the slaughter

pins. They know not, nor can they reason to initiate a strategic resistance..., they only can proceed forward like zombies into a predetermined destination, and certain total destruction, in benefit only to their reigning Shepard, and none what-so-ever to themselves.

Surly the capacity to observe and make logical deductions based on suggestions put forth by noted details, is a sacred cherished gift only given to those among the highest order of the broad species!

What I mean to say here is that the entire population will exist as the lowest of servants in reality, even at the expense of their very lives, but with the passage of time and the authoritarian glove being closed gradually, along with the repetition of the great lie that the overwhelming masses are, on the contrary, *free*, told repeatedly in the schools..., in the worshiping cathedrals..., in those mass speeches held during those huge fourth of July parades; the masses will come conditioned to believe that the lie is great truth sanctioned only by Holy God on high and that the

people of no other land, anywhere else, exist with such lavish freedom and opportunity for prosperity, as indeed do they themselves.

In fact, those wretched duped masses will then dwell in a forlorn prison without walls, or a prison with walls of fire and razor wire, if they even as much as dare to speak out in criticism of the system that prevails above the realm in which they are forced to exist within!

To repeat my statement prior; even if they choose rigid conformity, they *still* will only dwell in endless sacrifice of their own prosperity, only to the perpetual enrichment of the reigning banking dynastic elites and their affiliates.

I soon make my way back into the now *unlocked* door of the barracks building being used for a classroom. Why was it unlocked? I had carefully taken the time to lock it on my way out to the cafeteria.

I found this detail very strange to note, since it immediately stood out to me. I could not observe any element around the

building or within the classroom, to suggest the explanation as to why the door had been opened while I was away at lunch with the class.

I carefully walked around the building a second time, but only discovered the same identical void of all suggestions. I slowly walked into the classroom. To the far right was a large six by six closet that was locked earlier, but was now opened with the doors slightly ajar.

Why was this so? How did this detail fit in with what I had already discovered in the fact that the door to the classroom had been opened while I was away? What was I to make of these two details? Who had been inside my room and why?

*Obviously, the guilty culprit desired to enter inside the building only while I was far away from the scene. Why was this so...? What was the nature of their intent?* I could only contemplate these questions in silence to myself.

I eased on inside the room, being very careful to inspect every detail inside the room before taking my relaxing seat. I had a few

minutes before the ringing of the bell for next class to begin. I sit there in the seat with my eyes sagging, and sleep weighing very heavy upon me.

Soon my mind drifted off into a dreamy state..., another world in which I secretly desired to abide within..., and had carried that desire since the days of my earliest youth....

Out of the prevailing void the blaring ring of the bell shocked my entire body back into the repressive reality that surrounded me, and had begun to settle in upon the room like a dark stormy cloud. I could only yawn widely as I struggled to regain my consciousness.

The refreshed feeling that the short sleep had caused to flow within my veins felt extremely pleasant to my mind and my soul. I now possessed a new energy that would not have been possible without the short relaxing rest. I honestly wished that I could complete the day there remaining within my own solitude.

I quickly wiped the moisture from my eyes that had formed during my rest. Soon the roar of many childlike feet began to fill

the air just before the unorganized mob stomped up the stairway and into the classroom. I hung my head as I dreaded my eminent experience in disorganization, and lack of discipline in general.

The class filled with, according to my own count, some forty five students., clearly in direct violation to any sort of state regulations on class size.

Who was I to complain to? If I did go through the motions to complain, would they even bother to listen? I doubted not..

Anyway, at least there were only three remaining classes for me to contend with, then the school day would conclude.; and I would be free. My first day and my last day on the job., imagine that! Who has ever heard of such a thing?

Once upon a time a long time ago, I had taught a class where a seasoned newspaper man had taken up teaching inside the room right across the hallway from me. I never heard any commotion out of the class that he presided over, so I thought he was doing very well as an instructor.

When the second hour from the last one soon rolled around, I was on my planning period, and had paused outside my room just to stand and take a short break before returning back into the classroom.

As I stood in contemplation to myself and absorbed in my own relaxation, I observed this man literally running out the door and away from the class! He even left his books and many of his personal effects right there in a box at the front of the class room. The students then roared with laughter as he raced away down the hallway. If I recall right, it was a high school class on political science.

This incident is the only one that I have ever personally known where the instructor left the job on his first day there! So much for student respect and the desire to impart knowledge from elders back to the youth.

The students continued on in their same disorganized, disrespectful design. These erratic nits could have cared less



about absorbing any sort of beneficial knowledge. Their intellectual capacity was so narrow that it just would not allow it!

The desire that welled from deep inside ones' breast at the sight was one of weeping pity at the deterioration sitting right there before him, and knowing well that there existed absolutely no action that could be taken to correct the situation, to make the ostensibly negative transform into a brilliant positive. The only proper response was to make the motion of an effort in the direction of imparting the required knowledge, to simply survive the time block; while only silently desiring for the day to end and the remaining time to simply pass..

“Please take your seats! Please listen and complete your assignments! No running about in the classroom! Sit down, no throwing of paper balls. No harassment of your fellow classmates. Please complete your assignments. No eating in the classroom! Oh.,indeed what must I do to get you to simply listen and follow basic instruction?”

I took a deep sighing breath. The effort was literally a wasted one. These beings could care less about books or information, or learning any sort of marketable skill. All that they came here for was to play and to eat the completely free, State supplied food.

That was it., just to feed, mainly. That conclusion served as explanation to why they raced so haphazardly toward the cafeteria, in direct similarity to beasts on the farm when the trough is being filled..They possess no mind to comprehend organization, let alone follow any sort of organized, predetermined, well planned disciplined program.

This was my second period right before the last one, surly I can survive. I know well that I will certainly be written up for failure to maintain discipline, but at least I had made the honest effort....  
...Suddenly the wooden door of the barracks building opened. In stepped a very huge Ziminoan male, with a completely bald head. This individual, while only standing four and a half feet tall, weighed what appeared to be some three hundred pounds, or more...

*This is it, I thought in silence. This is the assistant sent down to lend a helping hand....., or it is a body sent to hold my classroom while I am condemned for my failure to discipline?* I cannot now deduce as to which label this incident holds.

“Mister Schlemiel wants to see you in his office.”

Oh Lord., I thought in silence to myself. Here comes my write up for inability to maintain a disciplined educational environment. What was I to do? Where was I to go? I deeply dreaded the walk back up toward the main building, but I knew that I must make the effort.

I carefully walked passed the extremely large male, and on out the door as he stood, holding it opened for me. I walked on across the grass, and on down the narrow dirt road, going back fifty yards toward the main school building.

Soon I pulled open the two large glass doors at the front of the school building, only to step inside the hallway. I walked for thirty or more yards, then made a sharp right.

Twenty yards down, on the right was the office doors. I turned and stepped inside, carefully walking up to the hateful receptionist, who now held a hard glaring look on her face.

“May I see Mr. Schlemiel?,” I asked in earnest.

“Just walk around the counter here and take this hallway straight back, and when it dead ends you'll find the office of Schlemiel,” she replied as she pointed with her right index finger toward the hallway.

I went around the counter and proceeded to walk down the hallway, until I reached the office at the end. Upon reaching the end of the hall, I came to a large room with the door wide opened.

In the center of the room sat a large light brown rectangle table. On the other side sat a grossly overweight Ziminoan male, busy in an attempt at repairing an electrical circuit of some sort. He pretended to know what he was doing.

I very cautiously took a seat across from him. On the outside of the room both students and staff milled about in a disorganized mixture of yelling voices, and the gritty sound of shuffling feet on

a thin veil of wet mud stench that lay upon the surrounding floors.

Every now and again I noticed that the whites of very dark eyes would shift toward me in a hard glaring stare, only to quickly shift away when it was noticed that I had caught sight of them gazing forward in my direction.

I took a deep breath as the time passed, I know not exactly how much. Soon I grew weary of sitting and wondered as to exactly why it was that I was being forced to just sit like this..., and wait.

I glanced around at all of the other hard glaring faces surrounding me, and I attempted to break the ice with a mild comment.

“Well..., it sure was rowdy today for most of us. Don't you agree?”

No one returned on my statement, but just continued to sit about with cold blank appearances on their hard faces. Their cold reaction to my warm addresses betrayed the observation that

something was amiss, but no one dared speak any statement in regard to it.

“Boy...,” I grabbed my belt buckle as I laughed in one last speaking attempt at breaking the cold rigidity. “If these kids this day and time, get any more rambunctious, I just don't know what any of us will do!”

Still, even with all of this effort, I received no warm reply. What was up? Did my lack of discipline arouse their anger to this extent? What was going on? Finally I just resolved to keep my mouth shut and remain quiet.

In addition, something deep on the inside told me to keep a notation of the time frames that had passed since the moment in time I was told to enter into the office ,and the present moment. So it seemed, an hour thus far had elapsed...and I had heard nothing.

It was now time to leave the building since school was soon out for the kids, but I obviously could not. What was going on with this business?

A foul sensation of looming catastrophe hung in the atmosphere surrounding me. I pondered the source of it all in silence to myself.

Finally an office door opened and out stepped this filthy pig of a Ziminoa, Schlemiel. On what basis was this wretched, puke colored, troll appearing sciolist ever hired as principle authority in an academy, of all places? Honestly I would not make him lord over a latrine, much less an academy and the community kids!

Quickly he walked over to a computer sitting before the table that I was seated at and haphazardly began to type upon the keypad. When he completed his typing in fifteen minutes or so, he seized up the stack of paper from the printer and flung them toward a large manilla folder containing a stack of other papers. When the papers struck the folder, the folder plunged toward the floor. Angrily he reached down to seize the folder as his eyes cut sharply in my direction.

*What is this, I thought in silence to myself? Why would a failure to maintain discipline command such a huge amount of record*

*keeping? What was he doing here, banishing me forever from the entire educational system out of an innate fear that he may be forced by systemic process to reveal the true state of his own incompetence to a higher authority that just might take action?*

When he finally managed to get a hold on the folder, he arose from the seat and made his way back down the hallway, disappearing behind the office door that he had exited from earlier.

Something here was definitely amiss.. The ominous feeling hanging in the air was unmistakable. *I was a target of some sort*, I soon came to feel.

Another ten minutes passed, then the office receptionist stepped into the room, motioning for me to arise and come forward.

“You're wanted in there,” she said as she pointed toward the closed but now opening door.



I arose from my seat and walked toward the opened door. I came to stand before the principle as he was seated behind his desk before me.

To his left side sat his *Ueiskuning* secretary, obviously there to make a favorable notation, as well as to keep a record. Something here was very serious, but I could not make out exactly what...

“Come on in and have a seat righch heah,” he said as he pointed toward an empty seat between himself and his assistant.

Upon my entrance into the room, the pungent odor of ill hygiene ,and those natural foul emissions generated by the Ziminoan body in the form of an extremely thin, nearly invisible mist that perpetually issues forth in a most nauseating spell that serves only to poison even the most pure of air surrounding, assaulted all of my delicate olfactory senses.

The cold feeling generated was more like that of an invading evil spectrum, than one born from a putrid mist. I nearly nauseated as I stepped over to the empty chair, and took my forlorn seat. I glanced over to the *Ueiskuning* secretary in

wonderment as to her choice in method for tolerating this foul air that fills the space of the room we both occupy.

“Shut that door,” he commanded to the secretary, who then acted promptly on her instructions.

As the door eased into it's closing motion, she readied with note pad for the record in which he so obviously hoped would vindicate his position in the presiding matter at hand.

“Well sir, I have called you into this office because you have been accused of the most heinous of crimes that could ever involve both a student and an instructor at this academy, or in-fact, at any other academy.

Let it be said here today, sir, that you have been accused of *sedition to fascination*, as well as that of *bewitching* the student body for the purpose in doing so. All of this is under investigation at the present time. Is that understood?”

“What?,” I replied in absolute astonishment. “I cannot believe this accusation! I cannot believe this is happening! Where is this sort of claim coming from?,” I asked in absolute astonishment

and disbelief. “ You nor anyone else cannot just go around making such horrible accusations as this!”

The Ziminoan presented an imposing hard glare at me and my response. Then he appeared to anger, but at the same time, he gave the appearance of gaining a sadistic satisfaction in continuing on with this false accusation...

“As I was saying, sir. You have been accused of *sedition to fascination*, in combination with the additional claim of *bewitchment*.

You are not to enter onto any Nam county school property. You are not to attend any school functions here in Nam county. You are not to speak with any administrator regarding this matter..., student, parent, nor any other individual, nor administrator. Do you have anything to say for your self at this present time?,” he asked as he glared at me, seemingly through clenched teeth.

“Yes., I have plenty to say for my self. This is false accusation, man! Where is this coming from? What are you talking about

here? This accusation is very serious!,” I nearly screamed in astonished reply..

“As I said earlier.., the accusation is under investigation. Now, you are not suspended or anything at this time. I just meant to inform you that this matter is under investigation. Now, be readily available just in case we might need to get up with you. Keep your phone on, now, and close by..

“I need to ask you just a few questions here.. What is your full name?”

He readied with his notepad.

“Benjamin Bellheimer,” I replied.

“When were your born?”

“Nineteen and sixty one,” I replied.

“What is your address?”

“Thirty four fifty five, Summer set park road, Nam DE Mortier.”

“Do you own your home?”

“Yes,” I replied.

“Are you married? Do you have any children?”

“Yes, I am married, but all my children are now grown.”

He paused as he completed his notations, and he began shuffling a handful of papers.

“Wait right here while I make an address to the resource cop on duty, just to see if he has any address that he needs to make to you personally, today.”

He and his assistant arose and walked out of the room from where I sat.

I quickly glanced down at my phone, clicking on the exact present time of their exit. During the time that they were gone, I gazed about in absolute shock at my present situation in my continuing disbelief. They will defame my astonished face across the screens of the entire world without for this totally invalid accusation!

Oh horror of all horrors..., people will detest my character for absolutely no reason or justification in doing so.. I will become

branded and persecuted, and entirely innocent of all accusations made!

*Where are the specifics? Where is the supporting premise? Why was this fool not required to develop and provide a supporting premise to his claim..? Why did he function in disregard for supporting facts? Was he so ignorant of the fact that he had assumed the position of accuser, and was responsible for a supporting premise and valid proof? Where is the justice that we are told that we have? Where are our constitutional and individual rights...?*

As I thought those words in the silence of mental voice, in the hallowed spiritual distance it seemed as though a cold silent wind blew, and I heard a low whispering phantom voice repeat.....

*“Where is the justice..? Where is the supporting premise..? Where are our sacred individual rights? Where is that cherished land of our forefathers in which we are told, in perpetuity, that we shall so joyfully dwell?”*

In some seventeen minutes this ignorant *zoodis* primate pig soon appeared back into the space of the room in which I still sat, poisoning the surrounding air again with his putrid malignant aroma.

His tarnished *Ueiskuning* assistant remained without, only standing back, now seemingly at a distance to observe the situation as it unfolded before her. Her demeanor and the readily perceived feeling that flowed within the spiritual air surrounding her body, betrayed a certain feeling of hesitation that appeared to prevail within her veins as these events unfolded before her very eyes. Although her lack of objecting response also betrayed a prevailing weakness that apparently reigned supreme in the content of her general character.

In silence, I hated her for this prevailing lack of fortitude, but at the same time understood her situation and stance in the matter. The poison of overwhelming debt and the lack of necessary skills to remain outside of the prevailing systemic servitude, ( *a result of an effective program of propaganda against those whom do*

*possess the cherished skills*) always serves best to corrupt any observation of the truth.

“Well now,” spoke the filthy ignorant pig who ruled the academy. “The resource cop had nothing to say in response to this matter. Please understand, we must repeat these types of statements during the course of any such accusations. Now., if you will just follow me..., please?”

He arose and walked passed me, and I arose to follow him as he moved forward. We both made a right turn as we left the office room. As we passed through the office complex, I could not help but observe some four or five very hard, condemning expressions on these very rigid, rude and knurled faces.

At a table in the corner of the copy room as we passed through toward the outside hallway, I noticed a man who was employed with Nam county going through the school security cameras, as if an attempt was being made in secret from me, to search for some sort of credibility to the invalid claim that was forced so callously upon my person.



I simply could not believe or accept the events that were unfolding before me as they happened. The shock to the mind was way too much for the reasoning section of the brain to accept. Legitimate rule of law *always* demands supporting premise. Had even as much as an *attempt* at building a supporting premise been made here, I would not be suffering such as this. Surly when this folder is presented to a higher authority, this asinine claim will be kicked out due to lack of supporting premise, I reasoned.

I sighed in relaxation at the thought that the truth here would allow me to regain control of my own fate. I was not afraid any longer. We live in America, for crying out loud, and America exists only under legitimate rule of law; and it is here that the prevailing message ringing throughout the university hallways is that inquisition is relegated only to the most ignorant among those persecuting mongrels of the far distant past, and those among the most illiterate dregs of earth in the realm of the present.

I continued to follow as we exited the office complex, then made a right turn at the corner just past the office room complex;

we then rounded the corner facing the front door of the academy building, and walked on through the double glass doors out into the front yard of the school building.

I paused to face this glowering jaded pig, but kept my distance just far enough, so that I would spare the horrible assault upon my olfactory senses by the putrid vapor emitted from his disgusting unwashed, frog green body. He motioned with his right hand toward the parking lot.

“You are free to go now. The inquisition backs me in complete disregard for any truth in your possession that you may determine to present. You cannot run, you cannot hide.. You are doomed to their condemnation, and those most horrible of penalties that shall surely follow.. Have a nice day, good sir..,” he spoke to me in obvious dark sarcasm.

As I walked the hundred yards or so back to my truck, a dog barked in the distance, only that the bark strangely assumed the context of an understandable language perceptible only to my deeply stunned ears, and my astounded, sinking, melancholy

mind. It repeated those sickening words spoken into my despairing ears as I made my way forth from the building grounds and complex.

*“You cannot run.. You cannot hide.. You are condemned by the inquisition in complete absence of any truth presented.. You will suffer dreadfully from the penalties that they shall surly force upon you...; and the truth matters not in regard, only the prevailing desire to remain true to political aim, and the lust for the extorted monetary gain to the inquisition that shall surly result from their hideous forthcoming trial.., which is only a euphemistic cover for their merciless, predetermined, condemning persecution....*

My ears then beheld another hissing demonic whisper concealed in the voice of the dogs bark.

*“Your fate was sealed when the claim against you was made.. The inquisition assumption is that since the claim was indeed made, then surly there must lie an absolute guilt upon the accused...”*

I felt as though I were floating rather than walking back to my truck. A feeling of cold surging numbness coursed through my veins as I turned the ignition switch, and allowed my hands to grasp the steering wheel. The motor of the F150 rumbled with a sound of low foreboding. Throughout the course of my veins flashed strange feelings; first of tingling heat, then a sickening cold that seemed to flow as though my very blood had been tragically poisoned.

Should I tell my family of this horrible accusation? I reasoned not, since the folder was certain to be passed into the hands of a higher authority, who then would have no other choice but to dismiss the claim, since it stood in complete absence of any supporting premise.

How could a person be allowed to reign as superintendent lord over the entire academic county establishment, and not be aware of the need for the accuser to provide justification to the claim? Such justification could only come about due to the effort spent to construct a supporting premise, and a supporting premise cannot

exit without an effective cross examination of both the claimant and the accused.

Since in this case, I was the accused person, and absolutely no question was ever asked in regard to my side of the situation, then obviously no supporting premise stood to give credibility to the claim. According to the rules of *critical analysis*, such claims are *always* rendered *invalid*, and are to be held in absolute *disregard*.

Complete validation is always the basis for legitimate rule of law; and in America, all that we possess within our borders is legitimate rule of law.. Such is basic to the civil rights of the individual. Legitimate rule of law is backed by a supreme court of law, that stands to insure that those sanctified provisions guaranteed by constitution reign paramount. I have nothing to fear, so says the feeling of heart; but the poisoning feeling generated by that omnipotent phantom voice spoken into my ever despairing ear, differed from the logic in analysis rendered by the intellect of mind, then conveyed into the realm of a heart profoundly desiring to believe otherwise.

I hung my head as I tumbled into a dark abyss of mixed emotion and hissing phantom voice echoing vibrantly throughout the contours of my head, and that swelling tide of nausea that rises within the container of my breast, until it nears the base of my throat to convey the feeling that the horrendous condemning demon just might leap out before me..., even as I drive down the highway..!

I soon make it to the house of my relatives. I know not as to what path I had taken to get there, or the duration of the time that had transpired. All that I was aware of is that my truck soon turned it's wheels into the driveway of my closest relations.

I walked into the doorway of my family present, taking my ease with these evil thoughts in the farthestmost recesses of my mind, but still attempting to enjoy their company. Should I tell them?

I reasoned not, out of the desire not to upset them in any way. Then upon due consideration, the situation was all up in the air

and would surly be dismissed in the end, once the matter reached a higher authority..., right?

Four hours seemed to zip past and I soon found myself motoring back down the highway toward my own home. By the time that I had arrived at my house, it was around twenty one hundred hours. My wife was sitting on the couch, relaxing in the comfort of her evening soap opera.

I took my seat beside her, being very careful to smile and say hello as I did so. She smiled back in silence as she continued to watch her daily evening show. We made some small talk for a few minutes, then she looked into my eyes and asked me;

“Well, honey, how was your day?”

Right at first I hesitated to speak, and thought about just playing off the question in the silence of my mind, but then I rationalized to myself that I might, in-fact, need to tell the story to some one closest. Who knows how the system will react or, what the future holds in it?

So then I proceed to tell her the story, just as it all had happened. As I did so, this feeling came over me that indeed, I had made the right move.

That morning we both woke up as usual. We prepared one of our regular morning meals, which was omelets and straight black coffee. We sat on the couch watching the morning news as we drank more coffee. We glanced out the front door, the sun seemed to shine warmly outside. We eased out the front door and sat together in the yard swing, laughing, telling tall tales, and making each other laugh with our crazy jokes.

As we sat in our yard swing, suddenly up drove the mail van. He stopped his truck in front of our house, being very careful to get out and walk up to the swing where we were sitting. He quickly handed me two sealed envelopes, one certified and the other not. I opened the certified envelope and removed the letter inside that was folded three ways. At the top the note read:

Nam County Schools



December\_\_ 19\_\_

Dear Mr. Bellheimer,

This note is to inform you that you have been accused of *sedition to fascination*, in combination with an additional claim of *bewitching for purpose of manipulation*. These claims are under investigation at this time.

You are not to have any associations with any student of this county. You are not to attend any school functions in Nam County. You are not to speak with any faculty or administrator in regard to this matter.

This demand is to remain active until this matter is completely resolved. The purpose of this notice is also to inform you that you have, as of this date, been effectively suspended from all service to this county.

James Holloway,

Human Resources

Marvin Maladroit,

Superintendent of Schools

My jaw dropped in total disbelief. I felt flashes of stunning shock surge through my motionless body as my eyes beheld those beaming signatures. How could this have happened? How could this superintendent actually sign a note authorizing my suspension, if he were in possession of a functional aptitude margin in critical analysis?

According to the laws of logic and analysis, the claim was not supported by any sort of premise, so therefor it is always to be held in disregard. How could this man justify his choice in action? On what grounds was the decision made to place this person in a position of superior leadership, if he did not possess any knowledge of the analytical thinking process?

Since his job consisted of making determinations as to *what* specifically was wrong in the system, and then making a determination as to *what* corrections needed to be made, and *where* exactly to apply them; then on *what* basis was he expected to make this determination, if it was *not logic* and the *analytical* thinking process? What is more shocking is the question of why an individual who does not possess these analytical thinking skills was ever placed in a position of judgment in the first place, where he has the authority to make such looming career and life destructive decisions?

Obviously this man never bothered to ask the principle any questions what so ever in regard to the premise that supported the claim against me. Had he done so, he could have readily seen that no questions were ever asked me as to my side of the situation; so how can one posses a fully developed premise, if both parties have not been effectively cross examined?

No indeed, what actually did happen was that when this principle chose to quantify, categorize, and label this claim, he

then assumed the position of accuser. Whether he accepts it or not, the burden of proof *always* falls on the accuser, not the accused.

This burden of proof *always* demands a supporting premise. In order to construct this supporting premise, there is a demand for cross examination. From the claim presented, the questions can be deduced that are directed toward the claimant. From the response of the claimant, the proper questions can then be deduced to ask the accused in effective cross examination. Such is the time honored method by which competent professionals develop effective supporting premise.

But this very incompetent absolute authority *never even attempted* to ask me any questions in cross examination, what he did do, on the contrary, was to simply *assume the claim at face value!*

This fallacy of assumption strongly suggested two things. First, that he probably never even bothered to question the claimant at all. Secondly, it strongly suggest that, in-fact, what he did do was

to magnify the original claim, and simply hand it over to the higher authority; who then committed the same exact fallacy in judgment., a fact that can be proven by his very signature on the folded note that was delivered to my house!

Indeed it is no wonder as to why the system is producing such uneducated, shallow minded students and individuals, when the ruling elites only hire the greatest of incompetent fools to run the educational establishments! Such is the reality, but it is an insult to the ones of us who are well traveled, and have experienced truly educating systems and genuine functioning professionals within that establishment.

My heart saddens most, however, when I consider that the students are the ones who are really suffering from all of the pervasive systemic ignorance at hand. When will positive change arrive in the form of regulations being placed upon intellectual organizations, and the general repressive nature of huge corporations without, that will serve to *encourage* advancement

within the population; and not consequential discouragement, born from a complete denial of any forthcoming incentive?

I behold no facts in present development that suggests *any* impending change from that of it's present repressive negative simply becoming more deeply entrenched, but I do effectively sense that such an oppressive negative reality may, in-fact, be the true manifested intention of the ruling establishment at large!



## Chapter 7

### *The Inquisition*

Two days passed.. When the following Monday came around, I decided to motor on into town, in search of an individual in which to make an appeal. I ran into a grizzled old timer sitting on a park bench whittling an oak stick with an ancient blackened scout knife, who instructed me to walk into the huge mansion estate of Attorney Schlau. There, according to this wise gent, I would find the man of my salvation, as far as legal situations went.

I did not know what else to do, so I took him up on his advice. I walked up to the Grecian styled mansion with ten bleached massive porch columns standing some three feet in diameter. I stepped inside the double glassed front door of the building.

As I did so, I immediately walked into the what appeared to be a lounge with a huge soft, coffee colored couch sitting near the



entrance way door. Before the couch sat three love seats, all with a table sitting between them. Multiple magazines sat in stacks atop the table. Across from the table sat a huge desk, with a smiling blond haired receptionist.

“What could we assist you with today?”

I carefully unfolded and laid the note before her, which she smoothed of it's wrinkles with the edge of her left hand, and carefully read for a small time period.

“My..., well, we see the falsely accused here, and the guilty. Situations such as this are of a most unfortunate nature. Mr. Schlau needs to see this matter though, make no bones about it. We see this sort of claim every day, I can tell you that much. You are certainly in good hands,” she assured me.

So I took my seat in the soft, comfortable couch.

Some thirty minutes passed, I guess. Then this medium sized elderly man appeared, wearing a suit and tie, with gray, shoulder length hair. A thick, but very gray mustache, covered his lip.

“Hello,” he nodded to me as he whispered the word.

I nodded back. He turned and walked back into his office.

His secretary soon arose, walking into his office, then returned saying:

“Mr Schlau now wishes to speak with you.”

I walk into his office, which sat tucked away to the right hand side of the large room, and just around a corner that effectively concealed him from view of anyone who sat out in the lounge area. As I stepped around the corner, I came face to face with a relaxed appearing individual, who possessed a hard face with very narrow features.

“How about shutting that door there behind you,” he asked me.

I reached backward and did so.

“So tell me, what happened here with this matter?”

I proceeded to tell him the details of the event. I told him every small detail, both what happened, and what I was thinking at the time of the event.

“And this is all that this man told you?,” he asked in relation to the nature of the claim.

I replied “Yes,” and I handed him the note. I told him that the words spoken by the principle were nearly identical to those written on the paper.

“Well,” he says, “lets try to contact the school attorney. I personally know this fellow.”

He picked up his phone and called the attorney. Sure enough, the man was in his office. Schlau then proceeded to ask him if he knew any thing in relation to this case. The man replied that he did not. So he hung the phone back on the hook, then looked at me as said:

“When I find out something, I will let you know.”

I then thanked him for his efforts, and politely exited the room. Just speaking with a man who knows the system reassured me that I had made the right choice. My nerves then strangely calmed.

I promptly exited the office and motored on back toward my home. It felt very strange not being able to go back to my place of employment. That unjustified suspension kicked me out of a

broad job area. I guess that I can find work in another area, I reasoned with myself.

The following day I stopped by a local temporary employment office and made my application. There were many varied types of employment opportunity available for the taking here. I still held my second position of employment to go with this small part time position that I was attempting to land.

The particular job that the temporary employment office soon offered was that of part time press operator at a local print shop. I decided to take that, since I was very fond of books and the written page in general.

My second job of body guard for the local mayor and various other town officials, I still held in spite of the false accusations. If I were to put the two together, then I had the equivalent of a fairly decent full time job.

I was contented for the time being with my arrangement. I was going to *win* in spite of this crass set back, I smiled to myself...

...Time passed for a span of two and a half months. Life had begun to settle into my new routine. I was actually beginning to find a new source of joy and contentment in my once unpleasant, unfortunate situation. My finances were actually just a *bit higher* now than they had been in the past when I taught.

I was beginning to like working as a press operator. The labor was somewhat mechanical in nature, but then, I possessed a natural gift for being mechanical. That fact was part of my nature that few among those who knew me never really were aware of.

Then one day I discovered it..to my shock and staggering surprise..

.....I had heard nothing nor had seen nothing, up until this particular strange moment. It all happened when I returned home one evening from my work as body guard around 2130 hrs or so. I get home and my dear wife bore a very distressed appearance on her face.

“Here, look at this..,” she said as she handed me what appeared to be a business card. “We got a card from a detective,”

she continued on in a very distressed whispering voice, so that the neighborhood kids could not hear us as they played about in the rear of the house. “I wonder what this all could be about?”

In truth, sight of the card brought back that prevailing feeling of distress and despair that had been pushed back into the farthestmost recesses of my intellect as I enveloped my psychological self with my new source of labor. I sighed deeply as I continued to gaze upon the business card before making my reply;

“I figure that this card is a reference to the detective that wishes to speak with me concerning that situation that I am tangled up inside of.”

The shock and surprise on her face deepened suddenly.

“But I thought that your attorney was handling this matter for you. Why is all of this taking place? Why is our home being visited by such great misfortune? What are we going to do?”

I took a deep sigh once again before giving her my reply;

“I do not know what any body else is going to do, but I certainly know what I am going to do!”

“...And just what are you thinking that you are going to do...,” she suddenly snapped?

“Nothing.., no, not a single damn thing as of yet.. If this man wants to speak with me in regard to this matter, he will contact me again. I am not going to do any thing at all..

So life continued on as usual for three days, then that dreaded day came.. A voice message was left on my phone for me to contact this detective concerning the situation at the school. The voice attempted to sound welcoming and friendly, but I highly suspected some sort of entangling trap...I was in absolute shock..

Why was there even a follow up regarding this matter now when there was never any sort of premise to support the claim? This attempt is simply a fishing method at discovering some very small detail that will justify hanging some sort of claim on my person, bearing the greatest weight that can possibly be attached, I logically deduced. Doing so would allow the authorities to save

face from world criticism at my own personal and professional expense.

Attaching a heavy charge upon my person would also accomplish another unstated goal that is so very obvious to the intelligent observer.; that goal being to effectively lock a person out of the increasingly saturated job market. Doing such an evil deed is more of a pleasure to the incompetent authorities in this place that I currently live in, than going through the effort to develop any sort of practical employment base..

.....If I can recall correctly, the following day, which was a Thursday, I was back inside the attorney's office. I told him exactly what had taken place, and allowed him to listen in to the message on my phone..

“Yeah.., this is the deal here.. This man may sound friendly, and say that he wants to wrap this matter up; but what he really wants to do is to get you down into the sheriff's office, and have two or three of them beat you down with a barrage of questions for two hours or more.



“Then they will efficiently dissect every word and phrase that you speak in reply to their questions, in search of any twisted connotation that can give credibility to any sort of claim that they can imagine to make along the lines of the already broad claim that has been written and previously made..

“I'll tell you what, I am going to speak with this detective, Unerfahren, and I shall get to the bottom of this mess, I'll assure you of that much, right here and now. So just give me some time to root this matter out to it's source, and I will get back with you for our next move. I'll let you know something when I know anything.,” he said with a smile.

“It all sounds good to me,” I said in reply.

Four days passed.. I suppose that the figures would make it a Monday. Then I received the call. It was around thirteen hundred hours that day. Then my attorney called with the word.

“Well, I know specifically what you are accused of.”

“Knowing would certainly do my heart well,” I replied.

“They are saying that you spoke foul words against the school in an attempt at turning the minds of students against the system at large, and the staff in general. Another student claimed that you were throwing bones in-front of the class, and caused the two bones to cross into the dreaded X sign.

“This observation proved beyond the shadow of a single doubt, that you were engaging in the act of casting some sort of hexing bedeviling spell. This observation also quantifies to support a charge of *witchcraft*, and *contributing to the delinquency of a minor* by route of exposing the under aged to those darkest of ancient arts.

“The charge in and of itself is a simple misdemeanor, but it is treated just like a felony. You will lose all of your basic rights..You will not be able to vote. You will not be able to legally own weapons. You will not be allowed to travel. or even as much as go to church. You will be forced to register your every move monthly with the local sheriff's department, and the list of

negatives goes on and on. Things are not looking too well, I'll tell you that much at the present time..

“Look..., what I need you to do is come down here at your earliest convenience, so that we can schedule our own lie detector test before the opposition does. I want to schedule you to come in so that my personal expert can evaluate you. What about Wednesday? Does that sound alright?,” he looked at me and smiled as he asked.”

“Sure,” I replied. “I must do what I have to do,” I said in quick response.

“The charge for that service will be a thousand dollars, with a two thousand dollar retainer fee for attorney services,” he politely but sharply snapped in reply.

Without saying anything I thought to myself, wow this fee is dramatic for a base claim made with no supporting premise. What kind of system is this that we are dealing with here? Obviously an inquisition..., but much more obviously a political inquisition,

since the nature of the charge is certainly political, and an extortionist political inquisition at that! I just cannot believe it!

All of this money in lieu of a simple claim made in complete absence of any supporting premise..., and this horrible fallacy in logic made in the nation of the free and just, not some known third world police state or communist nation..! What is going on here? Where is the justice? Where lies this business of being innocent until proven guilty? Where lies my civil and constitutional rights?

Obviously the real situation that I am dealing with here is that people are allowed to make claims without any supporting premise, what so ever. If the accused fails to retain an attorney, then the most destructive of punitive actions can be taken on a totally innocent victim! What kind of system is this..?"

On the distance cold winds from that outlying realm of omniscient ghosts blew in a continuous burst, carrying with it that soul jolting, whispering phantom voice;

*“Where lies this business of innocent until proven guilty? Why does the claimant not have the requirement to provide supporting premise? Is this effort a persecution of the poor, then what happens if the accused posses no silver and gold..? What happens..? Indeed..what is going to happen to you..? What horrors shall be thy forlorn fate..?”*

The following day was intense. The level of stress was at it's highest maximum. I was angry, stressed in not knowing what to expect next; and in the darkest recesses of my melancholy mind, I was asking myself the one sole word.... why? Why was I having to advance this far with this situation, when there was never even as much as an attempt made to constructing a supporting premise of any sort on the day of the accusation?

I was still consumed by a shock that devoured my very soul into it's innermost core. The laws of critical analysis state that this claim should *always* be held in strict disregard, since it stood in absence of supporting premise, but it was not. I have rights, damn

it! Who are these dark villains to disregard my most basic of constitutional rights?

I was so nervous when I motored back up to the front door of that huge Grecian mansion, that I broke into a cold sweat while in a surrounding temperature that hovered near eighty degrees. A lump formed deep inside my very throat. I could not concentrate, I could not think or reason., since my very mind was contaminated by the poison of this accusation.

Who behind the scenes was whispering those repressive words that so rigidly demanded a swift retribution, even in the absence of any validating facts? I knew not what to make of the experience that I was living through. To where may I flee the hand of retribution in lieu of these fabricated accusations based on assumption of guilt? Should I remain behind locked doors, barricading myself from the raging fury of those who dwell around me? Should I fear any parked police vehicle that might pause nearby?

Maybe it is that I am under some sort of surveillance. I have noticed strange vehicles continuously passing by the front of my home. I have bore witness to the driver gazing forward through the tinted side glass window across the passenger's seat. At times the driver was male. On other occasion the driver might be female, but both behaved in the same manner which suggest that they were possible participants to some sort of investigative procedures.

I pulled on the doors and stepped into the huge lobby of the building. The air on the inside was of a prevailing cold that sank deep into the very bones, like the piercing cold of a hospital room. As I stepped inside, I was met by the attorney Schlau, who smiled a huge smile and asked me to step on into this large room on the right hand side.

I glanced inside and saw a well dressed elderly man bearing snow colored, well groomed hair and a very hard face with a drooping eye. His right arm was bound in a sling that he carried across his shoulder. He never smiled nor spoke any sort of

comforting word. He appeared as if he was attempting to avoid looking directly into my face.

“Hello,” said the man in a hard rasping voice that sounded like a strained whisper. “Just have a seat here in this chair.”

I sat in the chair without saying a single word. He took a seat across the table from me and wiggled slightly from side to side as if to find a comfortable spot.

“Now...let's speak a bit. Your name is Benjamin Bellheimer, right?”

He carefully scribbled on a note and pad as he asked his clear specific questions.

“Yes,” I replied.

“Now..., my name is James Ermittler. I have worked with the FBI for some forty years now. I have interviewed every type from the worst of the worst and most certainly guilty to the most innocent of the innocent.

“In short, I know what I am seeing when I see it, because I have seen it so many times in repetition. There are certain consistent



patterns in reactions and personality when specific stimuli are applied. These reactions always betray the real truth behind the motivation for the reaction.

“Now, lets get right down to the meat of this matter. I have spoken enough to the left already. Tell me what exactly happened here. I want to hear your side of this matter.”

I proceeded to tell him the story, basically telling him that I had absolutely *no* idea what had happened here. All that I know is that the class was out of control and by the eve of the second to the last period of the day, I was pulled into the office , then hit in the face with this completely invalid, most extraordinary claim.

It all was a shock and surprise to me, from the standpoint that I was expecting to be written up for failing to achieve discipline in the classroom. But this..? What is this business? Are they sure they got the right man, because I do not know what they are speaking of?

“Did you display to any students or student, the black iron caldron? Did you wave the seven sacred herbs above their heads?”

“No, absolutely not!” I replied.

“Why do you think that they made this accusation against you?”

“I don't know. I have ran the same question through my own mind,” I replied.

“Did you anger the managing staff, or students, or say anything out of the way to anyone?”

“No,” I replied. “Not that I can recall.”

“What did these students look like?”

“They were all Ziminoan,” I replied. “The frog green, gargoyle appearing types.”

“U mm,” he replied underneath his breath.

On the table by his right side sat a square box like machine about the size of two briefcases stacked one on top of the other, with a number of various wires coming off of it. One large wire

appeared to be the cord of a phone, but I knew that it was not.

Around my wrists he placed two cuffs that were made out of canvas covered with sticky Velcro. Around my stomach he passed the cord that appeared as a phone cord.

“Now...I am going to ask you a few specific questions. Don't move or breath in deeply. Just stay perfectly still with your feet in place there on the floor. Is you name Benjamin Bellheimer?”

“Yes,” I replied.

“Were you born in America?”

“Yes,” I replied again.

“Have you ever practiced the dark arts?”

“No,” I replied to his question.

“Have you even been questioned before regarding the matter of persuasion in relation to any student at any time in the past?”

“No.”

“Have you ever waved the seven sacred herbs above the heads of the students at any time?”

“No.”

“Don't move, damn it now!,” snapped the interviewer.. “Now we must repeat the process.”

“Have you ever waved the seven sacred herbs above the heads of the students at any time?”

“No.”

“Look, now you're not cooperating with me on this matter,” he suddenly spouted with an angry trembling face. “We must have an accurate reading on this. Right now the picture in showing neutral in either direction! We must be thorough..! We must remain consistent..! We must remain motionless to the very end of this process. Now.., lets try this again.

Have you ever waved the seven sacred herbs above the heads of the students at any time?”

“No,” I replied.

“Look fellow, what we have here is not worth a shit! You must remain motionless. That means completely still...Do you hear....? Do you understand....? Do you even comprehend here

what is at hand? It could, in fact, be even your very life that is at steak!

“You say that you did not commit these atrocious claims..., but *they* say that you are emphatically guilty. So lets follow through on this matter just one more time.

Is you name Benjamin Bellheimer?”

“Yes,” I replied.

“Were you at home yesterday?”

“Yes.”

“Are you married?”

“Yes.”

“Do you have any children?”

“Yes.”

“Have you ever practiced the dark arts?”

“No.”

“Have you ever waved the seven sacred herbs above the heads of the students?”

“No.”

“Have you ever practiced the art of persuasion with any student at any time?”

“No.”

.....”This is just no good.. What we have here just will not work at all! Go on outside for about fifteen minutes, and come on back inside here. I need to discuss this matter alone with the attorney for just a bit.”

“O.K.,” I replied.

I stepped out behind the attorney’s office and just walked around aimlessly, worried over what the investigator had spouted out in my direction.

What will I do if I do not pass this test? What will I do when this heavy boom is lowered on top of my head, but my mobility and freedom of employment is at grave stake? Where will I go...? What will I do..?

As I walked around, first in the yard behind, then out across the asphalt parking lot in the back. On the backside of the parking lot perched a swiftly flowing creek in places, but then there were

more shallow areas that tinkled along, as if some fairy goddess was playing a sweet seductive melody.

As I listened to the song of the water nymph, deep inside I felt a surging tranquil wave of great, nearly hypnotic relaxation, as if I was being told that in the end all would be well. *Just have faith.. Just give forth your complete trust, and make the earnest request....*

Inside my mind I held tightly to the melody of the flowing water, and the sweet tranquil song of the water nymph. I walked on inside the building, carefully going back into the room where the investigator sat waiting for me.....

*“ Did you have a nice break...? Did you find pleasure and relax in your surroundings...? Where then lies your vindication...? If not in the revelation of the honest serum, then where lies your vindication..?”*

I knew not what to extrapolate in concern to my present experience , or my intention as a result thereof. All that I did know was the reality that lieth undeniably before me.....

“Just sit down in this chair right here, and lets begin the test all over again,” he said to me in his rasping whisper...

So, I did so. I sat there motionless while he placed the Velcro upon my tensed wrists. I sat motionless while he placed the phone cord around my midsection, noticeably in such a manner that it covered my solar plexus. This would effectively allow the motion detector to record my every breath, my every heart beat in perfect rhythm.., and record the exact moment that the rhythm was broken. The investigator glared at me with narrowed eyes and clenched teeth.

“Now.., fellow, I am going to ask you just one more time.., and just one more damn time only., that same round of questions.. Do you follow, boy...? Are you with it...?

“Now, I am going to tell you in so many words.., so don't try to twist my efforts around any.. Don't try to foul this effort up. I think that all of this business of you being so fidgety, just might be of your own design now.. So you listen to me.., and you listen



well to me when I ask the questions, and do exactly as I ask.. You understand me, boy?”

“Yeah,” I replied.

“Did you introduce those students to the dark arts?”

“No,” I replied.

“Did you design to manipulate the students into your own personal self serving direction?”

“No,” I replied again.

“Did you wave those seven hexing herbs above the heads of the students in an effort to enchant them into your own sadistic self-serving designs?”

“No, I did not!”

“Now.., don't try to mess around with me here, boy.. I simply want the truth.. Did you, or did you not, commit this offense?”

“I told you, emphatically no!”

.....”Well I think that you just might be a liar., now boy..You answer me, and you answer me well. Did you, or did you not..?

.....”I told you no, and I am not going to sit here and listen to this garbage of you fishing to try and hook some kind of claim on me now. I did not do it, emphatically, and that it all that there is to it..!”

“.....Now, let me put it to you this way,” he said in that wheezing foul voice of his. “You have offended a Ziminoan student with your chicanery. You are one of the star children, born of the sacred blood heritage.. You are guilty simply by nature of the one offended..

“Let me tell you rite, damn it, now..! The system has already condemned you.. You simply don't have a fighting chance here....!”

.....*What is this business?*, I thought in silence to myself. *What is this business of offending a specific student? What is he talking about?*

“What are you talking about here?”

“This collective Fascist system is in support of the Ziminoan against those *Ueiskuning* people of the flaming star. If a Ziminoan

has a problem, and the problem is with any of the star people in any way, then the Fascist legal system *always* takes sides with the Ziminoa..

“Don't you know that? Have you not heard? Where have you been....? The point is that you had just better admit your guilt here, if you know what is good for you.”

“But I am not guilty of anything. I do not even know what it is that you speak of here!”

The reply returned was very sharp and direct following the stated remark.

“Now you listen to me.., and listen well to me...You *will* accept your guilt. You have absolutely no choice, but to do so and do so promptly.., and just suffer the penalties that follow! Is that understood? Can you comprehend?”

“But..I am telling you.., and I will never say it any other way.. I am innocent of these charges.. Where are my rights? Where is the constitution?

“My rights are guaranteed and sealed. I am innocent until proven guilty beyond the shadow of a doubt, man! So do not come to me talking about me bearing some sort of responsibility to just admit that I am guilty, simply because the system demands it!”

The investigator clenched his teeth tightly, speaking through these teeth as he did so.

“You listen.., and you listen well, fellow, right here, to what I now have to say..

! You are not charged at this moment, but they are going to come after you, and they are going to put you in irons.!

“Then they are going to cast you into the nearest cold, condensate drenched, and damp stone floored dungeon, but your dreadful fate will be only beginning..! Do you hear me now, son....?”

“Then they will drag you before the inquisition where your official condemnation will then take place. The punitive process shall commence with a huge upside down letter W being branded

directly into the very midst of your sweat drenched forehead, for all to lay eyes on, until that very day that you shall die..

“But that much is not all yet! Do you have it now, boy, are you with me now?

“You shall then be assaulted night and day by the raging sodomites, since you will be strategically placed directly into their very midst..”

The investigator paused momentarily to glare at me as he panted through tightly clenched teeth.

“It's all part of the program, boy.., to break you down and destroy you, right along with this all positive, arrogant psychological image that you now have of yourself!

“ I tell you, if you even survive this continual daily assault..., and most never do.., then your horror has still not yet finished, son....! I am saying that there is one more terror that you must face, that shall drag on for at least twelve years! Do you know what that horror is? Do you have any idea?”

He narrowed his eyes at me when he spoke the words.

“I have no idea, because I never needed to have an idea!” I snapped.

“Well., I thought so.. So I will tell you rite..here, and now, boy..They will put you on their special little love list after your two years incarceration!”

“What list?,” I asked sharply with a gasp.

“Well.., following your release from the incarceration, you will then be required to register with the local police station, giving them your picture, your address, the time of your beginning and return from work, the names and addresses of your friends, and if they have any children..

“Your charge will then have it's magnitude level inflated into a broad dysphemist label that shall then be plastered across a web page for the entire world to view! Do you comprehend me now, son?”

“What...? What are you talking about here?,” I asked with a deep gasp.

“In other words..., the police have a special task force that rides around and checks up on people like you. If they stop by your place during the times that you claim that you are off work, and you are not present at home or where you have said that you would be; and they see that you have not registered that time frame with them, they then place a nice pretty sticker on your door face.

“From that moment forward you have three days to drop by the police station with an explanation, that must completely satisfy the investigator presiding over your case. If the investigator is not completely satisfied with your explanation, or if his present whim leads him to feel like acting against you; he can then inflate the magnitude level of your charge, then send the State swat team to your door step in the middle of the night.

“ With no benefit of trial or counsel, you will then be thrown into the very worst of dungeons, right into the very midst of the largest, most violent of sodomite populations, where you will most definitely suffer outstanding trials and tribulations! If you

should miss-step again in any way..., you will then be thrown into the dungeon for twenty years to life..!

The investigator then burst into a roaring, haunting laughter..., seemingly speaking through tightly clenched teeth...

“But don’t despair completely, son., the labor camps are rising right here in our very midst, without any person in the general population being aware to any degree what so ever; and even when they are aware, the fools only deny what obviously is standing right there before them., those pathetic pukes!

“You’ll be able to whittle your years away with your work! You’ll be alright there..., until you pass the fiftieth year of your life.. Then., sadly but so surly, you just won’t be of much remaining use to us any more..., at least not alive..!”

The investigator then continued on with his laughing rumble and roar,

“The thing is,” I replied in gasps, “for people who are truly guilty, I then have no problem with all of this. You get what you



deserve in these types of situations. But like I have said so many times before, I am innocent in all of this!”

The investigator leaned, getting really close into my face as he spoke, whispering his raspy whisper...

“Look here, now, you have only two choices.. Just admit to your guilt, right here and now, and you just might have some leniency. Don't admit to it? Well., you'll have a few more days of freedom. You'll go before the inquisition, for sure, and then there is a slight chance of vindication, maybe., but you can't count on that, boy!

“When they are forced to invest their time and money into your pursuit, they get mad, real mad! And I am telling you., they will hit you with everything that they can. Do you hear me? So what is it, now boy?”

“I did not do this, man! There is only one choice for me, there are no two choices about it!”

The investigator smiled to himself, shaking his gray head from side to side.

“Very well..., have it as you wish. You are free to go then, for the time being.”

I can still hear his roaring laughter as I walked out the door of his office.

So I left the attorney’s office with both a sense of shock in my brain, and a nagging sensation of fear and dread in the pit of my stomach. I just cannot believe that the system has deteriorated into this..., right here in America, the land of the free!

We are so far from the ideals that our founding fathers fought and battled to attain, but indeed, what was it all for in the end? After all, it has only been two hundred, ten years now, and the system had begun to deteriorate some forty years before!

The same exact enemies that they warred against so long ago and won, have now moved upon us from within, and succeeded in our thorough conquest..., without ever even firing a single shot! I am in such shock that I still can hardly continue penning these very words that are so very necessary for all to behold.

I raced into the doors of my home, locking my self tightly inside. I could no longer eat or sleep. When I slept I desired that the dark of midnight would continue on for the duration of an eternity, so that I would not be forced to face the light of day. This experience was a horrifying nightmare that seemed to drag on for long day after day. When morning finally did arrive, I did not even posses the energy to arise from my comforting resting spot.

What shocked me most was this unhesitating rush into condemnation that they seemed to enjoy engaging in. I almost felt as if the authorities even went as far as to derive some sick sort of sadistic pleasure from their expenditure of effort in their labors against me.

The state's budget was endless to pursue me on behalf of their political motivations, mine was very limited in which to use for my own defense. Something just did not seem fair at all about this experience.

Why was the claimant not required to produce a supporting premise? Why then was the claim not simply dismissed in

absence of supporting premise? My mind will just not allow the true answer to settle within, since that so very obvious answer violates every statement that I have ever been told.

What even shocks me more, being amused at the fact that something really could, is the manner in which the population proceeds on with their daily chores as though nothing surrounding them is also threatening them, even though in many cases the threats are so bloody obvious.

Furthermore, if these so painfully obvious threats are pointed out, the people get raging angry that one of their own would even dare to suggest that *our* authorities would move against us. If baseless claims are ever brought up against one of their own, then the prevailing attitude, even of the person's very family, is that guilt must surly lie with the accused, since so many different people were involved in the condemnation.

When pay day comes, some forty two percent is extorted out, but exactly for what, no body knows. Add an eight percent sells

tax, and now half of one's pay check is gone before he ever receives it.

What does any person receive in lieu of this excessive extortion? Where do my house payments come from? What about my health insurance, if indeed I even have any? What about my retirement plan?

No..., we are not blessed with these gifts that should be subtracted from the remaining thirty eight percent, when the true necessary tax amount of twelve percent is automatically deducted. Twelve percent is what is actually needed to manage the financial affairs of the nation.

What we are then forced by this same extortionist system to do is to subtract all of this from the remaining half of our paycheck, plus pay our daily cost of living expenses, all of this subtraction including their mandatory insurance purchase requirements! But people just continue to go about in their daily chores, like robots programed to simply labor at their own expense, seemingly

oblivious to any looming, potentially hostile reality surrounding them.

The final insulting shock that really causes me to pause, is when all of the authorities continue to beg for revenue in lieu of their extortion. Still the layoffs come. Still the corporations and government continue to down size. Still the sequestrations.. But why? Where has to money gone?

The cathedrals speak only of the righteous majesty so graciously extended from the established ruling elites, sabbath after vexing sabbath, both on television and inside the cathedrals themselves. The schools speak only of the praising grace that the ruling elite held throughout history. and the valor that they found in the many crusades that were carried out within our national boundaries and against our own population over the course of the centuries passed.

One element of commonality in this business that I noticed was that. all of the above *always* looked backward into the past when lecturing to the masses. The glowing conclusions to their

propagandized lectures always successfully smearing the glory from the past onto the Fascist dung that this nation has presently deteriorated into.

I was witness to the masses, both the educated and the ignorant, hungrily devouring this infected trash, without ever knowing nor wishing to know the actual truth! In all honesty, the slaves are being effectively conditioned to believe, even to the point of threatening violence, that they are free when in fact, they are indeed not!

With this tactic they are also trained to slay the messenger bearing the truth of their real situation at hand. *When I gaze through mankind's history I can never discover another national incident, as it relates to the ordinary people, that resembles the one in which I have lived to experience first hand, and not so long ago.* Let my sentence above rest as the first written word to record that fact!

Where are the mass protests and flaming riots in the name of our forfeited freedom? Where are the patriots? Where lives our

next great national hero whom is destined by holy providence above, to restore our lost liberties and our precious stolen economy?

My eyes behold one such outstanding individual, not, but they do in-fact behold a nation of spineless men who have wasted their hard earned gold, their cherished pride and past righteous glory; only to sacrifice all of it right along with their most precious of blood won freedoms, on the alter of secular humanism to the bronze god image of socialist sympathy and encompassing tolerance.

Did your fore-bearers not give you the blessed instruction to make war against your oppressors, especially those who dare to rule with a corrupted staff of power from within? Cannot your eyes behold the ever prevailing possibility of violent repression in lieu of a dismantling constitutional base?

Your forbearance to stand strong and face the flaming winds shall surly lead to a totalitarian abuse ,and your eternal state of



servitude to the nation state that is presently taking shape, even before your very eyes!

Behold.., the dark truth is that indeed, *the emperor wears no clothes at all!* In fact, he stands before you just as nude as he was on the very day of his birth, no matter what the media or the people around are saying..; but all of you *still* insist on parading about just as though he is fully clothed in his very best tailored suit and tie!

What are honest, observant intellectuals to make of this unique phenomenon? Did we not bear witness to it during the mid-night reign of terror so long ago? Did we not behold it once, with the cold receptive trenches before us, and the dreadful line of machine guns behind us; only to collapse by our own disbelief as the thunder roared, even into our very cynical faces?

Please thou merciful Lord in high heaven above, forgive us for the sin of ignorance. Help us all, though we certainly do not deserve it..; for we know not whence we have traveled, so we know not to the dreadful fate that surly awaits us!

Some time passed.., I know not the exact amount, but I guess that it was four days..., then I heard it. I heard their heavy pounding knock at my solid wooden door.

I well knew exactly who it was.. I hesitated to come forward. In my mind I contemplated an ease from a raised window, of my body into the surrounding wood stand.

I glanced through the opening in the curtain at my bedside. I could clearly see one dark blue member of the swat team slinking around the house. I knew well that there were others moving around on the opposite sides that I could not see. This was a consorted effort that I was aware of, that swat teams make to secure a potentially dangerous parameter off.

They knew that I was inside.. I heard their heavy pounding again. I heard their rumbling voices screaming as they hammered away at my wooden door face...

“Come out.. Come out now! You come out now, or we're coming inside!”

“Who is it?” I screamed in reply. “I do not open my door to strangers!”

“This is the Nam County police department! We have warrants for your arrest! So the best thing for you to do is to come out with your hands up..., and do it now!”

I swallowed hard. What was I to do? I did not want to give myself up. Their arrest is totally unjustified! Where lies the premise to support these ridiculous claims? What are the exact specifics of the claim? Who is really responsible? Why have the rules of basic logic been so blatantly violated here? I stand motionless before the door consumed in total shock and surprise...

“Look fellow, we're just doing our jobs.. Now don't make us come inside and get you, cause we will..., and we're not that far from doing so now.. So just make it simple on yourself and come out with your hands up!”

I did not want to go. I was even tempted for a moment to give battle when they burst into my home...; but I know that the effort will be futile in the end. I have no other choice but to surrender to

them. I could hear the tinkling rattle of their chains as I walk up to the door and scream..

“Just back up. I am coming out with my hands in the air. Just hold your fire on me, there is no reason to fire on me!”

“Yeah, you can come on out. We're not going to shoot, but come out slowly, and with your hands up! We want to see with our own eyes that you bear no weapons,” screamed a woman in a heavy alien accent, betraying the fact that she hailed from some far distant region in the nation, and probably lived among the twisted liberal imperialists.

Obviously she bore no blood connection with the colonial past and our fore-bearers' defeat of the terrible overlords on those sacred fields of battle. She possessed no concern for individual rights and constitutional liberty, because she bore no relation to the tradition in doing so. Her people had raised up in their own national enclaves, so she bore no comprehension of what truly being American really means. The section of the country that she

hailed from had abandoned individual rights eighty years ago or even more.

I detested the very sound of her accent when she spoke to me, especially when she spoke with an air of authority.

“What are you waiting for? Whats up with you?”

“I tell you what!,” I screamed. “I’ll surrender, but only to a single specific officer!”

“Well, we don’t have time for games, so come on out.., or else!,” she continued to scream.

“Well, who is it that you request?,” boomed a male voice of authority. We just want to end this matter peacefully here!”

“I will surrender only to David Mac Gollywash. I have been knowing him for all of my entire life. He will be fair, and treat me fairly. I trust him with my very life.”

“What county is he from?,” boomed the male voice through my wooden door.”

“He is from the neighboring county here, Bagleans County!,” I screamed as loudly as my voice would allow me to do.

“No problem,” boomed the voice. “He’ll be here in virtually a matter of minutes.”

I heard the radio call go out for him, then I heard the reply...I could discern David's voice just as clearly if he were standing right there in my front yard, saying that he would be glad to come and take me under his custody. The very sound of his voice seemed to give a certain ease to my troubled soul.

Some time passed, again I do not know exactly how much. I think thirty minutes or so. I heard a vehicle roll up into my driveway on the gritty sand that lay scattered upon the concrete. Soon two doors opened, and I perceived via the sound, that two people had stepped out of the parked vehicles.

“Yeah, where is he?,” I clearly heard the voice of David say.”

“ He's right in that house, locked up yonder,” boomed the same male voice. “Be careful with him now. He could be dangerous.”

“Yeah, Yeah, yeah., it's alright. I've been knowing him for all of my life. Without knowing it, I relocated about the same time that he did along the way. We both nearly corroborated in our

motions from our home area. This move was all made without one knowing of the others position.

“Just stay calm and let me handle this matter. Something is bothering him. or he would not behave in this manner,” I heard the voice of David reply.

I heard the sound of feet walk up to the door, behind which I stood with my left ear close to the thick wood.

“Hey.., Benjamin...! It's me, David! You know, your old drinking buddy from way back when. Boy we had some times, did we not?

Remember the time that we swam in the old city water tower? That was a real hum-dinger, was it not? Remember our nights hunting deer underneath the spotlight, way back there in old man Wallace Singletary's millpond? Do you remember..., we slew nineteen deer one night there..! Don't you remember? It hasn't been all that long ago now..!”

My heart swelled with an unexplained joy at the sound of his voice. I was happy beyond measure that he had came up here to

take me in. I eased the door opened...his smiling face met mine as I did so....

“You old bar slayer, you, I am so glad that you made it here at my request! You just don't know how much my heart leaps at the sound of your voice. Sit down a spell here with me!,” I invited with fresh excitement in my voice.

“Yeah, it's so good to see you after all of these years. Yes, indeed it's so good... So tell me Ben, why are they after you?”

I proceeded to tell him the story of my situation. I told him how I could not believe that right here in America, that the system had deteriorated into this baseless subjugation of the people.

David laughed heartily.

“Yes, I agree. It sounds like the old Salem witch trails all over again, only this is more than three hundred years later. We are supposed to be beyond the point of doing business like that in this day and time.”

“But it is the same fallacy in logic that is alive and well to this very day,” I snapped in reply.



“Yes.., the same fallacy in logic that led to nineteen people losing their lives out on gallows hill,” David replied with a sigh.

“The same exact fallacy in logic that was true then, is still true today. The only difference today is that the labels have changed, that's all, and it is happening right here in America today,” I said in my conversation.

I made us both a ham sandwich and some coffee, and we laughed as we sipped the coffee for a while, then he looked at me and asked the question..

“I know that you know why I am here, don't you?”

“Certainly,” I replied.

“You did not threaten them or anything, did you?”

“ No., of course not, now you know me.. I don't make threats, I just act! Since you were so kind to arrive, I do not have to act on anything. I can now just follow along in perfect contentment.”

“Well let's go get this matter over with,” he said with a warm smile to me.

He arose from his seat, as I did to follow him to the door. He walked over to the door, screaming...

“He is coming out with me peacefully now. There is no need to open fire!”

He grabbed my right elbow with his left hand, leading me out the door to stand before the swat team; who then instantly drew their pistols, many screaming at me in their alien accents..

“Freeze! Put your hands up high in the air. Put them up...!”

I did as they instructed me to. At this moment I knew that my very life was on the line.

Two approached me on both sides, seizing my wrists and twisting my arms behind me in such a manner that caused excruciating pain in my limbs, while two more stood before me and behind me with their pistols pointing directly at me.

After both wrists were twisted behind me, I then felt the cutting bite of their cuffs as they clamped them on solidly. There was no escape now, they had me in their possession, and ripe for the damp cold stone floor of the local dungeon.

The good news here is that I would have my own cell. I would not be thrown to the sodomites, at least, not until my condemnation by the imperial inquisition that I knew was surly forthcoming. From that fate, there would be no salvation.. I knew their process..

Upon being condemned, if I could pay their extortion fee, I would then be set free, but yet, still suffer the remainder of my sentenced fate at some distant point in future time. If I attempted to escape, however, the dungeon sentence would be tripled and their torturous penalties drastically increased.

Without a doubt as well, part of their sentence at that point would be to throw me to the raging hunger of the zoodis cannibalistic sodomites. If that situation should ever be my fate., my very survival would certainly be in grave jeopardy, and very doubtful.

Just for the telling..., so I have been told..., the local dungeon contains borderline humans that have been reduced to the level of

raging savage beasts. I do not know if it is true or not..., and I do not wish to find out...

The method utilized to reduce these humans into raging cannibalistic beasts was first by a three day starvation period, during which they were forced to labor from sun up constantly to sun down. During this time period they were given only water and not a single morsel of food.

Then a timid, weak young man, or teenager, would be introduced among them. If they refused him, then they would labor for three more days without a single morsel of nourishment....

So it has been said..., no one ever resists until the ninth day., the raging hungry beast within, explodes outwardly, until all pounce upon this poor soul, and devour him with a raging, intrepid burning, yearning involuntary lust for flesh and nourishing blood...

In addition, so I have been told, if some of the Ziminoa are the ones who have been reduced into an even lower psychological

level of sadistic beastly existence, then it is the blood of the star children whom they lust most for. The next one of their poor trembling victims suffers without hesitation, until the four humans caged inside are reduced into the mental level of furious, raging, violent beasts....

So it is said.., the guards throw the weakest of the inmates to these animals for mere sport, all gathering about to take their sadistic pleasure in the fellows horrible torment and suffering..; and it matters not as to the true nature of the claims against them.., all supporting premise be damned. Matter of fact...so I hear.., if the inmate proclaims his innocence due to disregard of factual premise, then the likelihood of him being thrown to the raging beasts is even greater!

Now.., in all honesty.., I would not concern myself with these stories, if we as a nation still were in possession of a system that functioned in lieu of the suggestion put forth by factual premise, upon which rested the claim made against the accused.

What is really frightening is that we as a system and as a nation, *do not do so any longer*; especially when the claims are made that support an unknown senator's pre-conceived notion of what specificity is politically correct, and what is not. What few citizens are aware of is that there are dozens, if not hundreds of claims that are allowed and *assumed* as factual, in total disregard for any type of supporting premise.

What is even *more* frightening is that the list of these open ended claims ( *claims that cannot be proven positive or negative*) keeps growing by the year! The assumption here taken by the legal system is that if, in-fact, the claim has been made against the accused, then the accused emphatically ***must*** be guilty of the offense. In other words, condemned as guilty based purely on the *assumption* of guilt alone!

The most troubling aspect about this fairly new, but overwhelmingly negative development is, that all of the claims tend to fulfill some sort of political objective at the expense of otherwise honest citizens; and the masses are never allowed to

know the name of the senator (*the so-called one who represents the people*) who is responsible for allowing this claim a legal precedence.

Obviously the senator was paid off by some group representing the so-called *rights or self serving objectives* of some specific block of the population, at the expense of the remaining mass majority; which also would explain why the masses are never told the name of the senator backing the repressive regulation.

Very soon..., for example, I foresee the strong possibility that such open ended quantifying claims will be applied to individuals who simply exercise their constitutional right to bear arms, for instance; or engage in certain types of individual enterprise, especially if a supposed violation can be conjured up by a local zoning board. A broad Dysphemist claim could then be developed that effectively painted the accused up as supporting terrorism, or even engaging in some sort of terrorist intent, for instance.

They pulled me over to their parked cars, two of them looking hard at me with their clenching grins, speaking through their teeth.

“So..., you thought that we were not going to get you, did you? Well, we showed you., did we not? I'll tell you this much.., we'll show you again if you as much as blink your eyes wrong! You hear me? You got that boy?”

I never even as much as returned their comments, I just simply remained quiet and went with their flow of events as the officers sharply shoved me into the rear seat of their squad car. I did not know exactly what to make of my current situation.

One of the officers in the passenger side of the car turned around to face me with a sadistic sneer on his face..

“So what did you think that you were going to do, fellow..., shoot us or something?.. Hmm...? Do you think that you are a real bad ass, or something? You just wait until we get you into that cell. We'll show you what bad ass is, son..., and I cannot wait...,”



he said this as he slapped his night stick across the palm of his right hand, laughing as he did so.

I remained calm and quiet as the squad car continued on down the street, finally turning to the left, and pulling up into the parking lot of the huge brick two story dungeon house. Both officers soon opened their car doors and stood up beside the car, each making their way toward the back seat where I sat, not knowing my future fate and oblivious to any future circumstances.

Behind them as they walked into the direction of the rear seat, they slammed their doors very firmly. They opened my door from the passenger side of the car, screaming as they lay their heavy hands upon me...

“Get out you filthy dog..! We got you now, boy, and you are just not going to believe what is going to happen next...!

They snatched me out of the rear seat even before I could make the effort to do so on my own, laughing as they did so. I was literally yanked down the walkway, until they began pulling

the heavy steel door and stepping on over the threshold, leading into the booking room..

“Hear we got another dog for you, Peat, except this is a mean one here, now boy; or should I say..., he thinks that he wants to be mean...”

Pete was peaking away at the computer keyboard as the officer spoke to him, glancing at him, then at me, then back down at the computer key board.

“Charlie, you got the papers on him? If you do, then just lay them right here beside the keyboard here.”

“Yeah here you go..., everything you need to know about this slime, but we want him when you finish with him....,” Charlie said as he turned toward me, laughing.

“Stand up there before the red pad on the wall, you pathetic vermin, so I can get your picture. This is all about to be over with,” Pete thundered.

I walked on, pausing in front of the red pad where he took my picture with the camera located on the front of the computer.

“That's right.. You boys can have him now... He's all yours...,”  
said Pete with his tenner voice.

“Come on here..,” rumbled Charlie. “You just come with us...

“What?,” I gasped.

I said come on with us, g-d damn-it now, boy...!” He said this  
as he jerked sharply at my right arm. He dragged me into a  
secured room behind the booking office, with ceramic all on the  
floor like a bathroom. He shoved be violently up against a wall.

“Now stand right here, and strip, boy...! I said take all of your  
clothes off.. If you don't start, and I do mean rite now.., I'll kick  
your ass all over this jail house.. Cause when I say move it, boy, I  
mean move it, right now!”

I stood in my position, carefully removing my shirt, then my  
belt, then my shoes and socks, and finally my pants.

“Look at him there, Clarence..! Well gee-doddie-doll, you ever  
seen anything like that?,” he spoke to a comrade who had  
accompanied him.

“No, can't say as I have,” replied Clarence, with an almost midget sounding voice.

“Here.., put on this nice little orange robe that we have just for you,” rumbled Charlie, as he tossed over the robe and the sandals.

“That's right..., that's right,” he said through clenched teeth as I placed on the robe, then stepped into the sandals.

“Now the real fun starts,” said Charlie with a smile, as he looked over at Clarence.

Both of them seized either of my arms, as they dragged me down the ice cold hallway. Up ahead was an elevator door. We paused before the elevator door, which seemed to open instantly. They both dragged me into the small room of the elevator.

“Didn't I tell you that we would show you who's boss, boy?,” said Charlie through clenched teeth, as the elevator door eased shut.

With his right hand he slapped me across my face, then threw a solid right punch into my stomach. I crumpled against the elevator wall. Charlie laughed as he struck me across the back of

my head, plunging me into the floor, where he began kicking me savagely with his right foot.

“Calm down, now Charlie,” whined Clarence. “There is no need to kill the man. He didn't do anything. He is just being held until his trial. There is no need for all of this business now.”

“Did I ask your opinion?,” roared Charlie. “He honestly had it all coming to him. This man really thought that he could force his way from us...”

“Then that Mac Wash fellow, or what ever his name was, came up. I honestly did not care much for him, I tell you...He just had that dirty I-am-going-to-shit-you look on his face. He seemed kind of arrogant. I don't know what was so special about him.

“ Then this bastard just followed him out of that house, like he was the one in control of the situation or something! I just wanted to show him who is in control of it all now, that's all!”

Again both of them seized my two arms, violently snatching me back onto my feet, and dragging me down the cold tile hallway of the jail house. The air within seemed to be filled with

the raging, psychopathic screams and whistles of sub-human beasts lusting for new bleeding flesh.

“Come on!,” they both yelled as they pulled me past four caged rooms, then we pause in front of the fifth room from the elevator. Carefully Charlie took out the keys on a ring, finally settling on one of them. The door creaked open.

“Now git in there!,” snarled Charlie as they both shoved me into the small cell room.

I heard the door slam shut behind me as I stood gazing about inside the dark musty concrete and steel bars. To my right hand side was a concrete slab that came directly out of the wall for three feet, some five feet above the floor. On the slab was a frazzled woolen blanket that appeared to be one fresh from World War Two or maybe as recent as the Civil War.

To my left was a stainless steel sink, and between the sink and the bed sitting up tightly against the wall directly on the floor, was a stainless steel toilet.

Well it was a long night that night. It was somewhat tough to sleep on a hard concrete bed, but I managed somehow. The only thing at present that I had to look forward to was the morning.

I opened my eyes and the rising sun peeking in through the nine inch by nine inch window bars caused me to squint, but it was such a pleasant sight.

Soon I heard foot steps, then I saw two rough hands slide a steel tray through a slot in the wall. On that tray was a bowl of grits, a plate of toast, eggs, bacon, a small pack of jelly, and a small Styrofoam cup of black coffee.

In all honesty, it was not that bad. I had eaten worse, but at the same time, I had eaten better as well.

This routine went on for thirty days. Me locked up tight in my dark cell. I would eat their breakfast that they placed out for me.

Lunch was not any better, being only a salad and a ham sandwich, with some more black coffee and some juice to drink.

Supper was another sandwich for most of the time, or maybe a hamburger with a thin patty. Sometimes I felt that they did not

even make use of real meat, but used cheap soybean imitation meat, or something just as poor in taste quality. I was reminded of the burgers once served up by my old cheap skate, grade school principle.

In between meals I would do pushups on the floor, and situps. I would find some paper scraps and scribble on them, but that was it. I simply just existed in that cold dark dungeon cell....for thirty long days.

Then suddenly one morning I heard echoing footsteps from hard shoes coming my way. I heard keys rattling around inside the door frame, and my heavy steel door suddenly creaked open. I squinted my eyes when the light from the hall way struck me in the face. I saw a dark figure standing there in the doorway..

“Chief says to get up and come on. Today is your trial day, and we gotta get you presentable. You represent us, since they judge our job performance by you, and your appearance. You gotta look like you have repented of your evils!”



I arose from my concrete bed and followed the figure. I had never met this character before. I could well see that fact when we stepped out into the light where I could get a clear view. The figure turned around with his face twisted up, and an almost angry appearance..

“Damn, you smell like pure sewage there, son! We definitely cannot have you going into trial like that,” he said. “Come right over here with me.”

I followed him, making a hard right hand turn at the next hallway. We walked ten or twenty yards down, then stepped in front of a cell area with several shower heads arching from the wall. I moved into the foyer area with two long wooden benches bolted into the old brick of the walls. Above the benches were locker cells, some with fresh towels and soap, most without.

“Here, grab a fresh towel with a wash cloth, and some soap, get in there and get cleaned up for us,” he snarled.

I picked up the cell about midway down on the bench, being very careful to take the wash cloth and the bar of soap. I stepped into the shower room, turning on the flowing water.

The water felt so good on my body as I soaped down. It had been a month since I had a shower last. I stayed under the flowing water until the guard told me to come on out, so I reluctantly did as I was told to.

“Go ahead and dry off there, Here...” he tossed me a fresh orange robe. “Place this on before you come out.”

After drying off, I walked back out to the foyer where I placed on the fresh robe, and stepped into the sandals. I stepped on out the door of the shower room and followed the guard again.

“Here,” he said as we paused before a really nice cell room, compared to the others. I now had a real bed to rest in, a small book case by the wall before the bed, the same basic toiletries.

“Make your self comfortable. Use the bed if you like, or you can read a book, or what ever. Over there beside the brick wall to the far left against that wall, is the stair case that leads up into the

court room. You will be going up there in a bit.,so just keep that in mind, and look your very best before we come and get you in about three hours or so.”

I never made a reply, I just stepped into the cell and hesitatingly walked over to the soft appearing bed. Actually, the bed was not all that much, but was sure much better than I was getting used to there in my old holding cell.

I walked over somewhat hesitatingly, allowing my hands to touch the soft bedspread. Slowly I eased underneath the covers...It honestly felt so comfortable that I fell right on into a deep sleep.

I opened my eyes, I do not know for how long that it was that I lay there, but the entire jail seemed as though it were empty..I arose, taking notice of a comb laying on the nightstand by the bedside. I ran the comb through my hair. The feeling of the comb passing though my hair was very pleasant.

I paused while sitting on top of the bed, just relaxing. Soon I heard several feet with hard shoes walking up my way. The figures of three well dressed men paused before my cell.

“Well come on. Your court time is due. The judge has already called for you, fellow.”

I arose, without saying a single word and followed the three men. We walked over to the stair case and stepped up the high rising stairs, until we all paused on a platform before a tightly closed steel door. One of the men opened the door, exposing a vast well lit room filled with people.

To the immediate left was an isolated box where the inmates sat. That was where I took my seat on a narrow wooden bench without a resting back. The benches outside of the box had resting backs. I wished I could sit out there so that I could at least lean back and relax, while all of this masquerade was going on. Soon the judge entered into the room.

“All arise,” said an unidentified voice in the rear. The entire court room then arose to stand.

“Oh hear ye, hear ye, hear ye, the honorable Judge William Fowler is presiding over the court today, and is sure to render the best in decision by the power invested in the state of Klickety Klack, on this day of January 30, 19--, if it be done by the will of God Almighty in heaven above... All may now be seated.”

The judge lays hands on a stack of papers to the right hand side of his bench, and the court pauses to flip through these pages for several minutes.

“Looks like the first case that we are going to hear is Bellheimer verses the Schools of Nam County, USA. Bellheimer, you may now take the stand.”

I arise from the box to take the stand, and the court pauses for several minutes, so it seems. Then a brown haired man with very narrow features and wearing a suit and tie steps up before me.

“Well tell us.., is your name Benjamin Bellheimer?,”asked the man.

“Yes it is,” I replied.

“How long have you been teaching, approximately?”

“About four or five years,” I replied.

“What did you do before you began teaching?”

“I was a construction worker,” I reply firmly.

“So how long did you teach at Gotham Tabernacle?”

“Just a single day, then this happened.”

“What happened?,” asked the man.

“I don't know.”

“What a you mean that you don't know?”

“Well., I get called into the principle's office and then I get hit by this mess, beyond that, I know nothing at all.”

“Are we supposed to believe that?”

“Yes, because that is the way that it happened. The principle neglected the supporting premise to his claim of guilt. Had he questioned me as to my side of the situation, then he could have easily deduced that I was not at fault, but he never even as much as attempted to construct any sort of supporting premise!,” I replied.

“Well tell us then, what were you doing in the classroom on that day?”

“I was attempting to have class.”

“Was there anything preventing you from having class on that day?”

“Yes, the kids there were unmanageable.”

“So what did you do?”

“I struggled to retain discipline, but seemingly failed in the effort.”

“What do you mean, that your classes were undisciplined?”

“Well they would not listen, they ran to and fro out of their seats. They would not complete their work assignments.”

“Did you somehow contribute to their behaving in such a manner?”

“Not unless my trying to get them to behave otherwise was what was provoking it,” I said with dark sarcasm. A low laughing rumble echoed through the court room.

“Did you wave those dark herbs of the ancient Delphi above their heads, Mr. Bellhiemer?”

“I do not know anything about any herbs of the Delphi.”

“I have two kids that say you do.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Surely I do.. Those same two kids also say that you were speaking in strange tongues and saying chants above the heads of the class. In other words, Mr. Bellheimer, you were attempting to bewitch them for the purpose of manipulation.. Were you not?”

I laughed out of astonished disbelief.

“I honestly don't know what you are speaking of.”

“Yeah.. ? Well guess what? I have two co workers who say that you did as well.”

“Well put them on the stand then. I want to hear this myself,”  
I said in short reply.

“Will Holly Fisher and Jill Doleberry take the stand please?”

They both arose to take a stand that was across from me.



“I make my first address to Mrs Jill Doleberry,” spoke the attorney from the opposition. “Tell the court what you saw.”

“Well..it was pretty much as you spoke it...I saw Bellheimer walking up and down the rows of desks, shaking a handful of entrancing herbs above the heads of the students, speaking words from some strange Celtic language in a haunting, chanting rhythm.”

A loud shocked rumble ripped through the court room. The judge brought his gravel down upon the block three or four times viciously.

“I demand order in the court! Order in the court! I say...now! Order in the court!”

The court soon settled down into silence.

“Can you tell us..maybe specificity ...name some of those herbs, if you may?”

“Sure, a couple...I saw some wolf’s-bane, I think, but I know that I saw the belladonna rose, for sure.”

A sharp ripple and a gasp tore through the court room.

“And what about you, Mrs. Fisher?”

“Surly I saw the same as well, except the herbs that I saw were mistletoe and goldenrod. I also thought that I caught the faint scent of hashish, if I am not badly mistaken about this matter.”

A complete shock and shutter went through the court room. Quickly the judge seized up the gravel screaming...

“Order in the court! Order in the court!”

Soon the court gradually silenced.....

“Lets take a short recess and I will return with my decision in this matter.”

Somehow a sickening feeling suddenly gripped my stomach. I could not explain it away. None of this experience made any sense to me. I hung my head in dreary anticipation.

Time passed that felt like an eternity. Soon the sable robed judge with his long gray wig splashing upon his shoulders, entered into the chamber through the door in the center, taking his time to walk back up to the bench. A lone voice behind spoke...

“All now arise!”

The court room attendance then stood..the voice once again introduced the judge, concluding by saying that by the state authority invested in the judge, the decision would now be promptly rendered according to evidence presented.....

“Mr. Bellheimer,” spoke the judge with the flesh of his face hanging like a double bag of tripe from his jaws and trembling as he spoke. “Sometimes we must force ourselves to be honest with the situation at hand here. You have two students standing before all of us as witness to your base behavior.. You have two co-workers cooperating together in witness against you in testimony to your manipulative intentions toward the students... I thereby find you guilty as charged, Mr. Bellheimer, after all, four eye witnesses cannot be wrong in their nearly identical eye witness accounts.”

He seized the gravel that lay on the right hand corner of his bench, slamming it down hard upon the wood of the bench.

“Court is now adjourned. My decision on this matter has been rendered.”

Four police officers then came and stood by my side, each seizing me by the left and the right arm.

“Wait a minute here! My side in all of this matter has not been given to the court,” I screamed! The officers continued to drag at my arms, being very careful to place both of my wrists behind my back, cuffing them both firmly with a sharp cutting torch into my hurting wrists.

“This is an invalid decision...! This conclusion violates all of the rules of analytical logic,” I continued to scream as they hauled me off, out the door and back down the stairway! “What is this all about? These people are lying, I am telling you! All of you out there are in grave jeopardy, if the system is allowed to function on fallacy of assumption in this manner. It may be *me* today..., but tomorrow it will be *you*, I say...!”

They angrily pulled at my arms, rushing me down the stairs to the point that I nearly tripped and fell. I looked carefully into the faces of the officers as they rushed me back toward the cell. As I did so, I saw the now smiling face of Charlie..the sadist.

“So...looks like you're in with us for a while now....I guess, since you are going to be around with us for a while, that we might as well have a little fun with you...Now, don't you think so...,” he laughed as he gazed at me, asking his jesting question? Soon they forced me to turn to the right and directly into a small seven by seven room. Charlie slammed the door, then viciously slapped me across my face....

“See what we do to you and your kind....? Bewitching the little kids like that....boy? He viciously slapped my face seven, then eight times..., until I slumped into collapse upon the floor. All four of them then commenced to kick me until I felt as if I was bleeding on the inside.

“We'll all teach you how we work around here, fellow,” they said in unison as they laughed in their evil deeds. They did not stop until it appeared that I just might be seriously injured by their beating, then they ceased in their actions against me. They snatched me out of the room, pulling at my arms until I nearly tripped and fell. Falling would have not been very difficult

anyway, since I stumbled my way down the hall from their brutal beating. Soon we appeared before a room with a solid door of iron and a small window in the center with a tray at the base. The brick walls appeared very thick and solid, all being painted a very melancholy white or green. The room itself appeared intimidatingly dark, cold and dreary. One of them rattled the keys from their side, sticking the key into the solid iron door, rattling it, then opening the heavy moaning door of the dark cell.

“Get inside this hole here, fellow! You'll find out around here that they don't call this place *The Zoo* for nothing at all. We are all animals in here,” Charlie laughed and roared...! “And if you're not one of us beasts, then you soon will be, cause we'll turn you into one..., or we'll surly have you as one of our pets...Do you want that...now boy...? I don't think that you do, but those are your choices around here...I can see very well from where it is that I am standing, you'll learn all of that the hard way..You look just like some real good fresh meat to me,” he said through clenched teeth in a voice that seemed to hiss and rasp as it spoke.

Charlie spoke those words as he laughingly shoved me into the cold dark cell. The heavy door moaned and clicked into it's solid snapping position, leaving me with the sick gnawing feeling that I was now inside and never again going to see the light of day.

## Chapter 8

### *My Great Escape*

Oh..., how the time in that dark, dank dungeon cell did pass ever so slow, until I lost all count of the dreary days and even weeks, which I am sure turned into lonely, pitiful, painful months.

Three times a day a set of hands would poke through the window in the center of my heavy iron door. Sometimes the hands would be those of a gentle woman. At other times they might be those dirt stained, but deeply scared ones of a labor roughened, sun-baked male. The food was always the same..., very bland, under salted, and generally tasteless.

During the darkest hours of night, I perceived what sounded to be the wailing howls of tortured beasts. I heard sniveling, muffled, weeping cries.. I heard fearful screams of terrorized innocents.. I also heard those hard, lusty laughs, as though some sort of sadistic conduct was in motion..; and the muffled movements of cotton cloth at midnight gave me this same gnawing, sick feeling, that some sort of prohibited, risque activity was occurring underneath the nightly blanket of heavy darkness...



What was I to do about it? Nothing obviously, but just endure, and hope for the very best in the end. Keep away from me, and I can turn my head and seal off my ears.

Then the day finally came..., that most precious day where I had longed for some measure of hope to appear through the heavy mist of this perpetual gloom, and nagging despair.

The door suddenly opened, and in stepped my long lost attorney, Schlau. I was only about half happy to see him at the time, to speak the truth about it all. The heavy overwhelming hand of deep gloom and despair had almost weighted me down completely.

“My oh my,” I said sarcastically, as I lay on my concrete bed. “Just where in damn hell were you, when I needed you most?”

Schlau laughed as though he wished to conceal his failure to respond.

“Such is the way that this modern day system responds. That's all it is, Ben there. I did not mean to abandon you, but I understand your situation, and feelings in concern to it.”

“Oh yeah?,” I said, only half interested in hearing him defend himself. “Well.., what's up, pup? Give me the low down, right here and now, doc..”

“ Well.., this plan that I am giving is the best deal that one in your specific situation can ever hope to have, no matter who it is doing the negotiating within these pathetic limitations set forth by the corrupted authorities in charge, at this present time in history.

“The line in conjunction with the opposition, and the forlorn systemic parameters reads like this: I get you out today.., and you give me nine thousand dollars, just as soon as you can get it.”

“What?,” I asked in absolute shock and surprise.

“Just what I said.. You give me the nine thousand dollars, just as soon as you can get it. Have you got that?”

“I think, or should I say, I had it before I was thrown into this dreary hell of a dungeon and place in general. What exactly do you mean, that you can get me out of this?,” I asked, hesitating slightly through my partial distrust of him and his intentions.

“Well., it's like this.. I get you out of the can here on their good trust in me, and mine in you.., for six months. After the six month period, you will be interviewed and your case reviewed. If the review board sees fit, then they just might parole you out permanently.

“You will be on parole for five years, however, and you know how that goes. One slight move that they do not agree with, and you're back here in the can.., except this time, for a very long time, Ben.”

“...and if they don't get my initial release?,” I asked hesitatingly.

“Well.., you're stuck in the can here, and probably for an extended time, Ben. I hate to put it like that to you, but that is just how everything is, in this day and age of ours. Sadly, everything is all about money, and what amounts to extortion, and then more money..

“Just in case that you've taken notice, in every situation where one has few to no available choices, huge funds are extorted for

one to access that much needed realm of the system. Attorney services are indeed no exception here. I can tell you that much, emphatically.”

“Yeah? Well, I guess the way that you've put it here, I have no other choice, but to accept your offer.. I must get out of this horrible hell here.. I only know that much, and nothing more.”

“ O.K.,well..., honestly, I am glad that you see it that way. I think that you deserve your freedom from here. You have way too much talent to waste away in here in the pen.. Get packed up and get ready to exit out from this place, Ben.”

He turned and motioned to the officer, who then opened the cell door, and allowed him to exit from the room space. I proceeded to gather my very few belongings up before me into a well used pillow case. I almost just decided to leave them there. I did not need anything, but my freedom at this time and moment.

On a whimsical, sudden response to the thought, I tossed everything that I had gathered up back into the floor, and slumped down onto the concrete bed, falling back against the wall. I

decided to just wait for the guard to enter back into the cell for the purpose of releasing me.

The feeling that I had was that I simply just zoned out. In no time flat, it seemed, that guard opened the door and stepped inside the cell. Without any feeling or emotion he said to me..

“Get your things and step out side. Walk with me into the booking room, and lets do the paperwork. It looks like you are a free man, sir., at least for now. How does it feel?”

“I am not out yet. When I get out of these four walls and on the outside, then I will know much more about how I feel. Truth is right now, the way I feel is that I should have never been in here to begin with.”

“Well.., well, now, Mr. Bellheimer there, you know bad things do indeed happen to otherwise not so bad people.. The system is not perfect. It's like most things in this world that we live in., nothing is perfect, that's for sure.”

“I am just angry because it had to demonstrate it's imperfection at my expense! I feel as if somebody somewhere is indebted to me.”

“Yeah, yeah..., well..., it's just the way things go, Mr. Bellheimer. You'll get over it in due course of time.”

“That's easy for you to say there as you walk along,” I suddenly snapped with a slight sparkle of anger in my voice.

The guard then laughed as we walked through the doorway and rounded the corner, coming into a large computer room. Soon a lady who was laboring diligently upon a computer keyboard, looked up from her computer terminal, smiling as she saw us walking toward her.

“Well what's happening? What could I do for the both of you?”

“ Well now, Mrs. West, old Sammy here is now a free man. What do you think of that?”

The lady laughed, glancing first at me, then back at the guard.

“Oh? Indeed, how good it is for him! So what must I do now?”

“Just pull up the booking papers, then fill in the release section. Put that his attorney, Schlau, has now effectively bailed him out. He is scheduled to come before a hearing at the board in exactly six months from this date.

“If he passes, then he will be free from then on. But I must be blunt with you, old Sammy there, fellow..., few *ever* pass. This process is just preliminary, they only want to review their facts on you, that's all.

“It's all political, as well. The politics of the situation will not allow them to simply free you permanently. All facts on your side in the case that solidly justify your position, are irrelevant in their decision at the present time.

“Simply put here, sir, freeing you will only make them look bad to the rest of the world. It will also give encouragement to those who endeavor to commit similar offending crimes.”

He smiled and laughed a bit as he turned his gaze from me, then back to the lady.

The lady only smiled, turning back to him for the purpose of speaking, laughing as she did so.

“Awe...now Harold,” she said as she shook her head slowly from side to side..

“ Please don't go around and burst the poor man's bubble like that. You had him so high that he was about to fly. Now look real close, cause I do think that he is about to cry..”

She and Harold laughed as she spoke those words, glancing back and forth from each others faces, into mine.

“How do you feel about all of this bad news now? We have not heard your side of the story,” she said to me with a jesting smile. “Do you like it? Hmm?”

“Yeah, I just love it, for sure,” I replied.

She continued to tap away on the key board until she hit a single key stroke, then looked back up toward me.

“Well honey.., you're all done there. You can go now. See ya in six!”



I turned and headed toward the exit door of the booking room.  
I paused a moment, then stepped back toward the booking lady.

“There is just one small problem...,” I said to her.

“Oh yeah, what is that problem?”

“I need my clothes. I cannot just go out into the street like this,” I said pulling at my orange robe.

She turned and disappeared into a small room behind her.  
When she reappeared, she held a wrinkled brown paper bag in her right hand. She tossed me the bag.

“Just step inside that room to your right there, honey, and make the change. You can leave your robe there on the floor, if you wish.”

I walked into the room, sitting down upon the leather covered bench at the back side of the room. I opened the bag, and instantly my feelings lifted when I caught sight of my old blue jeans, and my Captain Bligh tee shirt. My belt and my bill folder lay right there in the bag with my clothes.

I took the clothes out of the bag, then allowed my robe to fall from my body. I first slipped into my pants, and then my shirt. I ran my belt through the loops. The feeling that it made as it slipped through seemed to lighten my heart.

I opened my bill folder, but the folder was emptied of its cash. It had held well over a hundred dollars in it on the day that I was booked. Deep down I was not surprised, however, I kind of figured that the cash would not be there, considering all that I had witnessed during my unwanted stay in this hell house. I was just *so glad* to be free, that it did not even matter to me that I had lost the money.

I stood and passed through the door, never turning to even glance a farewell back toward the jail guards. and booking agents. My fullest intention at that moment.., and forever more.., was to *never* pay them a visit, ever again..

As I walked along the sidewalk back in the direction of my place, I thought about the money that I had managed to save up before I had been incarcerated. I now had approximately nineteen

thousand dollars in the bank. This fact means that I could simply give the attorney his nine thousand, and the other nine would then remain in my hands.

What ever it was that I chose to do with it in the future, I was forced by circumstances to think and decide quickly, and very accurately. There was indeed no margin for error. I had to soon develop my plan of action, and execute every move with smooth, absolute perfection.

More so than the average person, I had the advantage of past travel to fall back on. I knew the layout in a number of cities across the American landscape, as well as their strategic potential in a tight situation.

I know well, for example, that a rail road runs very close by the Miami international airport. I guess that it is not walking distance, but I also know of a small taxi booth that sits very close to the railroad tracks there. I never could figure out exactly why that it was so situated, except that a small shopping plaza is close by, and there was just no other convenient position for the taxi booth.

This booth also sat right beside a connecting road, that ran into the major circle leading right on down to Miami beach. The connecting road was number thirty seven, I think that I can recall.

I will file this information away in my mind carefully, until the day of desperate need. I must really plan all of my moves well, from here on out.

The next morning I made my way on down to the local bank. I carefully pulled out all of my money, being very methodical in leaving enough to keep the bank account open.

I motored on over to the attorney's office. It seemed like I waited an hour, but finally he called for me to come on back to visit with him.

"Well Ben, fellow, I felt from the very beginning that you were a good person. I knew that you were innocent all along. If I had not felt that way, I may or may not have agreed to take your case," he said with a sly grin as he grasped the handful of cash.

"Yeah? I just want this unfortunate mess to be over with," I sighed.

“It will be.. It will be. Just be sure to meet your six month deadline down there at the police station. The meeting will be exactly six months from your release date.

“Be there now, cause they can, and will, find you! Don't think that they can't, now... They *will* find you, and you *will* get a long long time to think about exactly where it was that you went so terribly wrong.. O.K.?”

“Yeah, yeah., K,” I said in reply as I exited his office.

I headed on out of the door knowing that I had to plan my actions well, with not a single day, or even a single hour, off cue.

As I walked back across town toward the place where my old truck had been parked for so long now. My mind began to race, sending vivid pictures of many varieties in possibilities. Soon a plan began to fall into place as I so calmly contemplated my situation. I turned the key, and my beautiful, self built Chevy motor fired right up without hesitation.

I rode out, going back down toward my home, and thinking as I drove along the road. I had to land another job to get myself

through the months ahead, so that I could provide for the basic necessities of life.

I motored on back toward the old construction company that I once labored for. I walked into the mobile unit that they used for an office building. I walked on inside, and all at once I met the smiling bearded face of my old foreman, Blare.

“Well hello there Ben. I did not think that I would ever see you again, at least, not around here.”

“People tend to do the unexpected when they need a job,” I replied with a laugh and a smile.

“Yeah, you are right. You can have your old job back. None of us have a problem with that around here. We're traveling the country again soon, you know.”

“Sometimes I tend to think that we are better off living our lives on the move. Staying in one place ruins a person,” I said.

“Yeah, I agree, but so does moving around. Being gone ruins a person from staying in one place.”

“Well.., when can I come in to work?,” I asked.

“Be here first thing in the morning, Ben.”

“O.K, I'll be here around seven.”

“That' ll work!”

I left out feeling rather empty, but with a strange sense of satisfaction at the same time. I felt as if I had been stunned somehow into a cold numbness, but yet I still wanted to leap up and down with joy.

Most people would never understand this type of feeling. That's why I seldom speak of my feelings to anyone. I hate it when I have feelings based on a surrounding reality, and then when I speak of this feeling, born from an obvious encompassing reality, people look at me as if I have lost my mind. Why was this phenomenon so?

It is so true that I have observed over the course of the years, that the people here in this place tend to proceed through their daily lives more as mindless, zombie robots, that have been programed to simply respond to commands, rather than

contemplate the self serving exploitative manipulations that motivated the commands in the first place.

The prevailing attitude among the people at large was that they accepted the pressing fact that they did not even possess the basic *right* to question any command of any type. They simply had the civic duty to perform in response to the command given.

This reluctance among the local population, to question authority, was born more from an imposing intimidation, rather than honest civic loyalty to the prevailing local authority, I have always felt. These people were actually very timid and weak in both appearance and actions to me.

I have also observed their viscous unmotivated, jealous assaults between those of their own ranks; and my conclusion was that this unjustified response was, in-fact, an outward manifestation of their own inner frustration at the system in which they existed, far more than a chastisement of their neighbor for any evil deed done toward the original accuser.



At the same time, however, their actions betrayed the apparently motivating fact, that these people were more angry at themselves for their own lack of fortitude, than at any person around them. The scene was one of true nauseating behavior in base humanity, and I have witnessed the same in educated individuals as that in the most uneducated industrial laborers.

So what good did it do them to get the education in the first place? Where is the vast improvement in human character that educated humanity promised honest citizens, via the extortionist state college system in theory? Where lies the development in logic and reason?

Obviously all that these people received from the effort was a sheet of paper, or should I say, a receipt proving that they had allowed themselves to be exploited by a corrupt, misleading state educational system.

I pity the youth, and the motivated ambitious, who yearn to succeed in an increasingly repressive system, and among a hostile vindictive population at large.

The next morning I was back on the job at seven o'clock sharp. In my right hand I carried my tool box. In my left hand I carried my lunch box. In my mind I possessed the rigid determination to win at all costs, and to do so in my own way.

I was certain to beat this unfortunate situation that fate had so callously thrown my body and soul into, no matter what the extent was that I would be forced to go to, in my efforts to endeavor and persevere. I must wait, I reasoned in silence.

I must wait until the last month to plan my flight out.. I will venture to say, the final three weeks. I reasoned that this waiting period would be so necessary, because I was sure that the local investigator held me underneath his quiet surveillance. He just may be checking with the surrounding air ports in hopes of preventing my possible escape.

At the same time, I would be forced to leave early enough so that I would give myself time to escape before they came to realize that I had actually done so.

In other words, the plan here was to slide out and disappear to where I was intending to go, before the authorities were even aware that I was gone. The plan was probably as old as time, in and of itself, but with a simple new age twist put on the specific details involved.

The time passed as if my days and nights ran together. At times I felt as if the good Lord above had sped the revolution of the earth around the sun, so that the time for his second coming would arrive much sooner than people were inclined to believe.

Doesn't the bible say that he shall come like a thief in the night? There are few better methods of sneaking up on people than to speed up the revolutions of the earth around the sun. The daily spin of the earth felt as if it were actually moving at a faster rate, on many occasions. Since all of earth's clocks are synchronized with the perpetual spin of the earth, then the clocks would demonstrate no difference in their calculations, and so therefore, a majority of mankind would go on in his daily life unaware.

Only people such as myself would feel the difference and dare to speak the obvious. A majority of people are simply just way too weak to speak out and announce an obvious unnoticed truth, out of some sort of condemning fear.

Before I knew it, the first of my last month had arrived.

I clicked through the web phone book and locate the booking agent for Miami airport. I call the booking number for international flights. After a bit, a lady with a dry monotone voice answered the phone.

“Hello,” she said in her flat tone of speech. “Where can I help you get today?”

“I want a two way flight to Hispaniola,” I replied.

“Would that be Santo Domingo airport?,” she asked.

“Yes.”

“When are you departing?,” she inquired in the same monotone.

“A week and a half.”

“Would that be credit card or debit card?, ” she asked again.

“A prepaid Visa card,” I replied.

“O.K., that will work. The flight will be five hundred dollars.

What is the card number?”

I gave her the number. I cannot recall exactly what the number was, this far into the future from the time of incident.

“Well, you're all booked and set there, fellow,” she replied.

“Yeah, and it is a trip that I am looking forward to, I can tell you that much in complete blessed assurance.”

“Well have a nice time out,” she seemed to smile as she spoke with a light laugh.

The reason that I chose a two way ticket was to maintain the illusion that I was intending to return, just in case the investigators decided to track me down.

Maintaining illusions and confusions with the purpose and intent of confounding the suits and ties, are of an utmost necessity when playing this sticky game that I am playing right now. I also know that it is very easy to forge documentation on the island of

Hispaniola. Initiating this underhanded action would figure nicely into my great escape plan as well.

I called a car rental company as soon as I booked the flight out. What I quickly noticed was that the prices for rentals were much less expensive when I dealt with a company that had no affiliations with the local airport. The price for a nice economy midsized car was only thirty eight dollars for two days rent. All that I wanted the car for was to simply shoot down there, and then drop off my rental car near the local airport.

The reason for using the car was that my own truck was to simply sit in my yard there at my old home. This reality would buy myself a few more days, or just maybe a few more weeks of time, so I reasoned..., before the bad boys caught on that I had skipped out.

So finally the day arrived.

I paid a neighbor of mine twenty dollars to drive me out to the car rental place, and drop me off. My old beat up Chevy truck sat proudly right there in my yard, with the tags still on it. I was also

very careful to pay up my insurance, to further create the illusion of my impending future return. I knew well that the cops would arrive at my home to pull the tags for non-payment on my insurance; but that would be two months down the road..., and I planned on being long gone, and far, far away by then.

I had also been very careful to pay up my water and power for the coming month. This would serve more to convince any pursuers of my possible impending return.

I also hoped that when I did not return, that it also may serve to cause them to consider the possibility of my own death. If any one of them could ever convince themselves of my death, then my great escape program would possess the *ultimate* in perfect security.

This goal in ultimatum was called *crack proof*, in terms of effective planning, among those of us who ever dare to play this sort of hazardous game. Such outstanding plans are certainly what every great escape artist lays awake at night and dreams of.

By nineteen hundred hours that evening I was on the road, headed south by southeast. My cares were fading fast behind me, which was a really comforting feeling that I craved deeply at the moment.

I only kept my eyes focused ahead of myself. The forward horizon was where a vision of my future endeavors, and the task at hand lay.

I drove nearly all night that night, arriving at the airport in Miami around 0 six hundred hours. I walked inside with my small luggage bag. I had some few basic belongings, but not much else, weight tends to hamper one's movements while traveling.

I show the receptionist the ticket receipt that I had printed from the website where the ticket had been booked, she confirms it. I class my luggage bag as a carry on, and it effectively passes the weight examination. I walk back out into the waiting area of the airport. I was forced by necessity of circumstance, to make myself remain awake.



I thought of the house back in my home area. I laughed that how quiet everything there must appear to any who dare to observe. By the time that they would suspect anything unusual, I would then be long gone from the combat zone.

I thought about the people that I was leaving behind.., my family.., my son.., my parents..; but then, only my parents were aware of the invalid situation that provoked this response. It broke my heart and theirs that I only had one resort, since what was once considered an infallible system, had certainly failed me.

Such situations are when matters are best taken into one's own hands.. Even in this day and time, still, one's own destiny remains in his or her own hands, contrary to what the authorities are attempting to lead the citizens to believe, and compel systemic elements throughout to enjoin and force on the population at large..

In the passage of time that felt as a dream transpiring during the course of midnight slumber..., soon the attendant was calling my number. I boarded the plane with about seventy five other

fliers. Some thirty minutes later the plane was lifting from the runway.

After the plane made it's ascent, it leveled off, and the attendant made the announcement that we would arrive in Santo Domingo within two hours and a half. That time figure would put me getting there around 0 nine thirty, or one thousand hours approximately.

Before I even was comfortable and settled in, the announcement came on that the plane was coming into a landing. I perceived the pitch of the nose tilt downward slightly. I soon felt the wheels of the plane touch down, and the plane was whining into a skid and a stop.

We all waited for a span of time until the attendants could wheel the stairway before the door hatch, and open the gate to the exit ramp. To tell the truth, my feelings were improving more with each passing hour, but there was still much more to do. This adventure was only just beginning.

The airport at Santo Domingo was very ragged and run down. There were few facilities to accommodate any sort of passengers or customers. There was a small shop selling mediocre appearing empanadas, and a really nice duty free liquoria, but that was basically about it.

I paused by the empanada shop and made four or five purchases. The price was really good, only about fifty cent each. I was shocked at the justification for the low price, with the shop being located inside an airport.

The liquoria was O.K., but I did not have time or space to carry all of that libation on my person at this moment. There would be time later on for all of that. Right now I had other, much more pressing obligations.

I soon walked out of the airport and into the streets of Santo Domingo. There were many small shops selling trinkets to tourists and food. There were other shops selling clothes, and more liquor soaked in what the locals call Mama Juana; but at the moment, that much was it.

The town appeared to be very ragged and neglected, but up ahead, there stood an ancient lime stone Spanish church that was still in heavy use, so it seemed. I could drop by and pray there, as well as picking up some much needed information.

Beside the door was standing a swarthy man wearing a long tropical shirt, shorts, and a colorful turban. I decided to approach him first.

“Do you know from whom I might could get some island documentation?” I bravely inquired.

The man smiled broadly, then pointed back toward a dilapidated row of colorful concrete buildings.

“You go in there, man, for those island documents, that are for all to see and know of...” he said mentioning a specific shop.

“Or you may go in there, man, for docs that effectively keep you from being seen,” he said pointing toward a neglected row of bamboo huts sitting comfortably down near the surging beach.

“Are they well done?” I asked inquisitively.

“Oh yes, man, no difference at all. In all truthfulness, not even the best experts will be able to perceive the difference.”

I nodded thank you, and headed on over toward the bamboo huts. Just as soon as I walked up, a man who appeared to be heavy with age spoke to me.

“Hello, man! Oh hello there! May I help you?,” he bowed as he spoke”

“Yeah, sure. I need some docs..”

“You've certainly come to the right place, man. Here..., step right in to my house there,” he said as he pointed toward a door on an apparently collapsing bamboo shack.

“That is my studio. I will take your picture in there!”

I walked on over toward the shack, carefully opening the bamboo door, and stepping on inside.

“Stand before the red board on the wall there, man. That will be your nice portrait!”

I stepped on over, carefully pausing before the somewhat ragged, dirt splotted, three by three, red cloth covered board. No

sooner had I paused, than he snapped the photo shot. He pushed a thick white cardboard card before me with his extended finger tips.

“Here, fill this out, man, and we will then be on our way!”

I filled out the card carefully, but placing completely false information into the blanks. My place of birth was on the island beneath my feet. My name was a completely French name of Allen Rochambeau.

This name appearing rather commonly around the island here. Common name and places are always the very best kind to make use of, when one is in these types of situations.

The man held it up, smiling as he did so. He carefully cut the sides with his cardboard knife.

“Looking great, man, looking great! Just wait right here, I will be right back.”

The old man stepped around the shed, appearing back at the door in fifteen minutes.

“Well here you go, man,” he said as he laid the card on the counter before me.

“Very official looking. Not even the experts will be able to tell the difference. That will be only fifty dollars, please.”

I reach into my denim shirt pocket, carefully removing the cash, and handing it to him. I pick up the card and look. It did appear to be official in every respect. I do not know how he done it, but it appeared undeniable and x-ray proof, as they used to say. As I walked away the man was smiled, saying..

“Congratulations man, you are a real islander now! Just how does it feel?”

“Pretty damn good to me right now,” I said with a sly smile as I continued to walk away.

I knew that I had no time to socialize. I had much intensive work to engage in.

“Hasta luego, mi Amigo!”

I walked up the street for a few blocks until I could find a taxi stand. Soon a driver paused a well aged, yellow Toyota sedan in front of the stand. I stepped up, nodding to greet.

“Santiago?”

The cab driver nodded yes, and held up four fingers. I reached into my pocket with my right hand, extracting the four dollars, and handed the folded wad to him.

He arose from his seat, stepping out, and carefully taking my bag. He placed the bag into his trunk as I opened the door and stepped into the back seat of his car. Soon we were up and running.

The trip to Santiago was a matter of dreary squalor-land miles, but only short island miles, of course, all the friendly bystanders assured me. We traveled through what felt to be many miles of barren impoverished, nearly total wasteland, enshrouded in a ragged palm and chopped over mimosa type of vegetative cover.

Every now and again we would be fortunate enough to see a flower that attempted to bloom and retain an air of elegance amid



all of the overwhelming squalor. The barefooted people that we passed all gazed out upon us through dirt covered faces, and the rags that they draped upon themselves for clothes.

Many times, the only features that I could make out readily were the whites of their eyes and teeth, what the had remaining of them. I could only imagine just how bad their breath must smell, but never allowed that thought to enter into the ears of the driver.

We rode on for what felt like an eternity, with the surrounding scenery wearing me down with the same ragged, trash strewn, dilapidated squalor, and dirty appearances.

Soon we were entering the concrete island town of Santiago. All of the building here appeared to be crumbling down colonial style buildings, that conveyed an appearance as if no maintenance at all had been done on them in a hundred years.

Following my exit from the cab at the street corner taxi stand, I began my walk down the dirt and rubble strewn streets, at times actually catching myself feeling sorry for the people here all about in this dreadful place, but then I saw just how many of them

that there were, and I found myself soon wondering as to why just one single individual somewhere, would not take any initiative to help themselves up.

The answer popped into my head, but I did not have any time to ponder it, so I dismissed the thought and continued onward, almost with a walk that seemed to transform into a quick jog upon making my exit from the taxi cab.

As I walked through Santiago, I passed a small fish trading stand. The people were all gathered about to admire the daily catch. A very thin muscular man wearing shorts and a very ragged, dirty, sweat soaked, blue golfing shirt stood alone in the corner, gazing at me as he smoked a marijuana laced cigar. I nodded to him in greetings..

“Holo, donde podria ir a comprar un barco de pesca? Yo quiero uno con una cabina, de course?,” I said in my broken ten cent Spanish.

He gazed up toward the beach and pointed with his right hand toward another very dark, thin muscular man, smoking a hand

rolled cigarette while standing out in the blazing sun and whipping wind.

I walked up and asked him if he had a fishing boat that he could sell to me. He said that he did, and stepped over the large beach dune facing us where the boat sat idle on blocks, just on the other side.

I asked him how much money and he indicated that a thousand dollars would purchase the entire vessel, motor, sails and all. The package would even include a thorough clean up, nice spot painting, and a general maintenance overview. It was a really decent rig, I thought.

It had a low pitch and the cabin for my sailing comfort and convenience. Inside the cabin was a kitchen, and a nice set of cabinets for a good supply stash. Though very old and weathered, it appeared extremely sea worthy and I was assured repeatedly that it was so.

I handed him the money and asked him if he could assist me in making it over toward the beachhead. He indicated that he could

do this for me, and even include a free tank of diesel for the engine. He again reassured me of it's sea worthiness.

I walked out onto the white sanded beach, and before I knew what was going on, the men had the boat out there on the sand. I knew then what I had to do. The men and myself pushed the boat off the sand, and out into the crystal clear, now calm blue water.

I now found myself adrift on the deep blue seas, but heading in the direction of an island called *Turtle Island* by the locals. Turtle island was a true gem unto itself. The natural scenery was extraordinary. The natives there were very calm and peaceful.

To speak the truth, the island seemed in all appearances, to have returned back into the hands of the original native population, which was a true positive for my situation, as far as I was concerned. As I neared the island, even from the seas I could readily spot their huge bamboo communal houses.

When I beached there, one of the local natives asked me if I was going out to sea. I told him that I was planning to do so, so he informed me that if I wanted, for a small fee he would instruct me

where to park my boat by the high cliff-side, on the southern side of the island.

From the island interior, according to him, there were natural chutes that allowed one to walk down to the hidden beach that formed when the crashing waves slammed into the limestone cliff-side, and chiseled out a beach that ran far out into the island interior underneath.

The boat could then be pulled up into one of these chutes for concealment, and then from there pulled back down into the water. I thought that the plan seemed like a dead ringer, being very careful to give him the money that he requested.

Being able to ascend into the heart of the cliff meant that I could, in effect, vanish from the surface simply by dropping down into the natural chute.

While his men rode the boat around the island with the orders to clean the boat up inherited from the original owner, the man instructed for me to follow him so that he could show me where the chute entrance lay; and in that manner of travel, I could find

my boat at a later date without his guidance and even in the darkest of night, if doing so ever became necessary.

After the boat had been taken care of, all of us made our way toward the bamboo town back up on the hill that dropped off to form the cliff at the seaside. It was here in this town among these natives that I was careful to take my lounge, drinking rum and coconut juice, drinking genuine fresh mango juice shakes, smoking real Cuban cigars, and playing cards in the tiendas; sweet talking the señoritas and dancing merrily to the sound of the Caribbean raga, in delicious company with the most delicate of the island Chiquita...

Every now and then I would pause, admiring my ability to simply drop out of sight and elude all pursuers. Doing so generated a really satisfying sensation that coursed through every vein in my entire body.

Without a doubt, those outstanding elusive heroes from the past, such as Captain Morgan and a number of others, must surly have made use of this ability here to simply slide out of sight. The

ability to simply anchor a ship by the cliff side would give effective camouflage by virtue of the coloring in the cliff-side from far out at sea.

The sailors could then exit the ship onto the concealed beach inside the cleft of the cliff. Later on, if he wished to explore the island interior, they could then simply walk up the chute, and pop out half a mile or more into the forested island interior.

I would imagine that I might discover hidden treasure down inside the interior, either inside the chute that I would soon enter, or inside another chute that I was not yet aware of.

I had all of this suspicion of mine confirmed by a native who told me that he had found a small stash of ancient golden doubloons a year ago prior. I heard tales of holes thereabouts on this island being found recently, filled with old necklaces of pearl and various exotic gems.

I would love to pause in all of this business at hand for a few days and take some time to explore the general area, but I knew

that I just did not have the extra time to spare. I had much pressing work at hand.

As the time passed, I found myself becoming more relaxed in my thoughts concerning the future and the events that I had lived through. I was learning to enjoy my surreal surroundings and accommodations among these very generous natives.

One of the señoritas had caught my eye and I found myself enjoying our company on the dance floor, with an increasing regularity. I thought about the wife at home, and I never allowed the relationship to progress beyond the dance floor, and the local drinking tavern; but the vision of this young vixen beauty burned into the screen of my imagination, inducing me with a new vigor for life that eradicated any feelings of discouragement that might harbor inside my inner soul.

I reveled as I allowed myself to be consumed by the euphoria of my escape and the atmosphere of eternal pleasure and ease surrounding me. I had outfoxed those pursuing ignorant dogs for



good, I thought to myself as I smiled, sipping the ice cold coconut and rum..

By now the authorities were certain to be on the lookout for me, investigating my whereabouts, inquiring from my neighbors. Four months had now passed since I was required to meet again at the police station for my legal review.

By now, they had most certainly come to realize that my home mortgage was delinquent and my utility bills had not been paid..

All of these facts suggesting strongly that I *did not* intend to ever return again, that I had, in-fact, skipped out on them.

They should have discovered that I had rented a car and turned it in near the airport in Miami by now. I would be forced by the urgency in the situation to assume that they had. When the FBI searched the computer flight records, it would become very obvious that I had purchased a direct ticket to Hispaniola.

According to my own estimations, by the eve of the coming month, they would probably have agents combing the island, searching to reveal my position. Locating my position on this

island is where these people would then run into great difficulty, but I knew well that I had much at stake here.

If I were captured, I would be charged with felony evasion of court, felony non-compliance with order of court proceedings, plus my general charges would be elevated into that of first degree felony. This all equals to huge fines and very hard time, and for a very long time as well.

I had estimated a twenty-five year prison sentence, with maybe a parole review in ten years. A single day in hell would be a day way too much for me to endure ever again. I had rather take my chances, up to and including risking my own death. At least in doing so, if I was to die, I would die *free* just as I had lived, not waste away in some dank dungeon cell. I bitterly resented my past experience there.

Most accused never even remain alive there long enough to complete their sentences, especially if their sentences were long and enduring. The more innocent that the victims claimed to be and the less concrete evidence that their cases contained, the more

likely it would be that they would be thrown among the cannibalistic zoodis.

There were cages of these humanoid beasts that were allowed to rage and roar all night long for the sole purpose of terrorizing the general inmate population, especially the fresh fish who dared blunder in there for an extended stay. Every now and then their roaring rages would be broken by the shrill weeping screams of their newest victims.

So I was told, before their innocent victims were murdered and their bodies consumed, their flesh would be ravished in every humiliating manner that one can envision. The Zoodis would make great laughing sport of their victims as they effectively humiliated them in every conceivable manner.

The guards in the prison complex would only have their own pleasure in gathering about, to take their seats and view the amusing show before them. For them, the occasion was one of joy and outlandish festivity, some few even managing to pass the liquor bottle and the highly decorated marijuana calumet, as they

watched the entertaining sights occurring in the dungeon cell before them.

According to what I heard during my stay in the local dungeon..., the female guards appeared to take an even greater exhilaration in viewing these horrifying events, with the occurring events before them elevating them into some sort of giddy, euphoric perverted arousal.

All of this information was hearsay, of course, but I had no intention of ever finding out the honest truth.

Deep down I held the feeling that something ominous was amiss just ahead in the near future. I was forced by this prevailing thought to somewhat craft an organized plan, but the euphoria of my temporary escape kept reascending my efforts.

I forced my self to contemplate this looming possibility, and to keep that possibility as a centerpiece in my mind, in order that I might give it all the required attention.

The coconut juice and the rum kept flowing, the intoxicating smoke of the rich marijuana laced Cuban cigars filled the air

about me, and the thrill of the moment in time soon consumed me to the point that I would keep forgetting the potential danger that I was in..., and then very soon, I was to forget it all together.

All day and all night long I reveled in the gracious splendor that my new found freedom had wrought amidst the whirl of the can-can dresses and the feeling of warm, gentle feminine bodies, against my own tortured, trembling bosom; combined with the most velveteen of warm plush blood red lips against mine..., all amidst a sweet lime flow of rum punch that just never seemed to end.

Time passed as it always does, I have no idea exactly how much, since I had lost all track of time and space. Then it happened.., and it happened in a most unexpected way, nearly catching me completely off guard..

.....It was during high tide...,and I was playing in the grass with one of the local native dancing girls. We had consumed lots of rum, and a local native cigar called a moo-moo, laced with a unique, though nameless exotic, exhilarating hallucinogenic herb.

Combining the two together generated an intense euphoric effect, that caused the mind to believe that it had entered into a secluded paradise all of it's own, deep inside some unknown metaphysical dimension.

For thirty minutes or more we had engaged in some very intense love making in the grass right there on the cliff summit.. Then I suddenly heard something moving through the bush directly behind me, to my right hand side, coming from the trees in the distance. Seemingly it was a group of people that parted in the distance, but indeed their sound moved ever closer....

Then I caught sight of them! I saw their official looking uniforms, with the island patch on the left arm, and the blindfolded angel of justice on the right hand front side of their shoulder....

“.....Bellhiemer,” they yelled in a distinct Floridian accent as they moved ever closer!

“We're looking for Benjamin Bellheimer!”

I quickly glanced to the left and to the right. This body of men was a group of nine officers, who had now broke cover and had formed a C shape that was moving ever closer inward, with only the high jagged limestone cliff that possessed a stone surface bearing the cutting sensation of razorblades to clothed flesh, and the raging sea to my back.

As they neared, I faintly remembered the words of the old man who had taken me down into the chute to help me conceal my boat.

*“The waves always wash back into the hillside, no matter what the tide is doing or to the nature of the sea itself.”*

“Bellheimer.., you stop right where you are, and no-one will get hurt now!,” one of them yelled!

Another yelled, “Yeah, just do as you're told, and nobody will get hurt!”

I quickly glanced upward from the face of the Chiquita angel lying in the lush island grass beneath my breast, taking notice of them all as half of the group reached for their tactical holstered

semi-automatic side arms, taking care to cautiously step in my direction.

I arose.., then turned..., just as soon as the thought struck my mind. There was no other choice. There was nothing else left to do.. It was all or nothing now..

I raced to the cliff summit over looking the surging sea beneath.., then leaped with all of my might, praying that there were no rocks concealed within the undulating, foaming water surface far below. For I was well aware that my death would be a most horrible one, if indeed there were any lime stone boulders hidden there in.

I was now in complete suspended animation, plunging from the heights above, directly into the surging frothy water below. I estimate now that I plunged some three hundred feet directly into the water below, which consumed my body completely upon impact.

Instantly the waves surged backward, thrusting me violently back into the hillside, and violently throwing me out onto the



concealed sandy beach within. The impact nearly knocked the breath from my body as the water surged backward, leaving me to lie there in the wet sand, face down.

I knew that I did not have much time to act. I glanced over to my left, seeing a natural hallway created by two walls of stone that had been carved by the surge of the waves over many long generations, I imagined. The walls bore a calmness in the waters that flowed between them, that would effectively allow the boat to completely enter into the beach water.

I waited a bit, desiring to allow the officers on the cliff height time to walk away from the scene of my great leap. Then I proceeded to drag the boat back across the roller logs that had been lain into place conveniently for that purpose by the old man and his faithful assistants.

Soon the surging waves grabbed at the boat and pulled it directly into the water, almost without any effort what so ever exerted by me.....

Thankfully I had taken the time before hand to stock the boat with all of my greatly needed supplies, and the cabin with plenty of food. According to the native elders who told me the distance to the island of dreams, I based the assessment of my supplies on their knowledgeable word.



Using my own wisdom, I doubled the exact assessment, just to allow for any unexpected events. Soon I was on my way out. I sailed to the southeast, keeping my ears wide open for the singing chime of the child siren almost from the very moment of my berth into the waters of the seas thereabout.....

....As I motored out of view from the island, the waters felt as though it had become agitated at my presence, and the waves soon lost all of their calmness. I did not know what to think or even exactly what to do.

The waves soon transformed into mountains that rose and fell from tremendous heights. I honestly feel that I rose and fell some seventy to a hundred feet, but in-fact, I know not the exact figure.

When the force of the waters became too much for me to bear and remain on deck of the boat, I raced over to the cabin door where the body harness was positioned, securing myself into the harness for my own protection, but yet allowing me to remain outside, just in case of a sudden emergency on board the boat needing my absolute attention.

Fighting the mist and the surging force of the water wore me down, however, reducing me into the arms of overwhelming exhaustion. I entered into the cabin, falling fast asleep upon the bare board of the bunk immediately upon doing so.

When I awoke, I found myself afloat in an area of the sea that appeared mysteriously as though no indicator was aware of it's existence..., but the surrounding natural scenery was really beautiful, I tell you., and indeed I was *free* from all pursuers.

I had outfoxed them all again...! I shall proclaim it with glee, even into the very winds!

I laughed to myself in the silence of my own mind as I continued to spread the sardines onto the biscuit that I held in my right hand.

How did they ever find out that I was on the island? Their agents had to have been on the island of Hispaniola and questioning the locals, who then must have alerted all of the local police in the area.

Upon showing them my picture, for a nominal fee, one of them somewhere had reported that he had witnessed me on the island, and going to turtle island just a ways from the main island there. But that is where their luck ran cold, because while the locals on the island of Hispaniola are loyal only to the place in which they have the most to gain, the natives on turtle island value personal relationships far more than any sum of money.

The native citizens, in-fact, have absolutely little to *no* need for money on turtle island. All of them have more than enough to eat and plenty of adequate shelter. Life for them is all a huge party anyway..

I could not help but to laugh again and spread another spoonful of sardines on my biscuit that I held in my right hand.

I breathed deeply as I sat on the deck bench facing the gentle puffing wind, while I gazed into the distance across that crystal blue sea. The sweet smell of perfect liberty, all enveloped in a new unadulterated freedom, sure did much to soothe a troubled soul on this splendid day of virgin truth.

The water appeared to be some sort of boundless natural oasis pool. I strained my eyes, scanning the horizon as it rounded out of my sight. Still nothing at all, but my hopes increased with each and every passing day.

I knew that I was close..., very close...,it was a feeling that I felt deep down in the pit of my yearning stomach. I just knew it!

Then one day something happened, and it would be a day that I will never forget...

....One day my wanting ears caught the sound of young singing female voices, that seemingly rode on the very wind surrounding me. These were no ordinary voices, but the voices that seemed to flow from the mouths of those time honored cherubic, subordinate sublime heavenly angelic spirits.

These mysterious voices also generated a strange pulling feeling at my very heart and mind, as if to draw me forward into a certain direction outside that of my own conscious control. I was only obliged to follow.

What did I have to lose in doing so, my life? Was this much all that I had to lose? What is life where I am from anyway? What is life where people are only born to exist, consumed by endless slaving labor in total service of the Nation State, toward the mirage of some distant mythical advantageous point, and only overwhelmed in reality by a begrudging, incessant, perpetual servitude, without ever savoring the present time that they spend in daily life? It is true that most only labor for the coming weekend, when they fantasize that they will then actually live a complete life, but even that much has been stolen from them via gradual excessive extortionist regulations, without their even being aware of the crime that has been committed against them and the inviolable laws of their beloved constitution.

What is a life in a travailing world without any thrills, because individuals are born only to dedicate their waking hours to systematically imposed responsibilities?

As I flowed in the magnetic direction of the singing nymph goddesses, I heard the all consuming whispers of the majestic

island Madonna, though my tearful eyes saw the island not,  
beholding only the immense vastness of a seemingly motionless  
crystal sky blue sea...

*“Welcome to the island of dreams.. Savor the blessings of your  
future success in an environment where you are truly free to  
pursue your dreams and success as an individual. Here there is  
no impedance.. There is no imposed regulation except that  
dictated by nature alone.. There is no hindrance.. There is no  
jealous greed.. Here you are forever free, Ben.. Indeed you are  
forever free...”*

I strained my eyes at the distant horizon with even more  
intensity now that ever before. I continued to move forward  
effortlessly, allowing the singing voice of the precious nymph to  
draw my boat along with an ever increasing intensity and speed.

The water appeared completely motionless, my boat moving  
along entirely by the magnetic power found in the voices on the  
singing wind. Then suddenly, the distant fog and mist broke on  
the horizon far out to sea, and my tearing eyes beheld her



magnificent hallowed form. My mind could not conceive of what my eyes were beholding..., but there it lay before me on the blessed horizon without...!

In the distance mine eyes beheld an outline shaped in such a manner, that I instantly recognized as high majestic mountains and ridged hollows between the emerald mountains.

When the winds burst into my face, they carried the scent of distant fruits that were unrecognizable to me. I also caught the scent of flowing fresh water streams, all of this even though I could barely make out the island form.

The song of the siren's voice seemed as though it floated all around me, flowing forth from the waters of the sea, the distant palm-like trees of the island as the limbs waved in the endless breeze, the gentle playful wind, and even forth from the very sky above.

I felt as though I could leap from the very bow of my boat and float on the wind by the magnetic pull of the song, but a nagging fear inside my breast prevented me from doing so. Oh...what was

I to do but to allow myself to be taken, taken as an eternal captive, only to serve those adoring queens of the most splendid in pleasure of company, and altruistic creative perfection?

My heart raced in anticipation, my mouth lusted for the sweet euphoric nectar of the blooming lilies and the palm orchids. My skin yearned for the velvet touch of the nymphs, who were known to bear precious opiate tinctures absorbed in various intoxicating liquid spices.

My limbs were being pulled into the direction of the island by unseen phantom hands. I could actually feel the pleasant cutting, combined with the tantalizing, nearly singeing grasp of their fingers, and the intrepid force of their invisible arms....

I could not resist. No, I could not turn back! Inside both my heart and mind, I knew that I had reached my destination, bound for all eternity to come, never to even glance back in the direction from whence I had came....

## Chapter 9

### ***I Find Paradise!***

Ahead, the majestic sight of the island form caused my heart to race with an increasingly brisk pace, until it thumped with new found excitement to the point that I felt as though it might leap from my breast! The song of the nymph siren enchanted my very mind, to the point that it overwhelmed my entire person in a euphoric force that consumed my very inner conscious control, of both my body and even my very soul. My actions were no longer those of my own, but those manifested by invisible, but very powerful metaphysical forces.

I was completely overtaken as the boat moved by the force in the melodious enchanting song. My bow soon touched the golden

sanded shore of the island. As I gazed around, my eyes were completely overtaken by the wonderful menagerie and variety of tropical blossoms that bedazzled both the eyes, and even the very innermost subconscious being deep within..

I was speechless.. I did not know what to say, or even what to do, but to simply follow the soul enrapturing voice of the song. My contentment was perpetual in the feeling of a blessed assurance, that my enemies would *never* discover my position on the globe; that is, if my present position was even located within mortal reality, and indeed, not that of the most sanctified spiritual realm!

The wind gently tossed the palm leaves of the trees that enshrouded the contours of the island, from the blessed mountains right on down to the majestic shores of the crystal sea. The sea seemed to lap lovingly at the shore, carrying huge clouds of foam as it splashed onto the golden sand, the waters carrying numerous small fish and luscious crustaceans as it surged.

Out in the water, just passed the sandy edge of the beach, dolphins leaped and played in the company of sharks, as though these gentle beasts had no care in the entire world, and universe without. Surly all life seemed to live and thrive here in this blessed veil of peace and uninhibited liberty, that I could feel as it lovingly draped the emerald land surrounding me.

On the wind without I could still hear the alluring song of the siren. Though the intensity of the song itself had quelled somewhat, the force of might within the song grew even more powerful. I was compelled to gaze ahead into the breezy palms and along the natural road that ran ahead, until it vanished into the verdant, rustling, palm blanketed woodland....

....Soon my eyes were to behold those most enrapturing manifestations of raw beauty, as they gently floated forward on the island breeze; their petite angelic bodies gradually advancing with no force in effort of their own. They all appeared as young girls, their bodies nude, but covered by long locks of golden silk-like hair, splashing downward from their graceful heads.

As they neared me, I could discern that their clothes were those crafted from calcimine petals of the precious island chrysanthemums, and those candied lavender petals of the luscious belladonna rose.

As they gathered before me, they formed a complete circle in the slight distance ahead, the eldest in appearance among them turning to me and motioning unto me with her right index finger, to come forward.

I did so without making any effort on my own part. I was elated that they all finally had given me permission to move and experience what few mortal anywhere, in both the physical or metaphysical level of existence, had ever experienced before; yes.., and even dare savor the blessed experience whilst consumed by their standing, commanding presence!

As I neared their cherub circle, and entered in amongst them, pausing between the eldest and the youngest in appearance among them as they stood. The eldest then embraced my quivering, sweating lips with her own luscious lips of blood ruby; her plush

lips relinquishing the flavor of perfect unadulterated milk and the sweetest of natural honey.

She then pointed with her extended right index finger into their very circular midst. A thick fog stirred, then parted, exposing a cesspool of slightly cloudy nectar that had dripped from the honey orchids that grew all along the shores of a flowing island fresh water oasis found nearly everywhere, so it seemed to me, whilst completely consumed in that present moment.

I gazed with new intensity into this now crystal clear cesspool, feeling as though I had been hypnotized by some immense, unseen magisterial force of the island cherub. Then I beheld her, her hallowed figure of a Venus form, and piercing eyes the exact color of the crystal seas surrounding us. Behold all, the magnificent Island Madonna!

..."Benjamin..." she spoke with a sharp whisper that seemingly rode on the breeze without.

"You have made the forlorn journey into your place of predestination. You are to dwell among the superlative Annunaki,

as will yourself and all of the star children among whom you were once surrounded by in those long lost days of your earliest youth.

“From the four corners of the earth I shall make my sacred call of invitation, but all of your kind shall indeed arrive right here, on this very hallowed spot. You are one among that most sacred of translucent blood-lines. Behold, here you and your kind shall indeed succeed abundantly, and eternally persevere!

“All of you shall wait until the time is proper, then ye shall ride forward into the world of the mortal to reconquer what was first granted unto you, my dear chosen ones, giving permanent extension to your cherished inherited empire. Behold...,” she said as her glowing nymph assistant pointed into the motionless cesspool with her extended right index finger.

Instantly the nectar clouded, then the cloud commenced to roll, the tempo of the winds increased, and I heard the horrifying rumble of a roaring distant thunder.

As I gazed forward into the hypnotic cesspool, I beheld the nation of America with the Ziminoa now in complete control due



to the sympathy of the star children, who simply stood back and allowed themselves to occupy second place in their own divinely allotted land and society. I watched in absolute horror as the nation crumbled into abject ruin and grinding poverty.

My poor stunned eyes beheld children crying in the streets for their dear mothers' embrace, with their swelled stomachs betraying their perpetual state of malnourishment, in a land that once held boundless plenty in extreme blessed excess....

“Behold Benjamin!,” she said in a voice of the winds and swift creek water, as the nymph pointed again into the crystal cesspool.

My mouth dropped in horror again as I beheld a sudden massive barbarian invasion from both the immediate south, and indeed the far south, moving with a colossal intrepid surge across the borders of my once blessed nation, only to plunder and bring mighty ruinous devastation to the entire nation at large, and the precious freedom guaranteed by reign of constitutional authority.

This magnanimous surge then moved violently against the Ziminoa, making war with them and sacrificing their Ziminoan

prisoners to the unknown god of forces, upon a skull shaped alter of alabaster and jade; the skull being contained in a translucent humanoid figure that represented their insidious intention to conquer, reconquer and permanently destroy..

“Behold..!,” she spoke again as her adoring assistant continued to point with an extended right index finger.

I gazed forward in abject horror as the barbarian hordes advanced onward against the Ziminoan masses, surging them backward with their hearts being ripped from their very breasts, only to be sacrificed in homage to their bizarre Satanic deity..

The divine Madonna turned her hardened gaze to meet my own face, asking then the most pressing, consummate question..

“Oh my precious child of the sacred star, wherefore are those of your own blood? Where lieth their predestined fate in the land of America?”

Through streaming tears amidst an immensely warm sensation and crackling sound of nearby, though invisible flame, I gave tactful answer to her most perplexing question.

“I know not, my honorable Madonna. Only you, the supreme omniscient authority, knows the answer to such vexing questions.”

As I gazed forward into her hard, but alluring face, the brilliance from her illuminating flesh nearly blinded me. From the center of that light I heard her answer in a voice of howling wind and distant rolling thunder.

“I hath preserved all of them right here, here with me to endure for all eternity, until the stars betray that predestined time for them to surge forward in reclamation for what is theirs by divine right alone. They are also here with you to dwell as a single perfectly contented family, who honor and cherish what is holy, and the sacred communion of brother, sister, Father and mother, among many thousand thousands of others, who share your same blessed blood vision..

“It was **you** who remained faithful during those days of wanderlust across the face of the mortal earth, even though you could not gather to honor my name..You never forgot! You never

wavered in your faith; no..., not even after ten thousand years had subsided!

“No, but I was most benevolent, my dear Benjamin. I offered my compassionate redemption to all the others; the Barbarians, the Ziminoa, the Levenwolves, the Oltromites, yea, even the disgusting Sodomites, but they all refused my generous graces!

“How dare them deny me! So for their sins and their corruption, they *have* received and shall continue to receive, my eternal dreadful damning curse!

“But Ben..., that most magnificent day shall soon come, when you and your blood kindred, with the forces of my own hallowed blessings, shall surge forward once again into the realm of mortal earth; to make holy war with all of the Zoodis., whom you shall indeed conquer. Behold, it shall be a total conquest via purge of blood, with the unremitting cleansing of all tainted bloods!

“Your precious blood shall raise high my holy throne there once again, to rein for all infinity within the land of Nifleheim high above even the throne of intrepid Ares, when that blood ruby

star shall be merged once again with the mortal earth, even at it's celestial center!

“ Let it be known here., indeed, that euphoric hallowed day shall arrive in a sheet of torrid thunder, massive streaking lightning born of sky blue ice combined with raging flame. and devastating worldwide earthquake, and all the enemies of the immortal star children shall then fall prostrate, and tremble with fear at their forthcoming devastation...

“Here, I shall say it without repeat...ever again; ***You and your blood shall rule the earth for all eternity, from that day forward,*** as it was indeed your divine destiny from the very onset. No force in earth or in hell shall halt the prevailing divine advance..., and then I, as your sworn divine luminary, shall take my precious seat in the timeless throne of forthright supreme spiritual destiny., for evermore!

“Let it be known here on this cherished day, Ben, that even when the time comes, when the sun shall radiate it's life giving flame no more and the deep blue seas cease in their endless surge,

that the light of my glory shall allow your blood kindred to live on as a precious spring time island full of new blossoming radiant life, amid a frozen sea of dreadful death and eternal deprivation!”

The cloud in the midst of the cesspool began to tumble in it's swirl, gradually concealing the face of the precious island Madonna from the view of all surrounding.

To my left, from whence I stood in the angelic circle, an initially seeming nude child nymph, but yet one clothed in glowing rays of divine illumination, with flowing hair of gold and eyes of majestic radiating sapphire; gazed upward into my very eyes, with a comforting, adoring child's face, saying..

“Come thou mortal one of the sacred kindred blood. Follow me into the enchanted forest and along the natural trail, that vanishes into the tropical paradise menagerie of verdant vegetation, combined with that eternal hallucinogenic misty iridescence.

“Your most cherished of secret dreams shall manifest themselves into undeniable reality here on this paradise isle, Ben. Here you, and those children of the illustrious star, shall live out

their indefinite lives as they had been preordained by the word of holy providence many eons ago. My words are all confirmed by that most splendid Holy Island Madonna! So come, Ben, please follow along, and do take thy pleasure in the sights that you shall behold..”

As the nymph slowly walked ahead of me, she appeared to move about in combination with a grounded walk. and a gentle float, verifying that her consistency was indeed more that of seraph spirit than that of mortal flesh; yet I involuntarily presumed she could transform into the texture of either at her complete uninhibited will, that presumption being born far more of intuition than from any fact known to me at that present time.

Indeed, as I gazed forward into her gentle face, she appeared to age accordingly to her whimsical desire at the moment, then gradually transforming back into the likeness of her original warm, adoring, child-like appearance.

A powerful unseen force radiated forth from her very person, in possession of a compulsion so intense, that I could not resist..,

even in thought of mind.. I was completely consumed to continue on in my following gait, only desiring to simply behold the hallowed place where her haunting journey would ultimately lead.

As I walked down the natural road behind her gentle body, I inhaled deeply the hallucinogenic vapors that emitted forth from those tropical blooms of euphoric opiate lilies and the majestic lemon honey fumes of the candy belladonna rose; and of many other luscious varieties that I know not of, but possessed the sensational intoxicating knowledge of their Saturnalia presence thereabout.

The feeling engendered by this surreal experience now absorbing me, was that of trans-sensual deep relaxation, as if a euphoric exotic mist had settled upon my joyful watering eyes.

Soon I was completely absorbed by the very moment at hand. In my heart I completely lost the natural desire for my past home. I shall say indeed, home for me was right here..., in this precious island of abiding dreams, that I surly desired to remain for an indefinite infinity..



...I lost all tract of time and space, since time was no longer of an importance, or even a perceived concept to me..., but time I now know, did indeed pass just the same.

We found ourselves gradually exiting the paradise forest of tropical palms, and those luscious lotus date like fruits hanging so voluptuously from the drooping limbs above. I felt as if we were being born again, since the drooping limbs above the natural road created a tunnel effect, and the intoxication of the flower vapor caused me to feel as if I were floating through via a force outside of my own conscious control, rather than only walking. With the tunnel passing overhead, the feeling that befell me presently was more that of a midnight heavenly dream, than the reality that was surly standing there directly in front of me....

“Halt thee, here,” whispered the nymph, in a voice that rode seemingly on a gentle breeze, as we both stood upon the summit of a hill, just following our exit from the enchanted palm forest.

“Behold the scene before us, Ben,” she whispered with a voice of gently flowing spring water.

As mine eyes fell upon the view that lay before us, I was enthralled by the scene that my now tearing eyes bore witness unto. All around, as far as the eyes could see, was a field of a special cane that yielded a honey nectar bearing an extremely pleasant, entrancing hypnotic effect, more on the very soul than just on the mortal mind of flesh. Though it's powerful effect on the flesh was only superficial, the direct effect on the very soul within was much more intense in a euphoric, hallucinogenic sense.

Throughout the fields in long rows, labored the Ziminoa in their diligent dutiful attendance to all specific details in growing the hallowed mesmerizing cane. As I gazed attentively into their faces, all of their expressions were those of complete complacency, since all of them were engaging in the activity for which they were so divinely designed by holy providence, from those distant days of their great transgressions against the Holy Island Madonna.

None of them ever complained nor waned in their intense labor, but appeared to derive an eternal peace from knowing that their labors were of an outstanding profit to those most deserving children born from the Nifleheim star, reigning high in the ninth Zodiac milky way plateau.

Nay on the contrary, they completely accepted the fact that their sole place in the world was to faithfully serve those born of the blood most favored by the holy divinity. By protesting their position, they were well aware that they were only inviting the eternal ghastly curse of the intrepid island Madonna.

On the other side of the field sat a massive mansion estate, born of those profits derived from the production of that most unique, entrancing liquid distilled from the nectar of the mesmerizing cane, and the products derived from the sweet island peach type fruits, and the golden splendor of the highest quality in spellbinding, crisp, golden leafed tobacco essence.

From the distance I could not make out much about the mansion, and the delicate nymph sensed this lack of knowledge on my part, saying...

“Come, oh thou *Ueiskuning* Annunaki star child, behold the diligent endeavors of thy eternal for-bearers.”

Through the fields we walked forward with a sensation of half stepping, and half floating. On both sides the Ziminoa labored dutifully, smiling broadly as they swung their machetes to harvest the enchanting cane, to the rhythmic tunes of their gracefully melodious voices in singing enrapturing poetic song.

Many times as we moved along, I could only behold the whiteness of their teeth and eyes through the intense verdant hue of their rippling flesh, that glistened like fresh morning dew with their sweat, seeming to grow more intensely green as they labored underneath the ever radiant, tropical, passion-berry sun.

As we walked past, they all arose from their laboring stoop in salutation, nodding a bowing nod respectfully, as we eased

through. My heart was enthralled, my mind knew not what to make of it all..

Before I realized it, we were exiting the cane rows and nearing what was apparently a huge colonnaded mansion, well constructed of pristine brick and a divine smoothness in the most superlative of marble, that sat merrily upon a slight hill top facing the expansive field..

“Behold the Ziminoa,” spoke the nymph, who now possessed the well endowed body of a Venus adult blessed eternally with the ancient perfect vigor of long lost youth.

“Hath they forgotten their foul, uncouth mannerisms? Hath they neglected their base rudeness? They will do so *always* when they function in their proper station, as was intended from the very beginning by the reigning Madonna of the island .. Come child., behold thy timeless precious Xanadu paradise!”

Now more floating than walking, we were drawn forth by the unseen motivating force, gradually toward the glittering calcimine marble steps of that most illustrious mansion on high. A sudden

fear gripped me as we assailed those marvelous steps of the truest perfect white, that even the very best of mortal eyes could never hope to behold in absence of welling tears.

The nymph sensed this fear, then turned back toward me, touching me upon my breast with her right hand, saying;

“Fear not my beautiful *Ueiskuning* child.. Lo, I shall abide with you always, if not here in the physical realm, then certainly within the realm of the metaphysical. Behold the face of your fathers and the magnificent splendor of their blessed, supreme endeavors. They and you are of a single sanctified blood, like that of no other before you, or that ever will be after you.”

We both neared a huge heavy double door of ancient oak and mahogany trim. Two lion faces constructed of thick brass, and jeweled golden plate, bearing a heavy solid ring of brass covered in glittering golden sheath that passed most elegantly through their noses; graced the center of each door. I raised my sweating, trembling right hand, grasping the heavy ring, bringing it down

with a vibrant ring upon the solid brass and tempered gold plated teeth of the majestic roaring lion.

I did this three times as instructed by the nymph, then I heard the snap of a releasing latch, and the rattle of small chain. The huge solid wooden door then eased backward....

Before me stood a face that seemed strangely familiar, but I could not seem to match the face with the proper name. The body was of a rather large man, dressed in an elegant suit of dark gray and gold trim, and a very neat black and gold bow tie.

Sitting gracefully atop his head was what appeared to be a light flaxen, Panama style hat of straw, bearing the same in matching black trim.

His face was enshrouded by a flowing sandy tinted beard, that seemingly betrayed a cherished long forgotten wisdom gained only by many years of practical experience...The beard cracked, exposing the whitest of pearly teeth, and a pleasure found only in a most joyful, loving personality.

“Well hello there, young fellow,” asked the figure. “ Welcome, welcome to my precious mansion estate..What could we do for you here on Cherub Hill?,” spoke he, as he smiled broadly with his arms outstretched.

I simply stood frozen, gazing into this man's time honored face, not believing what my eyes were beholding right there before me. The man smiled, then laughed a hearty laugh.

“Well what's the matter, man? Has the cat got yer tongue? Well, of course, the both of you come on inside. I'll be very elated to show you around the mansion place. My house is your house indeed...! Come...,” he spoke as he waved his right hand across the threshold, and into the mansion before us.

The both of us entered behind the gentleman as he moved inside, following him as he walked, displaying an elegance in possession and personal mannerism, that truly is beyond all mortal imagination and possible description in words afforded by mortal language.



As we crossed the threshold of the entrance door, I turned my face upward, viewing the huge brass and gold plated, lantern style light that swung enchantingly by elegant chain of eternal brass and golden plate, hanging joyfully with the light just above the door from the center of the front porch.

Upon our entering, we all glided through an expansive cathedral style foyer, bearing a huge crystal chandelier hanging in the center of the foyer between the exit space and the entrance door. I estimated the chandelier at being approximately nine feet in diameter, and judging from the manner in which the light glittered and danced about inside the elegant decorations, I knew it at once to be composed of the purest genuine crystal.

The entire chandelier appeared to be trimmed in a golden plate adding a shining aura of extravagant elegance, that effectively delighted the eyes, and bedazzled the intellectual mind, endeavoring to enrapture even the most cautious, hesitant soul. The brilliant glitter all about enhanced the euphoric haze that had

already lifted our minds, elevating our very souls, and blending us and our inner being with the dancing golden light surrounding...

I inhaled deeply the ambrosial pungent, but invisible vapor that very obviously emitted forth from the honey lemon tulip like odor of the nectarous Rose Of Mellecullus.. Indeed my doing so only enhanced the euphoria generated by the dancing, golden bedazzling aura that seemed to fill the entire mansion with happy cheerful light as we walked about...

Truly, I was contented here beyond any measure, or induced composure. I knew without even any fleeting thought of question.., that I had now found my eternal garden paradise home.

The gentleman continued to laugh merrily as we sauntered on in our move. As we glided forth from the foyer, we entered into the expansive mansion parlor room. Before us as we stood, was positioned a sofa of the most elegant hand crafted mahogany.

The decoration wrought on the dense wood appeared to be that of a dragon, with a tail that ran on both sides from a body in the

center, and a head positioned in the midst at the summit of the sofa..., bearing a strikingly firm but feminine, human face..This face was surly an island version of the hallowed guardian Madonna in effigy.

The clear shine of the wood seemed to hold the glitter of the aura that filled every corner, every step of the way throughout the entire inside mansion space.

The seat of the couch was covered with dark rich leather and stain bearing the same clear shine as the wood itself. Upon that leather was a new lavender satin cover, being of a quality in satin that would never wear out in a human lifetime. Nay..., I was told that these furniture pieces were already some ninety years in age, and some maybe even much older!

We all took our seats on the dark rich leather of the sofa. The gentleman cleared his throat, then inhaled deeply...

“Now, now...let's all take a sample of the precious nectar elegance that hath so well provided us this wealth in lifestyle, and

eternal glittering extravagance in paragon of supreme excellence!”

He then held his hands high, clapping both hands thrice. Upon doing so, out walked a female *zebranic anti-bane*, though somewhat young in age and tender in mannerism, but obviously very willing and able to *please*, in each and every endeavor sought by any inquiring guest, or ruling overlord.

She curtsied very respectfully upon pausing before us, bearing a large, perfect pearly smile and an elegantly scant, though somewhat seductively translucent, blush summer dress. In her right hand she carried the large sky tintured blown glass onion bottle full of that highly sought nectar born of the angels in holy paradise, and so generously given via the delightfully seductive cane. Our each and every request was her obliging, dutiful command, she delightfully informed us as she handed the gentleman the bottle.

As the bottle passed from the lady into the gentleman's hands, she moved to place the crystal base that sported the tulip shaped

seductively blush tinted glasses , with careful examination of the glass stand revealing the very obvious..., that the glasses were born of the same identical clear crystal, directly on a table of glinting laminated sacred Virginia oak positioned before us.

The gentleman smiled and bowed as he handed each of us a glass. His servant then moved around with the bottle, being very careful to fill each glass only half full with the seducing nectar. Upon completing her duty to pour, she once again curtsied, then backed away into one of the surrounding rooms....

“Let's speak of business, my dear guests.. Shall we say, the business that is most productive on this island, with that being this sweet nectar, and the land yield in general?”

I smiled, carefully nodding to agree, then replied back to him.

“Yes.., I will agree that the subject is indeed the most interesting topic. So tell me, good sir, of the nectar.., how is it made, and from what?”

The gentleman laughed his hearty laugh again, then gave me his full direct reply..

“This nectar, my dear son, comes from the effects of the mesmerizing cane.. But do understand, my good sir, that these effects are not as those are from just any sort of cane, these effects have been enhanced by the nectar that flows forth from the island orchids, in combination with the seductive, iridescent sweat, fresh from the bodies of the playing nymphs, and the sweetness found in the soil itself; for it is here, as is no other, anywhere else.

“The juice is thus rendered via press, then cooked, to form the soul enhancing syrup. Then the syrup is fermented simply by adding yeast for nine days, and the substance ran through our on-site still. All the labor provided via Ziminoa generosity, and at our certain prosperity. But, please do comprehend, the Ziminoa are more than willing to dutifully oblige us in the honest request! How could over ninety plantation farms be wrong in the same conclusion?,” said the gentleman in a heaving belly laugh.”

I gazed around, smiling with delight to myself. I simply just could not refrain from asking the most obvious question..

“What must I do to get started in the business?”

The gentleman laughed a hearty laugh again, placing each hand on his sides as he proceeded to speak.

“What must you do? Simply begin by just possessing the will, then determine your action in consequence. Here in our wonderful Xanadu, you are perfectly free to pursue.”

“What do you mean exactly.., that I could work here?,” I quickly snapped in joyful reply.

“That's right., you could live and work here, then simply just reinvest your profit back into land that I will assist you in acquiring. I will lend you my favorite skilled craftsman, Uncle Josh, as we so affectionately call him. He will then perform all of the labor endeavors that are thus required.

“Or if you had rather, you could just simply do my books for me, and remain right here on this wonderful estate. We would be willing to consider any ideas for improvement that you may have.

“ So what do ya say? Here on the island you are truly free to pursue your dreams, and hearts' innermost desires, be those what they may.”

I thought for a moment as I tipped back my glass of sacred nectar. I released a sigh of breath held in exhilarated astonishment. I attempted to conceal the fact from the master of the house, so I spoke with an even calmness.

“Allow me to begin with the books. That effort spent will afford me the time to get used to being in the island environment, and the new ways of living. We will then allow time to pass, and see what we have following a span.”

The gentleman smiled broadly, nodded effectively, then tipped his glass backward. Both myself and the nymph did so likewise., and so began my new direction, and the life I have lived during the course of these experiences.....

...Time passed as it always does, except during my stay on that blessed isle, a day was as a month ,with the level of my elation rising into heights unmeasured by any in mortal intellect.. Indeed and in all honesty, I have lost all tract of time in it's passage.

Before I knew that I had even been living within those heavenly limitations of the island flower paradise for one, then



two, then three years passing, I had risen into radiating prominence among the ranks of the book keeper's art. Soon I was head bookkeeper for the entire plantation.

My plantation host then introduced me to all of the exporters down by the dock side. All of these people were eager to hire me on as well, just as soon as my host told them of the huge profit increase that my honest labors and creative intellect had generated on his behalf.

Before I was even aware of time at all, my creative endeavors had allowed me to rise into the position of chief dock side book keeper, and supreme bookkeeper for three different plantations, excluding that of my original host! As a direct result of my well connected associations there, I was also introduced to other avenues of immense wealth for the simple taking, the only element standing in the way were those limitations of nature in the lacking of highly imaginative organizational intellect, and never a single hint of any bureaucratic limitations what so ever.

I now simply excelled into an extravagance, inconceivable and legally impossible to accomplish back on the American mainland. I had now inadvertently come to know an elation of complete satisfaction derived only via outstanding supreme success, that very few among the average back home, indeed if any, are ever allowed by law to know!

The fruits of my industrious labors and creative endeavors, I have also invested back into land, and Ziminoan servants, until I soon built up my own export plantation empire. While at the same time I systematically created an orderly process that allowed me to continue to both manage all of those corporate books, and the affairs of my own home, and my host's home estate. In honest truth, it was all just a matter of proper systemic design in pure direct efficiency, that is only found in complete absence of any bureaucratic imposed intervention.....

With my glittering extravagant success came many other vice indulgences, and opportunities. Not only was there a constant indulgence of the sacred cane nectar, and my endless enjoyment

of the euphoria found therein..., and the heavenly herbal vapors surrounding me constantly without...; there were also those luscious pleasures perpetually lavished upon my body, and yea, even into my yearning soul, eternally exemplified in the most absolute transcendence of basic biological motivation, born from the most graceful of lady nymphs and the most attractive, deliciously petite of the gentle, oriental cross Nephilim.

.....In a matter of days my mind soon forgot that my wife had neglected to follow me, although she was still most welcome to come along. My feeling from the very beginning was that maybe..., just maybe..., she had actually chosen to believe the outrageous false accusations, since the people in the place that I have now left so far behind, are so overwhelmingly indoctrinated to accept any sort of bureaucratic authoritarian conclusions in complete absence of any factual premise, what-so-ever.

As a matter of fact, the mass of people there behave as though the *individuals do not even possess the basic right to simply question* in regard to any sort of factual premise, those most

pathetic individuals only possessing the civic duty to assume any official claim as absolute, and completely conclusive!

Let it be announced among these words today, that even at this very moment, the people there are still fed their perverted twisted lie of their own history, that they are presently *free* without any limitations, all effectively secured by a time honored constitutional decree. All of them believe this twisted propagandist lie, even when their rigid systemic surroundings betray the painfully obvious truth, that they *indeed* are not so!

Truly the blissful cloud born from the precious honey dew nectar, completely absorbed my heart, body, mind.., and even to the point of consuming the ghost of my very soul. This elation in combination with the jubilation, that only the very best in attention afforded from those heavenly nymphs, and our intense experiences together inside the most enchanting, thrilling of metaphysical adventures into those completely secret and most venerated of dimensions.., was much more than just enough to

wash away any thoughts of home from my perfectly contented mind.

Behold, I shall brazenly proclaim my success to the entire world, for now *I am truly free*..! Free to stand consumed in eternal pride, while clothed in the perfection of natural manhood, and in the audacious pursuit of prosperity on my own rights, and according to my own terms!

I am eternally free to live as my intuitive fore-bearers had originally intended, in perpetual companionship with all of those born from the most sacred of immaculate Annunaki *Ueiskuning* blood.. Here we are endlessly *free* to give our own brand of homage to the hallowed guardian island Madonna. Upon these golden shores all of us are dwelling together in eternal jubilation, as a single family unit once again, for the duration of a most blessedly comforting, intrinsic eternity.....!

+ + + + +

When the sun arose early in the morning, I carefully selected a large mouth storage jar of the toughest island, hand blown glass,

the kind made for exporting precious goods via ship transportation. I delicately folded this manuscript, being attentive to tightly wrap the choice velum paper in a carefully selected respiring nylon, placing it gently inside the mouth of the jar.

Into the jars mouth I tamped a round of cork that had been coated about the edges with the heavy grease of lard, until I knew that no force of sea or air, could ever remove it from it's airtight security within.

I stood upon the palm enshrouded northern shore of the island, when the northwestern sea currents flow so vigorously during the first hours of the day, emptying all into the flow of the great gulf stream, and then on into the shores of several southeastern states...

On the golden sands about, I burn the honored pyre of palo santo, as we twelve proudly standing, encircle the huge leaping flames, enjoined hand in loving hand, breathing passionately the sweet alluring vapor, to offer up our prayer to the divine guardian Madonna of the island who shines in everlastingly brilliant

radiating glory, for her guidance in sending the jar into the proper shore, where it will be certain to have the greatest impact among the lives of mortal men....

“Long live freedom and prosperity!,” we chant in unison facing the rising sun!

“Long live the cherished blood in purity of those most deserving from the fruits thereof! Long live paradise, and our precious hard won freedom in our earned, eternal glory..

Hosanna! Hosanna on high ! Hurray..! Forever live the Elysium island of immortal dreams..!”





## Chapter 10

### *The Conclusion*

#### *....Five years later...*

On battery point in Charleston South Carolina, a young boy of nine walks the beach in search of the most attractive ocean shells. In the sand with the surge of the water, he spots a slight rise. The sudden urge overtakes him, so he races forward to explore the sand.

He soon discovers a jar constructed of a dazzling, light green. but very strange appearing glass, tucked away neatly into the wet sand. Quickly he picks it up with his nervous right hand.

He attempts to withdraw the cork several times, but fails, determining then that the only valid solution to his problem is to smash the glass with half an ancient homemade brick discovered

laying close by. When he does so, he exposes this manuscript, which he then dutifully hands over to the proper authorities at his loving parents' insistence..

.... The newspapers and television stations were then alerted, as were the coast guard stations; both which then prompted first a nationwide, then soon following, a thorough relentless, worldwide search....

.....But try as they may, even with the very best of their corrupting technology., none of them shall *ever* find me..., for at long last, I am eternally prosperous and free..! Behold! Here I am free to live according to the most perfect design of altruistic nature, and those most cherished of sublime spirits that delightfully abide so lavishly within the realm of a true paradise oasis, surrounded by a sea of endless dread and foreboding..

I now hear the precious phantom voice on the blustery sea wind that always comes in with the rising sun, calling, calling..., calling my name..., drawing me deeply into the very heart of the island

sanctuary. My consummate inner being is absorbed totally into the saving grace of the immaculate Island Madonna, both in trembling body and yearning converging soul.. Behold all mortals, I am consumed totally by this blessedly warm, comforting universe, only to shine in reigning majesty now, and for the duration of all celestial infinity....



## THE GOLDEN RING OF TWELVE SACRED STARS

*The twelve revered battles*

Bunker-hill

Concord

Moore's Creek

King's Mountain

Cow-pens

Yorktown

Abbeville

Fredericksburg

Chancellorsville

Manases

Brice's Crossroads

Fort Fisher

***The Brilliant Knights Who led the Glorious Fight***

Benedict Arnold- Outstanding military strategist who possessed the fortitude to voice opposition to his own betrayal, and the courage to withstand his persecution in the face of it.

Samuel Prescott- Most accomplished in war and in peace.

John Ashe- Most accomplished in the art of war

John Sevier- Fearless leader in battle and most accomplished at war and peace.

Nathaniel Green- Fearless leader among men who gave all in their service.

Washington- Fearless leader among men who possessed the courage to use any stratagem to achieve

the objective at hand, which was to preserve individual freedom at all cost.

Judge A.G. Magrath- Possessed the audacity to call for the divine merger into a single unifying spirit for the preservation of individual liberty.

Thomas *Stonewall* Jackson- Brilliant military strategist who sacrificed all in the name of individual liberty.

Col J.E.B Stuart- Outstanding strategist to the very end.

James Longstreet- Outstanding strategist accomplished in both war and peace. Possessed the supreme courage to confront his superiors in the face of their greatest blunders, even to the point of calling them intentional.

Gen Nathaniel Bedford Forrest- Outstanding strategist and leader of men who was *never* defeated in battle.

William Lamb- Courageous leader to  
the very end.

The cross represents the unadulterated spirit  
of freedom and the lucid blood of those whom inherently possess  
it.

The flame in the center represents the  
resurrection of those who possess the spirit of freedom, and the all  
consuming future conflict that is most certain to materialize.







